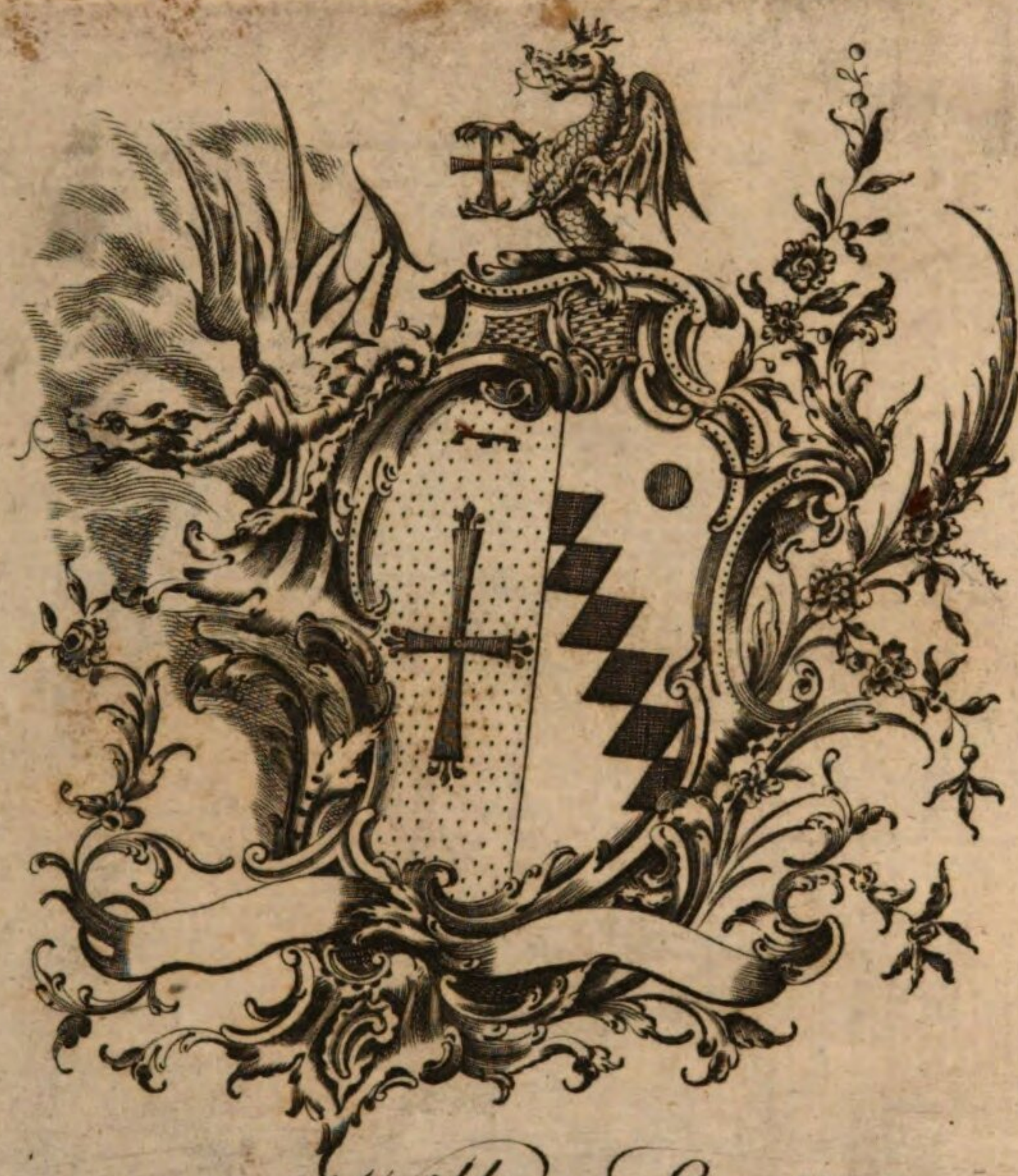


Shakespeare

P. o. angl. 366 — 3



William Cratt.

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T W E N T Y
P L A Y S
O F
S H A K E S P E A R E

Being the whole Number printed in Quarto
During his Life-time, or before the Restoration,

Corrected where there were different Copies,

AND

Published from the ORIGINALS,

BY

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

Printed by J. and R. Tonson, in the Strand; T. Payne,
at the New gate, Chancery-lane; and W. Richardson,
in Pall-mall.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N

Printed by J. and R. Tonson, in the Strand; T. Payne,
at the New gate, Chancery-lane; and W. Richardson,
in Pall-mall.

MDCCLVI.

T W E N T Y
O F T H E
P L A Y S
O F
S H A K E S P E A R E,

Being the whole Number printed in Quarto
During his LIFE-TIME, or before the RESTORATION,

Collated where there were different COPIES,

A N D

Publish'd from the ORIGINALS,

B Y

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq;

—ire jubeo, ut ea a fontibus potius hauriant, quam rivulos
consecantur. Quæ autem nemo adhuc docuerat, nec erat
unde studiosi scire possent, ea, quantum potui, feci, ut essent
nota nostris.

CICERONIS ACAD. Lib. I.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N:

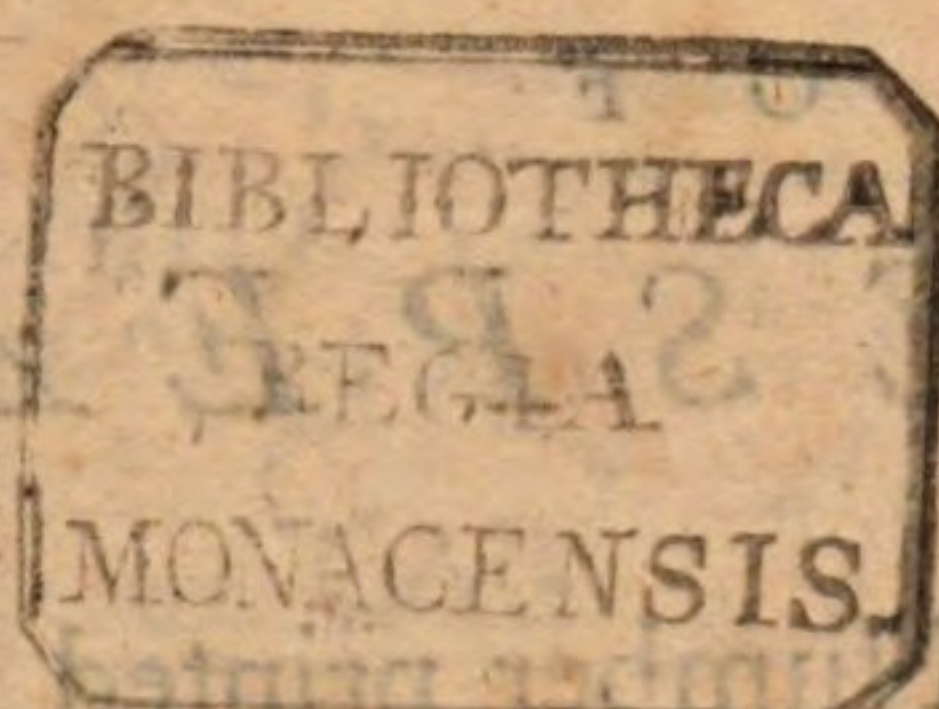
Printed for J. and R. TONSON, in the *Strand*; T. PAYNE,
at the *Mews-gate, Castle-street*; and W. RICHARDSON,
in *Fleet-street*.

M.DCC.LXVI.

T W E N T Y

OF THE

P L A Y S



Being the whole of the plays printed in Quarto

During his life-time, or before the Restoration,

Collected where there were different Copies,

AND

Published from the ORIGINALS,

BY

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

— ite iudex, ut ea a fortibus potius hauriant, quam rivulos
confectent. Que autem nemo alius doceret, nec erat
unde studiosius ite possent, ea quantum potui, sed, ut essent
nota nobis. Cicero de Acad. lib. I.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. Tonson, in the Strand; T. Payne,
at the Horse-chaise, Coffee-house; and W. Richardson,
in Fleet-street.

MDCCLXXV.

THE
PLAYS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

The Chronicle History of HENRY THE FIFT 1608

The Contention of the Two famous Houses
of LANCASTER and YORKE, in Two Parts } no date

The Tragedie of RICHARD THE THIRD — 1612

The most lamentable Tragedie of TITUS }
ANDRONICUS — — — } 1611

The History of TROYLUS and CRESSEIDA — 1609

THE
PLAYS
OF
SHAKESPEARE
VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

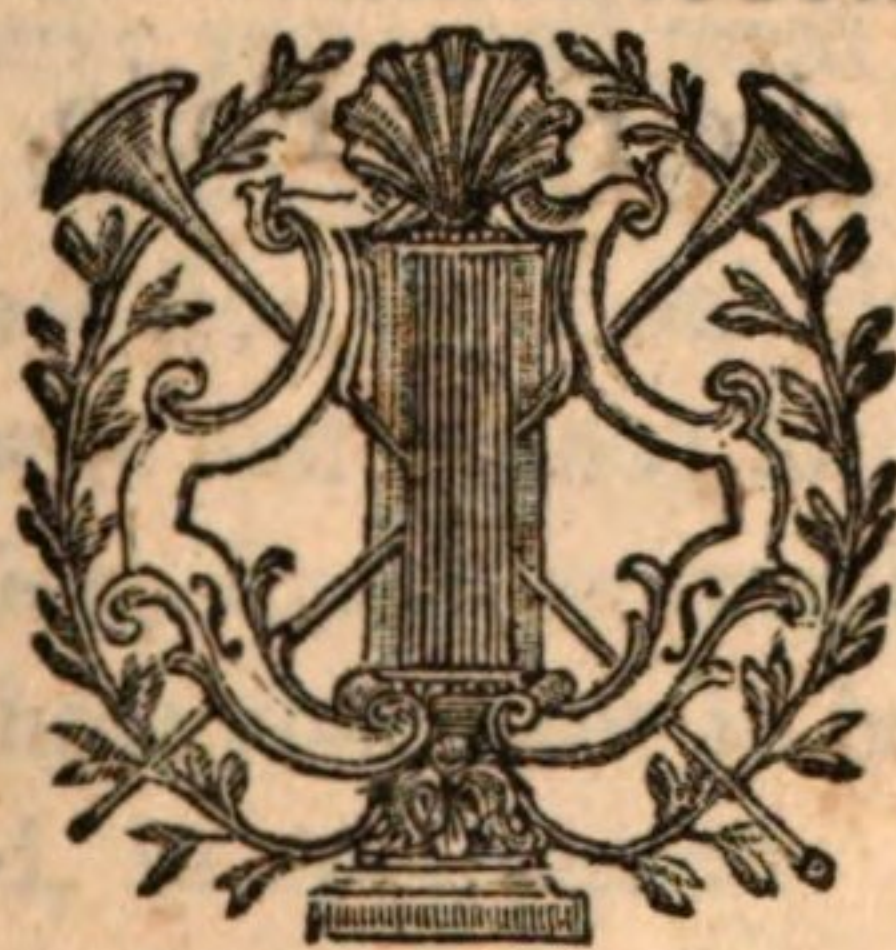
1608	The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth
no date	The Conterion of the Two famous Houses of Lancaster and York, in Two Parts
1612	The Tragedie of Richard the Third
1611	The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus
1609	The History of Troilus and Cressida

T H E
C H R O N I C L E H I S T O R Y
O F
H E N R Y the Fift.

With his BATTELL fought at
AGIN COURT in FRANCE.

Together with
A N C I E N T P I S T O L L.

As it hath bene fundry Times playd
By the Right Honourable the LORD
CHAMBERLAINE his Seruants.



Printed for T. P. 1608.

THE
CHRONICLE HISTORY
OF
HENRY THE SIXTH

✍ This Play was writ (as appears from a Passage in the Chorus to the Fifth Act) at the Time of the Earl of *Essex's* commanding the Forces in *Ireland*, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; and not till after *Henry* the Sixth had been play'd; as may be seen by the Conclusion of the Play. Mr. POPE.

The First Scene was added since the Edition of 1608, which is much short of the present Editions, wherein the Speeches are generally enlarged and raised: several whole Scenes besides, and all the Chorus's also were since added by *Shakespear*. Ibid.

There was no perfect Edition of this Play printed before that in the First Folio.

Printed for T. P. 1608.

The Chronicle Historie

O F

H E N R Y the F I F T :

W I T H

His Battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*.

Together with

A N C I E N T P I S T O L L.

Enter king Henry, Exeter, two Bishops, Clarence, and other Attendants.

Exeter.

S H A L L I call in th' ambassadors my liege?

King. Not yet my cousin, till we be resolu'd
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France*.

Bysh. God and his angels guard your sacred throne.
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you: and good my lord proceed
Why the law *Salique* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not stop in vs our claime:

And God forbid my wife and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.

For God doth know how many now in health,

Shall drop their blood, in approbation

Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.

Therefore take heede how you impawne our person,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

How you awake the sleeping sword of warre :
We charge you in the name of God take heede.
After this coniuration, speake my lord :
And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

Bish. Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall throne :
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*,
But one ; which they produce from *Faramount* :
No female shall succeed in *Salique* land ;
Which *Salique* land, the *French* vniustly gloze
To be the realme of *France*,
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the *Saxons*
There left behinde, and setled certaine *French*,
Who holding in disdaine the *Germane* women,
For some dishonest manners of their liues,
Establisht there this law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in *Salique* land :
Which *Salique* land (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in *Germany*, call'd *Mesene*.
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law
Was not deuised for the realme of *France* :
Nor did the *French* possesse the *Salique* land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of king *Faramount*,
Godly supposd the founder of this law.
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some shew of truth,

When

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought :
 Conuey'd himfelfe as heire to the lady *Inger*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresayd duke of *Lorain*,
 So that as cleere as is the summers fun,
 King *Pipins* title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
 King *Charles* his fatisfaction, all appeare
 To hold in right and title of the female :
 So do the lords of *France* vntill this day,
 Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique* law
 To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
 And rather choofe to hide them in a net,
 Then amply to embrace their crooked caufes,
 Vfurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. May we with right and conscience make this claim ?

Bi. The fin vpon my head dread foueraigne :
 For in the booke of Numbers it is writ,
 When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
 Descend vnto the daughter.
 Noble lord, stand for your owne,
 Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
 Go my dread lord to your great grandsires graue,
 From whom you claime :
 And your great vnckle *Edward* the blacke prince,
 Who on the *French* ground played a tragedy
 Making defeate on the full power of *France*,
 Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,
 Stood smiling to behold his lyons whelpe,
 Foraging the blood of *French* nobility.
 O noble *English*, that could entertaine
 With halfe their forces the full power of *France* :
 And let another halfe stand laughing by,
 All out of worke, and colde for action.

King. We must not onely arme vs gainst the *French*,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

But lay downe our proportion for the *Scot*,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

Bi. The marches gracious foueraigne, shal be sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the maine entendment of the *Scot* :
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his vnfurnisht kingdome,
Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute heereof.

Bish. She hath bin then more fear'd then hurt my lord :
For heare her but exemplified by herselfe,
When all her chiuallry hath bene in *France*,
And she a mourning widdow of her nobles,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded (as a stray) the king of *Scottes*,
Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,
Filling your chronicles as rich with praise,
As is the owse and bottome of the sea,
With funken wracke, and shipleffe treasurie.

Lord. There is a saying very old and true.
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* first begin :
For once the eagle *England* being in pray,
To his vnfurnisht nest the weazle *Scot*
Would sucke her egges,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To spoyle and hauocke more then she can eat.

Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curst necessity,
Since we haue traps to catch the petty theeues :
Whilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The aduised head controlles at home :

For

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

For gouernment though high or low, being put in parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.

Bish. True, therefore doth heauen
Diuide the fate of man in diuers functions :
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience :
For so liue the hony bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopled kingdome.
They haue a king, and officers of sort ;
Where some like magistrates correct at home :
Others, like merchants venture trade abroad :
Others, like soldiours armed in their stings,
Make boot vpon the sommers veluet bud :
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royall of their emperor ;
Who busied in his majesty, behold
The singing masons building roofes of gold,
The ciuill citizens lading vp the hony,
The sad-ey'd iustice with his surly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazie caning drone,
This I inferre, that twenty actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.

As many arrowes losed feuerall wayes, fly to one marke :
As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne :
As many freih streames run into one selfe-sea :
As many lines close in the diall center :
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well born without defect.
Therefore my liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy *England* into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into *Frunce*,
And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of policy and hardinesse.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Kin. Call in the messenger sent from the *Dolphin*,
And by your ayde, the noble sinnewes of our land
France being ours, weel bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Either our chonicles shall with full mouth speake
Freely of our acts, or else like tonguelesse mutes,
Not worshipt with a paper epitaph:

Enter the Ambassadors from France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the *Dolphins* pleasure
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambas. Pleaseth your majesty to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge,
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The *Dolphins* pleasure, and our embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a christian king,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
Therefore freely, and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the *Dolphins* minde.

Ambas. Then this in fine the *Dolphin* faith,
Whereas you claime certaine townes in *France*,
From your predecessor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes:
He faith, there's nought in *France*,
That can be with a nimble galliard wonne,
You cannot reuell into dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your studie
This tun of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you. This the *Dolphin* faith.

King. What treasure vnckle?

Exe. Tennis balles my liege.

King.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

King. Wee are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with vs,
Your message, and his present we accept.
When we haue matcht our rackets to these balles,
We wil by Gods grace play him such a fet,
Shal strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of *France* shal be disturbd with chases.
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder daies,
Not measuring what vse we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore feat of *England*,
And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous license,
As tis common seene,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin* we will keepe our state,
Be like a king, mighty, and command,
When we do rowse vs in the throne of *France*.
For this we haue layd by our maiesty,
And plodded like a man for working dayes.
But we will rise therewith so full of glory,
That we will dazle all the eyes of *France*,
I strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs.
And tell him this,
His mocke hath turn'd his balles to gun-stones,
And his soule shall sit fore charged, for the wastfull
Vengeance that shall flye from them,
For this his mocke,
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands,
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke castles down.
I, some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom we do appeale: and in whose name,
Tell you the *Dolphin* we are comming on,

To

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a right cause : so get you hence, and tell your prince,
His iest will fauour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct ; see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sencer blush at it :
Therefore let our collection for the wars be soon prouided
For God before, weel check the *Dolphin* at his fathers
Doore : therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Good morrow corporall *Nim*.

Nim. Good morrow lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What, is ancient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet ?

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may :
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine iron,
Tis a simple one, but what tho ; twil serue to toste cheefe,
And it will endure cold as another mans sword will,
And theres the humour of it.

Bar. Ifaith mistresse *Quickly* did thee great wrong,
For thou wert troth-plight to her.

Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
and thee friends. What a plague should we carry kniues to
cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith Ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of
it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Enter Pistoll, and hostes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*.

Heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my host?

Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me host?

Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,

Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troth not I,

For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen

That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,

But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.

O Lord, heere's corporall *Nim*, now shall

We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:

Good corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,

And put vp your sword.

Nim. Push.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of *Iseland*.

Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,

And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within

Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus

In thy bowels, and in thy iaw perdie; for I can talke,

And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me;

I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,

And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,

Ile scour you with my rapier in faire tearmes.

If you will walke off a little,

Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,

And there's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,

The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,

Therefore exall.

They draw.

Bar.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a fouldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or another
In faire termes : and there's the humor of it.

Post. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen ;
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get ?

No, to the powdering tub of infamy,

Fetch foorth the lazar kite of *Cresides* kinde,

Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse

I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,

For the onely she and paco, there it is enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes, you must come straight to my master,
And you host *Pistoll*.

Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose betweene the sheetes,

And do the office of a warming pan.

Host. By my troth hee'l yeeld the crow a pudding one of
these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband you'l come ?

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim. prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I won of you at betting.

Pist. Base is the slaue that payes.

Ni. That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound.

They draw.

Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.

Pi. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at
betting.

Pist.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and ready pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combinde out brotherhood,
Ile liue by *Nim*, as *Nim* shall liue by me :
Is not this iust ? for I shall futler be
Vnto the campe, and profit will occrue.

Nim. I shall haue my noble ?

Pist. In cash most truely paid.

Nim. Why theres the humor of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn*, poore foule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condole the knight ; for lamkins we wil liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Glost. Before God my lord, his grace is too bold to trust
these traytors,

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauors,
That he should for a forreigne purse, to sell
His foueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the lord of *Massham*.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now firs, the winde is faire, and we will aboard ;
My lord of *Cambridge*, and my lord of *Massham*,
And you my gentle knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France* ?

Massham.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Masbam. No doubt my liege, if each man do his best.

Cam. Neuer was monarch better feared and loued then is your maiesty.

Grey. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their gals in hony for your sake.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnesse,
And shall forget the office of our hands ;
According to their cause and worthinesse.

Mas. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your grace incessant seruice.

King. Vnckle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that railed against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that fet him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Mas. That is mercy but too much security ;
Let him be punisht foueraigne,
Least the example of him, breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.

King. Alasse, your too much care and loue of me,
Are heauy orisons against the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Should not be winked at,
How could we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed, and digested, appeare before vs ;
Well yet enlarge the man, tho *Cambridge* and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preferuation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our *French* causes.
Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Cam. Me one my lord,
Your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Mas. So did you me my foueraigne.

Grey. And me my lord.

King. Then *Richard* earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours.
There is yours, my lord of *Masbam*:

And fir *Thomas Grey*, knight of *Northumberland*,

This fame is yours;

Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.

Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboard to night.

Why how now gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers,

That hath so chafed your blood out of apparance?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.

Masb. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done:

You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,

For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.

See you my princes, and my noble peeres,

These *English* monsters:

My lord of *Cambridge* here,

You know how apt we were to grace him

In all things belonging to his honor;

And this vilde man hath for a few light crownes,

Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of *France*,

To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which,

This knight, no lesse in bounty bound to vs

Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne.

But oh, what shall I say to thee false man,

Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature,

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,

That

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightst haue coyn'd me into gold;
Wouldst thou haue practisde on me for thy vse?
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grosse
As blacke from white, mine eye will scarcely see it.
Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, earle of *Cambridge*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, lord of *Masbam*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Grey*,
Knight of *Northumberland*.

Masb. Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your maiesty forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

King. God quit you in his mercy.
Heare your sentence.
You haue conspir'd against our royall person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaim'd and fixed.
And from his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death,
Touching our person we seeke no redresse,
But we our kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you.
Get you hence, poore miserable creatures to your death,
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you patience
To endure, and true repentance of all your deeds amisse:
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Now lords to *France*: the enterprife whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, fucceffiuely.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way,
Cheerly to fea, the signes of war aduance;
No king of *England*, if not king of *France*.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hofter, and a boy.

Host. I prethee sweet heart,
Let me bring thee fo farre as *Stanes*.

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well, fir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.

Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a cryfombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iuft at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I faw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and fmile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now fir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no fuch need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any ftone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any ftone.
And fo vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as ftone.

Nim. They fay he cride out on facke.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did, and fed they were diuels incarnate.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Hostes, do you remember he saw a flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and fed it was a blacke foule
Burning in hell?

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Cleare vp thy cristals,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables;
Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.

Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe. *Exit omnes.*

Enter king of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.

King. Now you lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the king of *England* is not slacke,
For he is footed on this land already.

Dolphin. My gracious lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And arme vs against the foe:
And view the weake and sickly parts of *France*:
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard

England

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

England were troubled with a morris dance.
For my good lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her sceptor so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.

Con. O peace prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,
Question your grace the late embassador,
With what regard he heard his embassage,
How well supplied with aged counsellors,
And how his resolution answer'd him,
You then would say, that *Harry* was not wilde.

King. Well, thinke we *Harry* strong,
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

Con. My Lord, heere is an ambassador
From the king of *England*.

King. Bid him come in.
You see this chafe is hotly followed, lords.

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this *Englisb* short,
Selfe-loue my liege is not so vile a thing
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of *England*?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your maiesty;
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,
Of law, of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht daies
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackt,
He sends you these most memorable lines,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

In euery branch truely demonstrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the natiue and true challenger.

King. If not, what followes?

Ex. Bloody cōstraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring fail he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares
The orphants cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens grones,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
This is his claime, his threatning, and my message,
Vnlesse the *Dolphin* be in prefence heere,
To whom expresly we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,
What to heare from *England*.

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contem t,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty sencer, doth he prize you at:
Thus faith my king. Vnles your fathers highnes
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his maiesty,
Hee'l call you to so loud an answer for it,
That caues and wombly vaults of *France*
Shall chide your trespasse, and returne your mock,
In second accent of his ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with *England*.

And

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

And for that cause, according to his youth,
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe. Hee'l make your *Paris Louer* shake for it,
Were it the mistresse court of mighty *Europe*.
And be assured, you'l finde a difference,
As we his subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene his yonger daies, and these he musters now;
Now he weighes time euen to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses,
If we stay in *France*.

King. Well, for vs you shall returne our answer backe
To our brother of *England*. *Exit omnes*

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and Boy.

Nim. Before God heeres hot seruice.

Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and dye.

Nim. Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in *London*,
Ide giue all my honour for a pot of ale.

Pist. And I: if wishes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen, and beats them in.

Flew. Gods plud vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not up to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well, I would I were once from them;
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

Bardolfe stole a lute-case, carried it three mile,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

And sold it for three halpence.

Nim stole a fire-shouell,

I knew by that, they meant to carry coales :

Well, if they will not leaue me,

I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen*, you must come strait
To the mines, to the duke of *Gloster*.

Flew. Looke you, tell the duke it is not so good
To come to the mines : the concuaeties is otherwise,
You may discusse to the duke, the enemy is digd
Himselfe fise yards vnder the countermines :
By *Iesbu* I thinke heel blow vp all,
If there be no better direction.

Alarum. *Enter King and his lords.*

King. How yet resolues the gouernor of the towne ?
This is the latest parley weel admit ;
Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction, desie vs to our worst,
For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe atchieved *Harflew*,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercy are all shut vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoid,
Or guilty in defence be thus destroid ?

Enter Gouernor,

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end :
The *Dolphin*, whom of succour we entreated,

Returnes

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread king,
We yeeld our towne and lines to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensue now.

Enter Katherine and Alice.

Kate. *Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys Englatara,
Coman fae palla vou la main en Francoy.

Alice. La main madam de han.

Kate. E da bras.

Alice. De arma madam.

Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma,

Alice. Owe madam.

Kate. E coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.

Alice. De neck, e de cin, madam.

Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.

Alice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.

Kate. Ecowte Ie reherfere, towte cella que iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.

Alice. De elbo madam.

Kate. O Iesu, iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.

Alice. May foy madam, vou parla au se bon Angloy,
Asie vous aues ettue en Englatara.

Kate. Par la grace de Deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milleur
Coman se pella vou le peide le robe.

Alice. Le foot, e le con.

Kate. Le foot, e le con, O Iesu! Ie ne veu poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de Franca,
Pur one million ma foy.

Alice. Madame, de foote, e le con.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Kate. O et ill ausie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

Alice. Cet fort bon madam.

Kate. A loues a diner. *Exit omnes.*

Enter king of France, lord Constable, the Dolphin, and Bourbon.

King. Tis certaine he is past the riuer *Some.*

Con. Mordeu ma via : Shall a few spranes of vs.
(The emptying of our fathers luxery)
Outgrow their grafters.

Bur. *Normanes*, bastard *Normanes*, mor du,
And if they passe vnfought withall,
Ile sell my dukedom for a foggy farme
In that short nooke ile of *England*.

Con. Why whence haue they this mettall ?
Is not their climate raw, foggy, and cold.
On whom, as in disdaine, the sunne lookes pale ?
Can barley broth, a drench for swolne iades,
Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood ?
And shall our quicke blood, spirited with wine,
Seeme frosty ? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen icesickles
Vpon our houses tops, while they (a more frosty climate)
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable dispatch, send *Montioy* foorth,
To know what willing ransome he will giue :
Sonne Dolphin, you shall stay in *Rhone* with me.

Dol. Not so, I do beseech your maiesty.

King. Well, I say it shall be so. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. How now captaine *Flewellen*,
Come you from the bridge ?

Flew. By Iesus there's excellent seruice committed at the
bridge ?

Gower.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Gower. Is the duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flew. The duke of *Exeter* is a man whom I loue,
And I honour, and I worship with my soule,
And my heart, and my life,
And my lands, and my liuings,
And my vttermoſt powers.
The duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased for it,
No harme in the worrell.
He is maintaine the bridge very gallantly:
There is an enſigne there.
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieſu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the bridge moſt gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

Gouer. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is ancient *Piſtoll*.

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter ancient Piſtoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me a fauour,
The duke of *Exeter* doth loue the well.

Flew. I, and I praife God I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate, and giddy fortunes fickle wheele,
That god's blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone.

Flew. By your patience ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muſſer before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that fortune is plinde:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,

Which

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Which is the morall that fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities :
And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles ;
Surely the poet is make an excellent description of fortune.
Fortune looke you is an excellent morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hangd must he be ;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of petty price :
Therefore go speake, the duke will heare thy voice,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall thred be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captaine *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly ancient *Pistoll*,
Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions ;
For looke you, disciplines ought to be kept,
They ought to be kept.

Pist. Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendship.

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy iaw.

Flew. That is very well.

Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.

Exit Pistoll.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten and
thunder ?

Gower. Why is this the ancient you told me of ?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flew.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Flew. By Iesus he is vtter as praue words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day ;
But tis all one, what he hath fed to me,
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue
That goes to the wars onely to grace himfelfe
At his returne to *London* :
And fuch fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great commanders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At fuch and fuch a sconce, at fuch a breach,
At fuch a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrafe of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the generals cut,
And a horrid shout of the campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on : but you must learne
To know fuch flanders of this age,
Or else you may meruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certaine captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be :
But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little
Of my desires : heere comes his maiesty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your maiesty,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your maiesty,
The partition of the aduersary hath beene great,

Very

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your maiesty
Know the man, his face is full of wheelks, and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew ;
But God be praised, now his nose is executed,
And his fire out,

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And here we giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for ; none of the *French* abused,
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language :
For when cruelty and lenity play for a kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter the French Herald.

Herald. You know me by my habite.

King. Well then, we know thee,
What should we know of thee ?

Her. My masters minde.

King. Vnfold it.

Her. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better foudier then rashnesse,
Although we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly, see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to ransome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder :
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake ;
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe kneeling
At our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, add defiance.
So much from the king my master.

King.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

King. What is thy name? we know thy quality.

Herald. *Montioy.*

King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy king, I do not seeke him now;
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*; for to say the sooth,
(Though tis no wisedome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My souldiers are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My army lessened, and those few I haue,
Almost no better than so many *French*:
Who when they were in heart, I tell thee herald,
I thought vpon one paire of *English* legs,
Did march three *Frenchmens*.
Yet God forgiue me, that I do brag thus;
Your aire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy master here I am,
My ransome is this fraile and worthlesse body,
My army but a weake and sickly guard.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood discolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your majesty.

Gloster. My liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encamp beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Exit.

Enter

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la ?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me art thou a gentleman ?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler ?

King. No sir, I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant pike ?

King. Euen so sir, What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the king.

Pist. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant :
I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name ?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man ;
Art thou of Cornish crew ?

King. No sir, I am a Welchman.

Pist. A Welchman ; knowst thou *Flewellen* ?

King. I sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then ; my name is *Pistoll*.

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist. *Pistoll* is my name.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen*.

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lower.

It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the ancient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the *Romanes*,
You shall find no tittle tattle, nor bibble babble there,
But you shall find the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud : you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an asse and a foole,
And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be also
A foole, and a prating cocks-combe,
In your conscience now ?

Gower. Ile speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good captaine *Gower*.

Exit Gower and Flewellen.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet there's much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder ?

2. *Soul.* I, we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the king could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the *Thames*,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

King. Now my masters good morrow, what cheare ?

3. *Soul.* Ifaith small cheere some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cause as we.

King. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are,
The violet smells to him as vnto vs ;
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. *Soul.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good ; when all those foules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cause be bad,
I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As factor into another country,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the master
Was the author of his seruants mis-fortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answer for his seruant,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects;
For they purpose not their deaths,
When they craue their seruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken seale of forgery, in beguiling maidens.
Now if these out-strip the law,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moth out of his conscience,
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

3. *Soul.* Ifaith he saies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

I would

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

I would not haue the king answer for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king wold not be ransomd,

2. *Soul.* I he said so, to make vs fight;
But when our throats be cut, he may be ransomd,
And we neuer the wifer.

King. If I liue to see that, ile neuer trust his word againe.

2. *Soul.* Masse you'l pay him then,
Tis a great displeasure that an elder
Gun can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarch.

You'l nere take his word againe, you are a nasse, goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter;
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. *Soul.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

King. How shall I know thee?

2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

King. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.

2. *Soul.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.

3. *Soul.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue *French* quarrels enow in hand,
We haue no need of *English* broyles.

King. Tis no treason to cut *French* crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe will be a clipper.

Exit the souldiers.

Enter to the King, Gloster, Epingham, and attendants.

King. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of reckoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appale their courage.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

O not too day, not too day O God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath bestow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood ;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries, more will I do :
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My lord.

King. My brother *Glosters* voice.

Glo. My lord, the army stayer vpon your prefence.

Kin. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things stayer for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.

War. My lords, the *French* are very strong,

Ex. There's five to one, and yet they are all fresh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thousand.

Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farwell kinde lords :
Braue *Clarence*, and my lord of *Gloster*,
My lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.

Cla. Farewell kinde lords, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in *England*.

Kin.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Kin. Whose that, that wishes so, my cousen *Warwick*?
Gods will I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my kingdome.
No faith my cosen, with not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our camp
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast
Let him depart, his pasport shall bee drawne.
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
We would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to dye with vs,
This day is called the day of *Crispin*:
He that out-liues this day, and sees olde age,
Shall stand a tipto when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of *Crispin*.
He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearly on the vigill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is *S. Crispins* day:
Then shall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the king,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence*, and *Gloster*,
Warwicke, and *Yorke*,
Familiar in their mouths as household wordes.
This story shall the good man tell his son,
And from this day vnto the generall doome,
But we in it shall be remembred.
We few, we happy few, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine
Shall be my brother. Be he nere so base
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his scars,
And say these wounds I had on *Crispins* day.
And gentlemen in *England* now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

They were not there, when any speakes
That fought with vs vpon S. Crispines day.

Glo. My gracious lord,
The French is in the field.

Kin. Why all things are ready if our mindes be so.

War. Perish the man whose minde is backward now.

King. Thou dost not wish more helpe from *England*, cousten?

War. Gods will my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ransome?

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The constable of *France*.

King. I prethee beare my former answer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the lyons skin
While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graues within your realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we shall be famed,
For there the sunne shall greeete them,
And draw vp their honours reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The smell whereof, shall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our *Englisb*,
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breakes foorth into a second course of mischiese,
Killing in relaps of mortality:

Let

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Let me speake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our campe,
Good argument I hope we shall not flye,
And time hath worne us into flouendry.
But by the masse, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'l be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloaths ore your *French* souldiers eares,
And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ranfome soon be levied;
Saue thou thy labour herauld,
Come thou no more for ranfome, gentle herauld.
They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Will yeeld them little, tell the constable.

Her. I shall deliuer so.

Exit Herald.

Yorke. My gracious lord, vpon my knee I craue
The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue *Yorke.*

Come souldiers let's away,
And as thou pleakest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French lords.

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mor du ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is lost.

Con. We are enow yet living in the field,
To smother vp the *English*,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base leno hold the chamber doore,
Why least by a slaue no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Disorder that hath spoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee'l offer vp our liues
Vnto these *English*, or else die with fame.
Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes.

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

French. O monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not ferue, I will haue forty moys,
Boy, aske his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?

Fren. Monsieur *Fer*.

Boy. He sayes his name is master *Fer*.

Pist. Ile fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,
Boy discusse the same in *French*.

Boy. Sir I do not know whats *French* for fer, ferite and
fearke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voules couple votre gorge.

Fren. Onye may foy couple la gorge,

Pist. Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ranfome, dye.

One point of a fox.

Fren. Qui dit ill monsieur,
Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ranfome, ill voutueres.

Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran capitaine, pour auez mercie

A moy,

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ranfome
Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de *France*.

Pist. What fayer he boy?

Boy. Marry fir he fayer he is a gentleman of a great
Houfe of *France*, and for his ranfome
He will giue you 500 crownes.

Pist. My fury fhall abate,
And I the crownes will take,
And as I fucke blood, I will fome mercie fhew,
Folow me cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistoll.

King. What the *French* retire?
Yet als not done, the *French* keepes ftill the field.

Ex. The duke of *Yorke* commends him to your grace.

Kin. Liues he good vnkle, twice I faw him downe,
Twice vp againe :
From helmet to the fpur, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which array, braue fouldier doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody fide,
Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds,
The noble earle of *Suffolke* alfo lyes.

Suffolke firft dyed, and *Yorke* all wounded ore
Comes to him where in blood he lay all fteept,
And takes him by the beard, kifles the gafhes
That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,

And cryed alowd, tarry deere coufin *Suffolke* :

My foule fhall thine keepe company in heauen :

Tarry deere foule awhile, then flye to reft :

And in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chiuallry :

Vpon thefe words I came and cheer'd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, faide deere my lorde,

Commend my feruice to my foueraigne,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke
He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death
With blood he sealed. An argument
Of neuer-ending loue.
The pretty and sweete manner of it,
Forc'd those waters from me, which I would haue stoppte,
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I must conuert to teares.

Alarum sounds.

What new alarum is this?
Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.

Pist. Couple gorge.

Exit omnes

Enter Flewellen, and captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue,
And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter;
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the kings tent:
Whereupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy king.

Flew. I. he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gower. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous,

I hope

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phrase is a little variation.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
Where *Alexander* was borne :
Looke you captain *Gower*,
And if you looke into the maps of the worell well,
You shall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
A riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a riuer
In *Monmorth*, the riuers name at *Monmorth*
Is called *Wye*.

But tis out of my braine what is the name of the other :
But this all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to fingers,
And there is famons in both.

Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
You shall finde our king is come after *Alexander*,
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his ales, and his wrath, and his displeasures
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

Gow. I but our king is not like him in that,
For he neuer kild any of his friends.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished :
I speake in the comparifons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus* : so our king being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away the fat knite
With the great belly doublet :
I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Flew.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Flew. I, I thinke it was sir *Iohn Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at *Monmortb.*

Enter the King and his lords.

King. I was not angry since I came in *France*,
Vntill this houre.

Take a trumpet herauld,
And ride vnto the horsemen on yon hill :
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight.
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforc'd from the old *Assyrian* slings.
Besides, weel cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this ? knowst thou not
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome ?

Her. I come great king for charitable fauour,
To sort our nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the fiede lye spoiled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no :
For yet a many of your *French* do keepe the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore :
What castle call you that ?

Her. We call it *Agincourt*.

Kin. Then call we this the fiede of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin, Crispianus*.

Flew.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Flew. Your grandfather of famous memory,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good seruice in *France*.

King. Tis true *Flewellen*.

Flew. Your maiesty fayer very true,
And it please your maiesty,
The *Welshmen* there was do good seruice,
In a garden where leekes did grow,
And I thinke your maiesty will take no scorne,
To weare a leeke in your cap vpon *S. Dauies* day.

King. No *Flewellen*, for I am *Welch* as well as you.

Flew. All the water in *Wye* will not wash your *Welch*
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preferue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.

King. Thankes good countrey-man.

Flew. By Iesu I am your maiesties countryman.
I care not who kno it, so long as your maiesty is an honest man.

King. God keepe me so. Our herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the scattered *French*.

Exit heralds.

Call yonder souldier hither.

Flew. You fellow, come to the king.

Kin. Fellow, why dost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

Soul. And please your maiesty, tis a rascalles that swaggard
with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the which
if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him: so hath he the
like to mee.

Kin. How thinke you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull to keep his
oath?

Fl. And it please your maiesty tis lawful to keep his vow
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as
treads vpon too blacke shooes.

King. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth,

Flew.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Flew. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer and Belzebub and the diuell himfelfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vow.

King. Well firrha keepe your word,
Vnder what captain feruest thou?

Soul. Vnder captaine *Gower*.

Flew. Captain *Gower* is a good captaine,
And hath good litterature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my lord. *Exit souldier*

Kin. Captaine *Flewellen*, when *Alanson* and I
Were downe together, I tooke this gloue from's helmet,
Heere *Flewellen* weare it.
If any challenge it, he is a friend of *Alonsons*,
And an emeny to me.

Flew. Your maiesty doth me as great a fauour,
As can be desired in the hearts of his subiects.
I would see that man now that wold challenge this gloue
And it please God of his grace I would but see him,
That is all.

King. *Flewellen* knowst thou captaine *Gower*?

Flew. Captaine *Gower* is my friend
And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.

King. Go call him hither.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiesty.

Kin. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the soldiers:
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Enter captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the Soldier.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu
Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you
Then you can dreame of.

Soul. Do you heare, you fir,
Do you know this gloue.

Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue.

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flew. Gods plut, and his captaine *Gower* stand away,
He giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

King. How now? Whats the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your maiesty,
Heere is the the notablest peece of treason come to light
As you shall desire to see in a fommers day.
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,
Which your maiesty in person
Tooke out of the helmet of *Alanfon* :
And your maiesty will beare me witnessses,
And testimonies, and auouchments,
That this is the gloue.

Soul. And it please your maiesty,
That was my gloue.
He that I gaue it to in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat :
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that gentleman with my gloue in's hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my worde.

Flew. Your maiesty heares,
Vnder your maiestyes man-hoode,
What a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.

King.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

King. Let me see thy gloue,
Looke you, this is the fellow of it.
It was I indeede you promised to strike.
And thou hast giuen me most bitter words,
How canst thou make us amends.

Flew. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any marshals law in the worell.

Soul. My liege,
All offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine
To offend your maiesty..
You appeared to me but as a common man:
Witnesse the night, your garments,
Your lowlinesse; and whatsoeuer
You receiued vnder that habite,
I beseech your maiesty, impute it
To your own fault, and not to mine.
For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you beene as you seemed then to me,
I had made no offence, my gracious lord,
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the souldier.
Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the crownes. Come capitaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you soldier, there is a filling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and dissentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good filling man:
Why should you be queamish?

Your

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Your shooes are not so good.

It will serue you to mend your shooes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?

Exe. *Charles* duke of *Orleance*, nephew to the king,
Iohn duke of *Burbon*, and lord *Bouchquall*.
Of the other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the fielde lyes slaine.
Of nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
Charles de le Brute, high constable of *France*,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, admirall of *France*,
The master of the Crosse-bowes, *Iohn* duke *Alonson*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high master of *France*.
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie* and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our *English* dead?

Exe. *Edward* the duke of *Yorke*, the earle of *Suffolke*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* esquire,
And of all the other, but fiae and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:
When without stratageme,
And euen in shocke of battell, was euer heard
So great and little losse, on one part and another?
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

Kin. Come, let vs go on proceffion through the campe:
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
To boast heereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your maiesty,
To tell how many is kild?

Kin. Yes *Flewellen*,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

Kin. Let there be sung nououes and te deum,
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:
Weel then to *Calice* and to *England* then,
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your leeke to day?
Saint *Dauies* is past?

Flew. There is occasion captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore:
The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day.
And brings bread and salt, and biddes mee
Eate my leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could mooue no dissentions,
But if I can see him, I shall tell him
A little of my desires.

Gow. Heere he comes swelling like turky-cocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turki-
cockes.

God plesse you ancient *Pistoll*, you scall,
Beggerly, lowfy knaue, God plesse you.

Pist.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlem?
Dost thou thrust base *Troyan*,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of leeke.

Flew. Ancient *Pistoll*.
I would desire you because it doth not agree
With your stomackes, and your appetites,
And your digestions, to eate this leeke.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his goats.

Flew. There is one goate for you, ancient *Pistol*.

He strikes him.

Pist. Base *Troyan* thou shalt dye,

Flewellen. I, I know I shall dye:
But in the mean time, I would desire you
To liue and eate this leeke.

Gower. Enough captaine,
You haue astonisht him, it is enough.

Flewel. Astonisht him,
By *Iesu*, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate some part of my leeke.

Pist. Well must I bite?

Flew. I out of question, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You must bite.

He makes ancient Pistoll bite of the leeke.

Pistol. Good, good.

Flewellen. I leekes are good, ancient *Pistoll*.
Looke you now, there is a shilling for you
To heale your bloody coxcombe.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue another leeke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reckoning.

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Flew. If I owe you any thing,
I will pay you in cudgelles :
You shall be a wood-monger,
And buy cudgels. And so God be with you
Ancient Pistoll, God plesse you,
And heale your broken pate.
Ancient Pistoll, if you see leekes another time,
Mocke at them, that is all : God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.
Doth fortune play the hufwife with me now ?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes ?
Well *France* farewell, newes haue I certainly
That *Doll* is sicke. One malady of *France*
The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,
Baud will I turne, and vse the flight of hand :
To *England* will I steale.
And there Ile steale :
And patches will I get vnto these scarres,
And sweare I gat them in the *Gallia* warres.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter at one doore, the king of England and his lords.

*And at the other doore, the king of France, queene Katherine,
the duke of Burbon, and others.*

Harry. Peace to this meeting,
Wherefore we are met,
And to our brother *France*, faire time of day.
Fair health unto our louely cousin *Katherine*,
And as a branch, and member of this stocke,
We do salute you, duke of *Burgundy*.

Fran. Brother of *England*,

Right

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
So are we princes *English* euery one.

Duke. With pardon vnto your mightinesse :
Let it not displease you, if I demaund
What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

Har. If duke of *Burgundy* you would haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawn our articles.

Fran. We haue but with a cursorary eye
Ore-view'd them ; pleaseth your grace,
To let some of your counsell sit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answer.

Har. Go lords, and sit with them,
And bring vs answer backe.
Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* heere behind.

Fran. Withall our hearts.

Exit French king, and the lords.

Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

Har. Now *Kate*,
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.
If I could winne thee at leape-frog,
Or with vauing with my armour on my backe
Into my faddle,
Without bragge be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst,
And in wearing thou shalt haue me better and better,
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But doest thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis* and Saint *George*,

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Shall get a boy, that shall go to *Constantinople*,
And take the great *Turke* by the beard?
Ha, *Kate*.

Kate. Is it possible dat me fall
Loue de enemy de *France*.

Harry. No *Kate*,
It is vnpossible you should loue the enemy of *France*;
For *Kate* I loue *France* so well,
That ile not leaue a village,
Ile haue it all mine. Then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours:
Then *France* is yours.
And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell you in *French*,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me see, faint *Dennis* be my speede.
Quan *France* & mon.

Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.

Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.

Kate. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck *France* ettes à vous.

Kate. Den *France* fall be mine.

Harry. Et ie fuyues a vous.

Kate. And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt beleue me *Kate*? Tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdome,
Then to speake so much more *French*.

Kate. A your maiesty.
Has false *France* enough, to deceiue
De best lady in *France*.

Harry.

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Harry. No faith *Kate* not I.

But *Kate* prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Dost thou loue me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

Harry. No: Can any of your neighbours tel,
Ile aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.

And soone when you are in your clofset,

Youle question this lady of me:

But I pray thee sweet *Kate* vse me mercifully,

Because I loue thee cruelly.

That I shall dye *Kate*, is fure:

But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.

What wench.

A straight backe will grow crooked,

A round eye will grow hollow,

A great legge will waxe small,

A curld pate prooue bald:

But a good heart *Kate* is the sun and the moon,

And rather the sun and not the moone:

And therefore *Kate* take me,

Take a souldier, take a souldier,

Take a king:

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue mee?

Kate. Dat is as please de king my father.

Harry. Nay it will please him,

Nay it shall please him *Kate*,

And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse thee.

Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy fair quelk chose

Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree facion en fauor.

Harry. What sayes she lady?

Lady. Dat it is not de fasion in *France*

For de maides, befor da be married to

May foy ie oblye, what is to bassie?

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY

Har. To kisse, to kisse.

O that tis not the fashion in *France*

For the maids to kisse before they are married.

Lady. Owee see votree grace.

Har. Well, weel breake that custome.

Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeelde.

Before God *Kate* you haue witchcraft

In your kisses :

And may perswade with me more

Then all the *French* Councell.

Your father is returned.

Enter the kings of France, and the lordes.

How now my lords ?

Fran. Brother of *England*,

We haue ordered the articles,

And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.

Exe. Onely he hath not subscribed this,

Where your maiesty demands,

That the king of *France* hauing any occasion

To write for matter of grant,

Shall name your highnesse in this forme :

And with this addition in *French*,

Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy d' Angleterre,

E beare de France. And thus in latine :

Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ,

Et heres Franciæ.

Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,

But you faire brother may intreat the same.

Harry. Why then let this among the rest

Haue his full course : And withall,

Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage.

Fran. This and what else

Your

OF HENRY THE FIFT.

Your maiesty shall craue :

God that disposeth all giue you much ioy.

Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,

Come giue me thy hand :

Our marriage will we present solemnize,

And end our hatred by a bond of loue.

Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to me,

And may our vowes once made, vnbroken be.

FINIS.



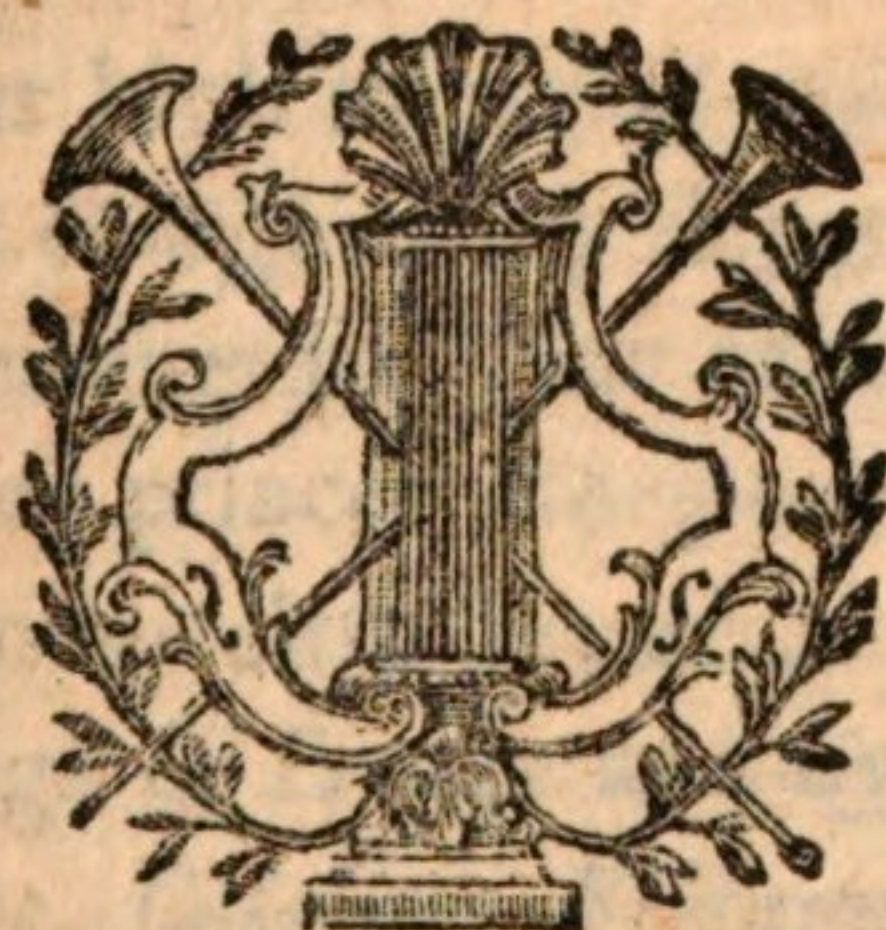
Printed at London, for T. P.

And may our power once more be

T H E
W H O L E C O N T E N T I O N
Betweene the Two famous Houses,
L A N C A S T E R a n d Y O R K E .

With the tragicall Ends of the
Good Duke *Humfrey*, *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*,
and King *Henrie* the sixt.
Diuided into Two Parts: And newly corrected and
enlarged.

Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Gent.



Printed at *London*, for T. P.

THE
WHOLE
CONTEST
BETWEEN THE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES
LANCASTER AND YORK.
WITH THE TRAGICAL ENDS OF THE
GOOD DUKE HENRY, RICHARD DUKE OF YORK,
AND KING RICHARD III.
This was the First Sketch only of the present
Second and Third Parts of *Henry* the Sixth;
which were since greatly enlarged, and the
Poetry improved; the Scenery was much the
same as at present.

Warburton's Tables.



Printed at London, for T. P.

The First Part of the
Contention of the Two famous Houses
O F
Y O R K E and L A N C A S T E R,
W I T H T H E
Death of the good Duke *Humfrey*.

Enter at one doore, king Henry the sixt, and Humfrey duke of Gloucester, the duke of Somerset, the duke of Buckingham, cardinall Bewford, and others.

Enter at the other doore, the duke of Yorke, and the marques of Suffolke, and queene Margaret, and the earle of Salisbury and Warwicke.

Suffolke.

AS by your high imperiall maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator for your excellence,
To marry princes *Margaret* for your grace;
So in the ancient famous citty *Towers*,
In presence of the kings of *France* and *Cyffile*,
The dukes of *Orleance*, *Calabar*, *Britaine*, and *Alonson*.
Seuen earles, twelue barons, and twenty reuerend byshops,
I did performe my taske, and was espoused,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of *England* and her royall peeres,
Deliuer

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Deliver vp my title in the queene
Vnto your gracious excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent :

The happiest gift that euer marquesse gaue,
The fairest queene that euer king possessest.

King. Suffolke arise.

Welcome queene *Margaret* to *Englisb Henries* court,
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kind kisse : O gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulnessse,
For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowd
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

Queene. Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman :
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking.
And nothing can make poore *Margaret* miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mighty *Englands* king.

King. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce
Louely queene *Margaret* sit downe by my side :
And vnkle *Gloster*, and you lordly peeres,
With one voyce welcome my beloued queene.

All. Long liue queene *Margaret*, *Englands* happinesse.

Queene. We thanke you all. *Sound trumpets.*

Suffolke. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Heere are the articles confirmd, of peace
Betweene our foueraigne and the *French* king *Charles*,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expir'd.

Hum. *Inprimis*, it is agreed betweene the *French* king *Charles*
and *William de la Pole* marquesse of *Suffolke*, embassador for
Henry king of *England*, that the saide *Henry* shal wed and
espouse the lady *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* king of *Naples*,
Cyffels, and *Ierusalem*, and crowne her queene of *England*, ere
the thirty day of the next month.

Item.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Item. It is further agreed betweene them, that the dutchesse of *Anioy* and of *Maine*, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the king her fa——

Duke Humfrey lets it fall.

King. How now vnckle, whats the matter that you stay so sodainly.

Hum. Pardon my lord, a sodaine qualme came ore my heart, which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more. My lord of *Yorke*, I pray do you reade on.

Yorke. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the dutchesse of *Anioy* and of *Maine*, shall bee released and deliuered ouer to the king her father, and she sent ouer of the king of *Englands* owne proper cost and charges, without dowry.

King. They please vs well, lord marquesse kneele downe : we heere create thee first duke of *Suffolke*, and girt thee with the sword. Cosin of *Yorke*, wee heere discharge your grace from being regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.

Thankes vnckle *Winchester*, *Gloster*, *Yorke*, and *Buckingham*, *Somerfet*, *Salisbury*, and *Warwicke*.

We thanke you for all this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my princely queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speede prouide
To see her coronation be performd.

*Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke, and duke Humphrey
staves all the rest.*

Hum. Braue peeres of *England*, pillars of the state,
To you duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his greefe,
What did my brother *Henry* toile himselfe,
And waste his subiects for to conquer *France*?
And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time,
To keepe in awe that stout unruly realme?
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* heere,
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?

And

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

And is all our labours then spent quite in vaine?
For *Suffolke* he, the new made duke that rules the roaft,
Hath giuen away for our king *Henries* queene,
The dutchesse of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.
Ah lords, fatall is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reuerſing monuments of conquered *France*,
Vndoing all, as none had nere beene done.

Card. Why how now coſin *Gloſter*, what needs this:
As if our king were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud protector, enuy in thine eyes I ſee,
The big ſwolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares preſume gainſt that thy ſoueraigne likes.

Hum. Nay my lords, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my preſence, proud prelate as thou art:
But Ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to ſpeake.
Farewell my lords, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied *France* would be loſt ere long.

Exit duke Humfrey.

Card. There goes our protector in a rage.
My lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.
For you well ſee, if he but walke the ſtreetes,
The common people ſwarme about him ſtraight,
Crying *Ieſus* bleſſe your royall excellence,
With God preferue the good duke *Humfrey*,
And many things beſides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke *Humfrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his ſeate.

Exit Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughty cardinall,
Coſin of *Somerſet* be rulde by me,

Weele

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somer. Thankes cosin *Buckingham*, ioynе thou with me,
And both of vs with the duke of *Suffolke*,
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his feate.

Buck. Content, come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somers.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition followes after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My lords let vs seeke for our countries good :
Oft haue I seene this haughty cardinall
Sweare, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a ruffian then a man of the church.
Cofin *Yorke*, the victories thou hast wonne,
In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortal praise in *England*.
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath won thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioynе all three in one for this,
That good duke *Humfrey* may his state possesse,
But wherefore weeps *Warwicke* my noble sonne.

War. For greefe that all is lost that *Warwicke* won,

Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
Why *Warwick* did win them, and must that then which we
wonne with our fwords, be giuen away with words.

Yorke. As I haue read, our kings of *England* were wont
to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our king *Henry*
giues away his owne.

Sal. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

War. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,
Which *Warwicke* by maine force did win from *France*,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from *France* or else be slaine.

Exit Salisbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the *French*,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertile *England*.
A day will come when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud duke *Humfrey*:
And when I spy aduantage, claime the crowne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor weare the diadem vpon his head,
Whose church-like humors fits not for a crowne:
Then *Yorke* be still a while till time doe serue,
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till *Henry* surfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride, and *Englands* deere bought queene,
And *Humfrey* with the peeres be false at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white rose,
With whose sweete smell the ayre shall be perfumde,
And in my standard beare the armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*:
And force perforce, Ile make him yeelde the crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld fair *England* downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter duke Humfrey, and dame Ellanor, Cobham his wife.

Elnor. Why droops my lord like over-ripened corne,
Hanging the head at *Ceres* plenteous load,

What

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

What see'st thou duke *Humfrey* king *Henries* crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme bee too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art thou not a prince?
Vnckle to the king? and his protector?
Then what should'st thou lacke that might content thy minde?

Hum. My louely *Nell*, farre be it from my heart,
To thinke of treasons gainst my soueraigne lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide none ill.

Elnor. What dreamt my lord? Good *Humfrey* tell it me,
And Ile interpret it: and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

Hum. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my staffe, mine office badge in court,
Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse:
But as I thinke by the cardinall. What it bodes
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of *Edmund* duke of *Somerfet*,
And *William de la Pole* first duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tush my lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a sticke of *Glosters* groue,
Shall for the offence make forfet of his head.
But now my lord Ile tell you what I dreamt,
Methought I was in the cathedrall church
At *Westminster*, and seated in the chaire
Where kings and queenes are crown'd, and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a crowne of gold,
Stood ready to set it on my princely head,

Hum. Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the protectors wife? belou'd of him?
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Elnor. How now my lord, what angry with your *Nell*

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

For telling but her dreame? The next I haue
Ile keepe it to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

Hum. Nay *Nell*, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. And it please your grace, the king and queen to
morrow morning will ride a hawking to *S. Albones*, and
craues your company along with them.

Hum. With all my heart; I will attend his grace.
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

Exit Humfrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
As long as *Gloster* beares this base and humble minde:
Were I a man, and protector as he is,
I'de reach to'th crowne, or make some hop headlesse.
And being but a woman, Ile not behinde
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to crosse
me thus:
Who is within there?

Enter sir Iohn Hum.

What sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?

Sir Iohn. Iesus preferue your maiesty.

Elnor. My maiesty: why man, I am but grace.

Sir Iohn. I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,
Your graces state shall be aduanc'd ere long.

Elnor. What, hast thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*,
the cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the
rest? and will they vndertake to do me good?

Sir Iohn. I haue madam, and they haue promised me to
raise a spirit from depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your
grace all questions you demand.

Elnor.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Elmer. Thankes good sir *John*,
Some two dayes hence I gesse will fit our time,
Then see that they be heere :
For now the king is riding to *Saint Albones*,
And all the dukes and earles along with him.
When they be gone, then safely may they come,
And on the backe side of my orchard heere,
There cast their spelles in silence of the night,
And so resolute vs of the thing we wish ;
Till when, drinke that for my sake, and so farewell.

Exit Elanor.

Sir John. Now sir *John Hum*, no words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be :
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.
The dutchesse she thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these treasons gainst the king and peeres ;
And that is the mighty duke of *Suffolke*.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the dutchesse fall,
Who now by coniurations thinkes to rise.
But whist sir *John*, no more of that I tro,
For feare you lose your head before you go. *Exit.*

Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the armourers man.

1. *Petit.* Come sirs lets linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my lord protector come this way,
That we may shew his grace our feuerall causes.

2. *Petit.* I pray God saue the good duke *Humfries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
They cannot get no succour in the court.
But see where he comes with the queene.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Enter the duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take him for duke Humfrey, and giues him their writings.

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is the duke of *Suffolke*, *Queene.* Now good-fellows, whom would you speak withal?

2. *Petit.* If it please your maiestie with my lord protectors grace.

Qu. Are your suits to his grace? Let vs see them first, Looke on them my lord of *Suffolke*.

Suffolke. A complaint against the cardinals man. What hath he done?

2. *Petit.* Marry my lord, he hath stole away my wife, And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

Suff. Hath he stole thy wife? that's some iniury indeede. But what say you?

Peter Thumpe. Marry sir I come to tell you, that my mayster faide, that the duke of *Yorke* was true heire to the crown, and that the king was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst say.

Peter. I forsooth, an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the king was an vsurper?

Peter. No forsooth, I faide my maister faide so, th'other day when wee were scowring the duke of *Yorke*s armour in our garret.

Suf. I marry, this is something like, Who's within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe him close,
And send out a purseuant for his master straight,
Weele heere more of this thing before the king.

Exit with the armorers man.

Now

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Now sir, what's yours? Let me see it,
What's heere?

A complaint against the duke of *Suffolke*, for enclosing the
commons of long *Melford*.

How now sir knaue,

1. *Petit*. I beseech your grace to pardon me, I am but a
messenger for the whole towne-ship.

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now shew your petitions to duke *Humfrey*.
Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus?

Exit Petitioners

Queene. My lord of *Suffolke* you may see by this,
The commons loues vnto that haughty duke,
That seekes to him more then to king *Henry*:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honor of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious duke,
That scarfe will mooue his cap to speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with such a troope of ladies,
As strangers in the court take her for queene:
She beares a dukes whole reuennewes on her backe.
The other day she wanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.
Can any greefe of minde be like to this?
I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didst run at tilt,
And stolst away our ladies hearts in *France*,
I thought king *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of *France*.

Suff. Madam, content your selfe a little while,
As I was cause of your comming into *England*,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

So will I in *England* worke your full content :

And as for proud duke *Humfrey* and his wife,

I haue set lime-twigs that will entangle them,

As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.

But stay madame, heere comes the king.

Enter king Henry, and the duke of Yorke and the duke of Somerset on both sides of the king, whispering with him : Then entereth duke Humphrey, dame Elanor, the duke of Buckingham, the earle of Salisbury, the earle of Warwicke, and the cardinall of Winchester.

King. My lords I care not who be regent in *France*, or *Yorke* or *Somerset*, all's one to me.

Yorke. My lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himselfe,
Let *Somerset* enioy his place, and go to *Fraunce*.

Som. Then whom your grace thinkes worthy, let him goe,
And there be made the regent ouer the *French*.

Warwicke. Whomsoever you account worthy,
Yorke is the worthiest.

Card. Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to speake.

War. The cardnal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And *Warwicke* may liue to be best of all.

Queene. My lord in mine opinion, it were best that *Somerset* were regent ouer *France*.

Hum. Madame, our king is olde enough himselfe,
To giue his answer without your consent.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector ouer him so long.

Hum. Madam, I am but protector ore the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since thou wast a king
(As who is king but thee :) the common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,

And

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

And millions of treasure hath beene spent.

And as for the regentship of *France*,

I say *Somerset* is more worthy then *Yorke*.

Yorke. Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthy,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthy deeds that *Yorke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honoured heere.

Suf. Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suf. Because heere is a man accusde of treason,
Pray God the duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master of high treason, and his wordes were these: That the duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.

Yorke. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will affoord for his villainy.

King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Arm. An't shall please your worship, I neuer sayde any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsely accused by this villen heere.

Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Yorke. I beseech your grace let him haue the law.

Armorer. Alas master, hang me if euer I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would be euen with mee: I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your worship do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.

King. Vncle *Gloster*, what do you thinke of this?

Hum.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Hum. The law my lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to try each others right or wrong,
With *Eben* staues and sandbags, combatting
In *Smithfield*, before your royall maiesty. *Exit Humfrey.*

Armour. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter. Alasse my lord, I am not able for to fight.

Suf. You must either fight sirra, or else be hang'd :
Go take them hence againe to prison. *Exit with them.*

*The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the dutchesse of Gloster,
a boxe on the eare.*

Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why minion can you not see?
Shee strikes her.

I cry you mercy madam, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

Elnor. Did you not proud *French-woman*?
Could I come neere your dainty visage with my nayles,
I'de set my ten command'ments in your face.

King. Be patient gentle aunt,
It was against her will.

Elnor. Against her will. Good king shee'll dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwayes thus be rul'd by her,
But let it rest : as sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame *Elnor* vnreueng'd.

Exit Elnor.

King. Beleeue me my loue, thou wert much too blame :
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had beene heere in place.

Enter duke Humfrey.

But see where he comes : I am glad he met her not.
Vnkle Gloster, what answer makes your grace,
Concerning our regent for the realme of *France*,
Whom thinkes your grace is meetest for to send.

Hum.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Hum. My gracious lord, then this is my resolute,
For that these words the armourer should speake,
Doth breede suspition on the part of *Yorke*,
Let *Somerſet* be regent ore the *French*,
Till trials made, and *Yorke* may cleare himſelfe.

King. Then be it ſo, my lord of *Somerſet*,
We make your grace regent ouer the *French*,
And to defend our right 'gainſt forraine foes,
And ſo do good vnto the realme of *France*.
Make haſt my lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce is I thinke full expir'd.

Somer. I humbly thanke your royall maiesty,
And take my leaue to poſte with ſpeed to *France*.

Exit Somerſet.

King. Come vnkle *Gloſter*, now let's haue our horſe,
For we will to *Saint Albones* preſently,
Madam your hawke they ſay is ſwift of flight,
And we will try how ſhe will flye to day, *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Elnor, with ſir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a
Coniurer, and Margery Iourdaine a witch.*

Elnor. Heere ſir *Iohn*, take this ſcrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the queſtions you ſhall aſke,
And I will ſtand vpon this tower heere,
And heare the ſpirit what it ſayes to you :
And to my queſtions, write the anſwers downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir Iohn. Now ſirs begin, and caſt your ſpels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell dame *Elnor* of the thing ſhe aſkes.

Witch. Then *Roger Bullenbrooke* about thy taſke,
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,
Whilſt I thereon all proſtrate on my face,

Do

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Do talke and whisper with the diuels below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

Shee lyes downe vpon her face.

Bullenbrooke makes a circle.

Bullen. Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherein the furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Sofetus* lake,
The spirit *Ascalon* to come to mee,
To pierce the bowels of this centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Ascalon, assenda, assenda.

It thunders and lightens, and then the Spirite riseth vp.

Spirit. Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldst thou haue me doe?

Bullen. First of the king, what shall become of him?

Spirit. The duke yet liues, that *Henry* shall depose,
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awaites the duke of *Suffolke*.

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Bullen. What shall betide the duke of *Somerfet*.

Spirit. Let him shun castles, safer shall he be vpon the
sandy plaines, then where castles mounted stand:
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poole,
Where *Pluto* in his fiery waggon sits,
Riding amidst the findg'd and parched smoakes,
The rode of *Dytas* by the riuer *Stix*:
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise *Iourdaine* rise, and stay thy charming spels.
Zounds, we are betraide.

Enter the duke of Yorke, and the duke of Buckingham, and others.

Yorke. Come firs, lay hands on them, and binde them sure.
This time was well watcht. What madame are you there?

This

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treason thus with coniurers,
The king shall haue notice of this thing.

Exit Elnor aboue.

Buck. See heere my lord, what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Giue it me my lord, Ile shew it to the king:
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

Exit with them.

Bucking. My lord, I pray you let me go poste vnto the king,
Vnto *S. Albones*, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my lord. *Exit Buckingham.*

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My lord.

Yorke. Sirrah, go will the earles of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*
to sup with me to night. *Exit Yorke.*

One. I will my lord. *Exit.*

*Enter the King and Queene with her hawke on her fist, and
duke Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they
came from hawking.*

Queene. My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old *Ione* had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloster, how hye your hawke did fore,
And on a fodaine foud the partridge downe.

Suff. No maruell if it please your maiesty,
My lord protectors hawkes do towre so well,
They know their master fores a faulcons pitch.

Hum.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Hum. Faith my lord, it's but a base minde,
That fores no higher than a bird can fore.

Card. I thought your grace would be about the clouds.

Hum. I my lord cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heaven.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts
beate on a crowne, proud protector, dangerous peere, to
smoothe it thus with king and commonwealth.

Hum. How now my lord, why this is more then needs,
church men so hot? Good vnckle can you do't.

Suf. Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a
cause?

Hum. As how, my lord.

Suf. As you, my lord, and t'like your lordly lordes pro-
tectorship.

Hum. Why *Suffolke*, *England* knowes thy insolence.

Queene. And thy ambition *Gloster*.

King. Cease gentle queene, and whette not on these furious
lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword.

Hum. Faith holy vnkle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Euen when thou dar'st.

Hum. Dare: I tel thee priest, *Plantagenets* could neuer
brook the dare.

Card. I am *Plantagenet* as well as thou, and sonne to *John*
of *Gaunt*.

Hum. In bastardy.

Card. I scorne thy words.

Hum. Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in thine
owne person meete me at the east end of the groue.

Card. Here's my hand, I will.

King. Why how now lords?

Card.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Card. Faith cosin *Gloster*, had not your man cast off so soone, we had had more sport to day, come with thy sword and buckler.

Hum. Gods mother priest ile shaue your crowne.

Card. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King. The winde growes high, so doth your choller lords.

Enter one crying a miracle, a miracle.

How now? Now firra, what miracle is it?

One. And it please your grace, there is a man that came blind to *S. Albones*, and hath receiued his sight at the shrine.

King. Go fetch him hether, that we may glorifie the Lord with him.

Enter the maior of Saint Albones, and his brethren, with musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind between two in a chaire.

King. Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:
Where wast thou borne?

Poore man. At *Barwicke* please your maiesty in the north.

Hum. At *Barwicke*, and come thus farre for helpe.

Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweete *Saint Albones* should giue me my sight againe.

Hum. What are lame too?

P. man. I indeede sir, God helpe me.

Hum. How camst thou lame?

P. man. With falling off a plum tree.

Hum. Wert thou blind and would climb plumtrees?

P. man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plummes.

Hum. But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?

P. man. I truly sir.

Woman

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Woman. I indeed fir, he was borne blinde,

Hum. What art thou his mother?

Woman. His wife fir.

Hum. Hadst thou beene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better tolde.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

P. man. Yes truly master, as cleare as day.

Hum. Sayst thou so: what colour's his cloake?

P. man. Red master, as red as blood.

Hum. And his cloake?

P. man. Why that's greene.

Hum. And what colour's his hose?

P. man. Yellow master, yellow as gold.

Hum. And what colour's my gowne?

P. man. Blacke fir, as blacke as iet.

King. Then belike he knowes what colour iet is on.

Suf. And yet I thinke iet did he neuer see.

Hum. But clokes and gowns ere this day many a one.
But tell me firra, what's my name?

P. man. Alas master I know not.

Hum. What's his name?

P. man. I know not.

Hum. Nor his?

P. man. No truly fir.

Hum. Nor his name?

P. man. No indeede master.

Hum. Whats thine owne name?

P. man. *Sander*, and it please you maister.

Hum. Then *Sander* sit there, the lyingest knaue in christen-
dom. If thou hadst bene borne blinde, thou mightst aswel
haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the feuerall co-
lours wee do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but
sodainly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, *S.*
Albones heere hath done a miracle, and would you not thinke
his

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

his cunning to bee great, that could restore this cripple to his legs againe.

P. man. O master I would you could.

Hum. My masters of *S. Albones*,
Haue you not beadles in your towne,
And things call'd whippes?

Mayor. Yes my lord, if it please your grace.

Hum. Then send for one presently.

Maier. Sirra, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

Exit one.

Hum. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now, sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.

Enter a Beadle.

P. Alas master I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.

Hum. Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.
Sirra beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

Beadle. I will my lord, come on sirra, off with your doublet quickly.

Poore man. Alas master what shall I do, I am not able to stand.

After the beadle hath hit him one ierke, he leapes ouer the stoole, and runnes away, and they run after him, crying a miracle, a myracle.

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipte through euery market towne till he comes at *Barwicke* where he was borne.

Maier. It shall be done my lord. *Exit Mayor.*

Suf. My lord protector hath done wonders to day,
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to goe.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Humph. I, but you did greater wonders, whē you made
whole dukedomes flye in a day.

Witnesse *France*.

King. Haue done I say, and let me heare no more of that.

Enter the duke of Buckingham.

What newes brings duke *Humfrey* of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Ill newes for some my lord, and this it is,
That proud dame *Elnor* our protectors wife,
Hath plotted treasons gainst the king and peeres,
By witchcrafts, forceries, and coniurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state,
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
By *Yorke* and my selfe they were all surprizde,
And heeres the answere the diuell did make to them.

King. First of the king, what shall become of him?

Reads. The duke yet liues, that *Henry* shall depose,
Yet him out-liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the duke of *Suffolke*?

By water shall he die and take his end.

Suffolke. By water must the duke of *Suffolke* die?
It must be so, or else the diuell doth lie.

King. Let *Somerset* shun castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandy plaines,
Then where castles mounted stand.

Card. Heeres good stufte, how now my lord protector,
This newes I thinke hath turnd your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarcely keepe your promise.

Humph. Forbeare ambitious prelate to vrge my greefe,
And pardon me my gracious foueraigne,
For heere I sweare vnto your maiesty,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes

Which

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Which my ambitious wife hath fallſly done,
And for ſhe would betray her ſoueraigne lord,
I heere renounce her from my bed and boord,
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnleſſe ſhe cleare her ſelfe of this foule deed.

King. Come my lords, this night wee le lodge in *S. Albones*,
And to morrow we will ride to *London*,
And trie the vtmoſt of theſe treaſons forth,
Come vnckle *Gloſter* along with vs,
My minde doth tell me thou art innocent. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the duke of Yorke, and the earles of Salisbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. My lords, our ſimple ſupper ended thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honors heere,
The right and title of the houſe of *Yorke*
To *Englands* crowne by lineall deſcent.

War. Then *Yorke* begin, and if thy claime be good,
The *Neuils* are thy ſubiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus my lords,
Edward the third had ſeuē ſonnes,
The firſt was *Edward* the blacke prince,
Prince of *Wales*.

The ſecond was *William* of *Hatfield*,
Who dyed young.

The third was *Lyonell*, duke of *Clarence*.

The fourth was *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,

The duke of *Lancaſter*.

The fiſt was *Edmund* of *Langley*,

Duke of *Yorke*.

The ſixt was *William* of *Windſore*,

Who dyed young.

The ſeauenth and laſt was ſir *Thomas* of *Woodſtocke*, duke of
Yorke.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Now *Edward* the blacke prince dyed before his father, leauing behinde him two sonnes, *Edward* borne at *Angolesme*, who died young, and *Richard* that was after crowned king, by the name of *Richard* the second, who dyed without an heyre.

Lyonell duke of *Clarence* dyed, and left him one only daughter, named *Phillip*, who was married to *Edmund Mortimer* earle of *March* and *Wylster*: and so by her I claime the crowne, as the true heire to *Lyonell* duke of *Clarence*, third sonne to *Edward* the third. Now sir, in time of *Richards* reigne, *Henry* of *Bullingbrooke*, sonne and heire to *John* of *Gaunt*, the duke of *Lancaster* fourth sonne to *Edward* the third, he claimed the crowne, depost the merthfull king, and as both you know, in *Pomfret* castle harmelesse *Richard* was shamefully murthered, and so by *Richards* death came the house of *Lancaster* vnto the crowne.

Sal. Sauing your tale my lord, as I haue heard in the reigne of *Bullenbrooke*, the duke of *Yorke* did claime the crowne, and but for *Owen Glendour* had bene king.

Yorke. True: but so it fortunied then, by meanes of that monstrous rebell *Glendour*, the noble duke of *Yorke* was putte to death, and so euer since the heires of *John* of *Gaunt* haue possessed the crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the younger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

Warwicke. What proceedings can be more plaine, he claimes it from *Lyonell* duke of *Clarence*, the third sonne to *Edward* the third, and *Henry* from *John* of *Gaunt* the fourth sonne. So that till *Lionels* issue failes, his should not reigne. It fayles not yet, but flourisheth in thee and in thy sonnes, braue slips of such a stocke. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honour him with birth-right to the crowne.

Both, Long liue *Richard* *Englands* royall king.

Yorke.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Yorke. I thanke you both. But lords I am not your king, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of *Lancaster*.

War. Then *Yorke* aduise thy selfe, and take thy time, Claime thou the crowne, and set thy standard vp, And in the same aduance the milke-white rose, And then to guard it, will I rowse the beare, Enuiron'd with ten thousand ragged staues, To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right, Mauger the proudest lord of *Henries* blood, That dares deny the right and claime of *Yorke*, For why, my minde presageth I shall liue To see the noble duke of *Yorke* to be a king.

Yorke. Thanks noble *Warwicke*, and *Yorke* doth hope to see, The earle of *Warwicke* liue, to bee the greatest man in *England* but the king. Come lets goe. *Exit omnes.*

Enter king Henry and the Queene, duke Humfrey, the duke of Suffolke, and the duke of Buckingham, the Cardinall, and dame Elnor Cobham, led with the officers, and then enter to them the duke of Yorke, and the earles of Salisbury and Warwicke.

King. Stand forth dame *Elnor Cobham* dutches of *Gloster*, and heare the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons, that thou hast committed against vs, our state and peeres.

First for thy hainous crime, thou shalt two dayes in *London* do pennance barefoot in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy body, and a waxe taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the *Isle of Man*, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our sentence irrevocable. Away with her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

Exit some with Elnor.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

King. Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,
In that these treasons thus are come to light,
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

Humph. Oh gracious *Henry*, giue me leaue a while,
To leaue your grace, and to depart away,
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore good my lord, let me depart.

King. With all my hart good vnckle, whē you please
Yet ere thou goest, *Humfrey* resigne thy staffe,
For *Henry* will be no more protected,
The lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

Hum. My staffe, I noble *Henry*, my life and all,
My staffe, I yeelde as willing to be thine,
As ere thy noble father made it mine:
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnckle *Gloster*, stand vp and go in peace,
No lesse belou'd of vs, then when
Thou wert protector ouer this my land. *Exit Gloster.*

Queene. Take vp the staffe, for heere it ought to stand,
Where should it be, but in king *Henries* hand?

Yorke. Please it your maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the armourer and his man, my lord,
And they are ready when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth that they may try their rights.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking
to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum
before him, and his staffe with a sandbag fastened to it, and
at*

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

at the other doore his man with a drum and sandbag, and Prentises drinking to him.

1 Neighbor. Here neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a cup of facke; and feare not neighbor, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here neighbor, here's a cup of charneco.

3 Neigh. Here's a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke and be merry, and feare not your man.

Arm. Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,
And a figge for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not affraid.

2 *Pren.* Here *Peter*, here's a pinte of claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry *Peter*,
And feare not thy master, fight for credit of the prentises.

Peter. I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more:
Heere *Robin*, and if I dye, heere I giue thee my hammer,
And *Will* thou shalt haue my aterne: and heere *Tom*,
Take all the money that I haue.

O lord blesse me I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale
with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

Salis. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirra, what's thy name?

Pet. *Peter* forsooth.

Salf. *Peter*: what more?

Pet. *Thumpe*.

Salf. *Thumpe*, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

Arm. Here's to thee neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for
before wee fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde; for
I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue
my selfe an honest man, and *Peter* a knaue: and so haue at
you *Peter* with downright blowes, as *Beuis* of *South-hampton*
fell vppon *Ascapart*.

Pet. Law you now, I told you hee's in his fence already.

Alarmes, *Peter* hits him on the head and fels him.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Arm. Hold *Peter*, I confesse, treason, treason. *He dies.*

Pet. O God I giue thee praise. *He kneels downe.*

Pren. Ho well done *Peter*. God saue the king.

King. Go take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iustice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. *Exit omnes.*

Enter duke Humfrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Hum. Sirra, what's a clocke?

Seruing. Almost ten my lord.

Hum. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandering in the streets,
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble minde abrooke
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheelles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

Enter dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the sberiffes of London, and sir Iohn Standly, and officers, with bils and bolbards.

Seruing. My gracious lord, see wher my lady comes,
Please it your grace, wee take her from the sberiffes?

Hump. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,
But let them do their office as they should.

Elnor.

OF YORKE and LANCASTER.

Elnor. Come you my lord to see my open shame?
Ah *Gloster*, now thou dost penance too,
See how the giddy people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, forget this extreme griefe,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elnor. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my felfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame, with papers on my backe,
Ah *Gloster*, can I endure this and liue?
Sometime Ile say I am duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a prince, protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his fore-lorne dutchesse
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.

Humfrey. My louely *Nell*, what wouldst thou haue me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shaddowed so.

Elnor. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,
As shortly fure it will. For *Suffolke* he,
The new made duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious *Yorke*, and *Bewford* that false priest,

Haue

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Haue all lymde bushes to betray thy wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.

Enter a Herald of armes.

Herald. I summon your grace vnto his highnes parliament,
holden at *S. Edmonds-bury*, the first of the next month.

Hum. A parliament, and our consent neuer craude
Therein before. This is—————

Well, we will be there.

Exit Herald.

Master sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my
Lady, then the course of law extends.

Sher. Please it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliuer her to sir *Iohn Stanly*,
To be conducted into the *Isle of Man*.

Humfrey. Must you sir *Iohn* conduct my lady?

Standly. I my gracious lord, for so it is decreed,
And I am so commanded by the king.

Humph. I pray you sir *Iohn*, vse her nere the worse,
In that I intreate you to vse her well.
The world may smile againe, and I may liue
To do you fauour, if you do it her,
And so sir *Iohn* farewell.

Elnor. What gone my lord, and bid not me farewell

Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Humfrey and his men.

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble *Gloster* gone,
And doth duke *Humfrey* now forsake me too!
Then let me haste from out faire *Englands* bounds,
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haste away.

Standly. Madam let's go vnto some house heereby,
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

Elnor. Ah good sir *Iohn*, my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:

But

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

But come let us go, master sheriffe farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.

Exit omnes.

Enter to the parliament.

Enter two Herald before, then the duke of Buckingham, the duke of Suffolke, and then the duke of Yorke, and the cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the earle of Salisbury, and the earle of Warwicke.

King. I wonder our vnkle *Gloster* stayes so long.

Queene. Can you not see? or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious duke doth vse himselfe?
The time hath beene, but now the time is past,
That none so humble as duke *Humfrey* was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
Yet he will neither moue nor speake to vs,
See you not how the commons follow him
In troopes, crying, God saue the good duke *Humfrey*,
Honouring him as if he were their king?

Gloster is no little man in *England*,
And if he list to stirre commotions,
Tis likely that the people will follow him.
My lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
Then let it passe, and call't a womans feare.
My lord of *Suffolke*, *Buckingham*, and *Yorke*,
Disproue my allegations if you can,
And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.

Suf. Well hath your grace foreseene into that duke,
And if I had beene licenc'd first to speake,
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.
Smooth runnes the brooke, whereas the streame is deepest.
No,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

No, no, my foueraigne, *Gloster* is a man
Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceite.

Enter the duke of Somerset.

King. Welcome lord *Somerset*, what newes from *France*?

Somer. Cold newes my lord, and this it is.

That all your holds and townes within those territories
Is ouercome my lord; all is lost.

King. Cold newes indeede lord *Somerset*,
But Gods will bee done.

Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertile *England*.

Enter duke Humfrey.

Hum. Pardon my liege, that I haue staide so long.

Suf. Nay *Gloster* know, that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arrest thee on high treason heere.

Hum. Why *Suffolkes* duke thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest
Whereof I am guilty, who are my accusers?

Yorke. Tis thoght my lord your grace took bribes from
Frāce,
And stopt the foldiers of their pay,
Through which his maiesty hath lost all *France*.

Hum. Is it but thought so? And who are they that thinke
so?

So God me helpe, as I haue watcht the night,
Euer intending good for *England* still,
That peny that euer I tooke from *France*,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.
I neuer rob'd the foldiers of their pay,
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost

Haue

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie commons.

Car. In your protectorship you did deuise
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath beene defam'd by tyrannie.

Hum. Why tis well knowne, that whilst I was protector
Pitty was all the fault that was in me:
A murtherer or foule felonious theefe,
That robs and murders silly passengers,
I torturd aboue the rate of common law.

Suff. Tush my lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason heere,
And commit thee to my good lord cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

King. Good vnckle obey to his arrest,
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

Hum. Ah gracious *Henry*, these dayes are dangerous
And would my death might end these miseries,
And stay their moodes for good king *Henries* sake.
But I am made the prologue to their play,
And thousands more must follow after me.
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords fiery eyes shewes his enuious minde,
*Buckingham*s proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoghts,
And dogged *Yorke* that leuels at the moone,
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioyn'd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious lady and soueraigne mistresse,
Causlesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses enough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.

The

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

The prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

Suff. Doth he not twit our soueraigne lady here,
As if that she with ignominious wrong,
Had suborn'd or hired some to sweare against his life.

Qu. But I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

Hum. Far truer spoke then meant, I lose indeed,
Beshrew the winners hearts, they play me false.

Buck. Heele wrest the fence, and keepe vs here al day
My lord of *Winchester*, see him sent away.

Car. Who's within there? Take in duke *Humfrey*,
And see him garded sure within my house.

Hum. Oh, thus king *Henry* casts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first,
Farwell my soueraigne, long mayst thou enioy
Thy fathers happy daies, free from annoy.

Exit Humfrey with the Cardinals men.

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms shal seem best
Do and vndo as if our selfe were heere.

Qu. What, wil your highnesse leaue the parlement?

King. I *Margaret*, My heart is kild with grieve,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a traitor, *Gloster* he is none.

Exit King, Salisbury and Warwicke.

Qu. Then sit we downe againe my lord cardinall,
Suffolke, *Buckingham*, *Yorke* and *Somerset*.
Let vs consult of proud duke *Humfries* fall,
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safety of our king and common-wealth.

Suf. And so thinke I madam, for as you know,
If our king *Henry* had shooke hands with death,
Duke *Humfrey* then would looke to be our king:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The foxe barks not when he would steale the lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he should liue.

Yorke. No, let him die, in that he is a fox,
Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

Car. Then let him die before the commons know,
For feare that they do rise in armes for him.

Yorke. Then do it sodainly my lords.

Suff. Let that be my lord cardinals charge and mine.

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. How now firrha, what newes ?

Messen. Madame, I bring you newes from *Ireland*,
The wilde *Onele* my lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of *Irish Kernes*, that vncontroulde
Doth plant themselues within the *Englisch* pale.
And burnes and spoiles the country as they go.

Qu. What redresse shall we haue for this, my lords ?

Yorke. 'Twere good that my lord of *Somerfet*
That fortunate champion were sent ouer,
To keepe in awe the stubborne *Irishmen*,
He did so much good when he was in *France*.

Somer. Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht
Pollicies, he might haue lost as much as I.

Yorke. I, for *Yorke* would haue lost his life, before
That *France* should haue reuolted from *Englands* rule.

Somer. I so thou mightst, and yet haue gouern'd worse then I.

Yorke. What worse then naught ? then a shame take all.

Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

Queene. *Somerfet* forbear, good *Yorke* be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,

With

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride
Of those ambitious *Irish* that rebell.

Yorke. Well madame, sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bandes of chosen soldiers,
And *Yorke* shall trie his fortunes 'gainst those *Kernes*.

Queene. *Yorke* thou shalt. My lord of *Buckingham*,
Let it be it your charge to muster vp such soldiers
As shall suffice him in these needful warres.

Buck. Madame I will, and leuie such a band
As soone shall ouercome those *Irish* rebels.

But *Yorke*, where shall those soldiors stay for thee?

Yorke. At *Bristow*, I'll expect them ten daies hence.

Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farwell.

Exit Buck.

Yorke. Adieu my lord of *Buckingham*.

Queene. *Suffolke*, remember what you haue to do.
And you lord cardinall, concerning duke *Humfrey*.

T'were good that you did see to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd.

Exit omnes, manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke* bethinke thy selfe, and rouze thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,
T'was men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in *Ireland*,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong *Kentishman*,
John Cade of *Ashford*,
Vnder the title of *John Mortimer*,
(For he is like him euery kinde of way)
To raise commotion, and by that meanes
I shall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and house of *Yorke*,
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From *Ireland* then comes *Yorke* againe,
To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,

Now

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Now if he should be taken and condemn'd,
Hee'l nere confesse that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go Ile send him word,
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone he may begin
To rise in armes with troopes of country fwaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterprize.
And then duke *Humfrey*, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to *Englands* crowne,
But *Yorke* can tame, and headlong pull them downe.

Exit Yorke.

Then the curtaines being drawne, duke Humfrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the duke of Suffolke to them.

Suff. How now firs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. I my lord, hee's dead I warrant you.

Suff. Then see the cloathes laid smoothe about him still,
That when the king comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

2. All things is handsome now my lord.

Suf. Then draw the curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

Exit murtherers.

Enter the King and Queene, the duke of Buckingham, and the duke of Somersset, and the Cardinall.

King. My lord of *Suffolke* go call our vnkle *Gloster*,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himselfe.

Suffolke. I will my lord.

Exit Suffolke.

K. And good my lords proceed no further 'gainst our vnckle,
Then by iust prooffe you can affirme:

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

For as the fucking childe or harmlesse lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter Suffolke.

How now *Suffolke*, where's our vnckle?

Suffolke. Dead in his bed, my lord of *Glosters* dead.

The King falls in a sound.

Queene. Aye me, the king is dead: helpe, helpe, my lords.

Suf. Comfort my lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.

King. What doth my lord of *Suffolke* bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a rauens note,

And thinkes he that the cherping of a wren,

By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,

Can satisfie my greefes, or ease my heart?

Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,

For euen in thine eye-balls murther fits:

Yet do not goe. Come basiliske

And kill the gazer with thy lookes.

Queen. Why do you rate my lord of *Suffolke* thus,
As if that he had cauld duke *Humfries* death?

The duke and I too you know were enemies,

And y'had best say that I did murther him.

King, Ah woe is me for wretched *Glosters* death.

Qu. Be woe for me more wretched then he was:

What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leaper, looke on me.

Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,

And thrice by aukward winds driuen back frō *Englāds* bounds?

What might it bode, but that well foretelling

Winds said, Seeke not a scorpions nest.

Enter

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Enter the earles of Warwicke and Salisbury.

War. My lord, the commons like an hungry hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good duke *Humfries* death, whom they report
To be murthered by *Suffolke* and the Cardinall heere.

King. That he is dead good *Warwicke*, is too true,
But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my lord, and view the body.
Good father stay you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

Salisb. I will sonne. *Exit Salisbury.*

*Warwicke drawes the curtaines, and shewes duke Humfrey
in his bed.*

King. Ah vnkle *Gloster*, heauen receiue thy soule,
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy now thou art gone.

War. Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laide
Vpon the life of this thrice famous duke.

Suf. A dreadfull oath, sworne with a solemne tongue,
What instance giues lord *Warwicke* for these words?

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, pale and bloodlesse;
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd.
His well proportion'd beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surprisd, the least of these are probable,
It cannot choose but he was murthered.

Qu. *Suffolke* and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

War. I, but tis well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Card. But haue ye no greater proofes than these?

War. Who sees a heyfer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttockes nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kyte fore with the vnbloody beake?
Euen so suspitious is this tragedy.

Qu. Are you the kyte *Bewford*, where's his talents?
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?

Suffolke. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
Yet here's a vengefull sword rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That flanders me with murthers crimson badge,
Say if thou dare, proud lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am guilty in duke *Humfries* death.

Exit Cardinal.

War. What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.

War. Madam be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slander to your royall maiesty.

Suf. Blunt witted lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutor'd churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuels* noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my foueraignes presence makes mee mute,

I would

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst :
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardy,
And after all this fearfull homage done,
Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed thy blood,
If from this prefence thou dare go with mee.

War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

*Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the commons within,
cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then
enter againe, the duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their
weapons drawne.*

King. Why how now lordes?

Suff. The traiterous *Warwicke*, with the men of *Berry*,
Set all vpon me mightie foueraigne.

*The commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with
Suffolke. And then enter from them, the earle of Salisburie.*

Salisb. My lord, the commons sends you word by me,
That vnlesse false *Suffolke* here be done to death,
Or banished faire *Englands* territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person :
They say by him the good duke *Humfrey* dyed,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme,
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

Suf. Indeed tis like the commons, rude vnpolisht hindes
Would send such message to their foueraigne :
But you my lord were glad to be imploy'd,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

To try how quaint an orator you were :
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath got,
Is, that he was the lord embassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

*The commons cryes, an answere from the King my
lord of Salisbury.*

King. Good *Salisbury* go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their kinde care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore heere I sweare,
If *Suffolke* be found to breathe in any place
Where I haue rule, but three dayes more, he dies.

Exit Salisbury.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, reuerse the doome of gentle *Suffolkes* banishment.

King. Vngentle queene to call him gentle *Suffolke*,
Speake not for him, for in *England* he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is irreuocable.
Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exit King and Warwicke, manet Qu. and Suffolke.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
There's two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies ?

Suff. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them ?
Could curses kill as do the mandrakes grones,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,
As leane fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,

And

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

And now methinkes my burthened heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poifon be their drinke,
Gall worfe then gall, the daintieft thing they taſte.
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a groue of cypreſſe trees.
Their ſoſteſt touch as ſmart as lizards ſtings.
Their muſicke frightfull, like the ſerpents hiſſe.
And boding ſcritch owles make the conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell.

Qu. Enough ſweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy ſelfe.

Suff. You bad me ban, and will you bid me ceaſe?
Now by this ground that I am baniſht from,
Well could I curſe away a winters night,
And ſtanding naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worlds globe,
Ile haue an *Iriſh* that ſhalt find thee out,
And long thou ſhalt not ſtay, but Ile haue thee repeald,
Or venter to be baniſhed my ſelfe.
Oh let this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That when thou ſeeſt it, thou maiſt thinke on me.
Away I ſay, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilſt thou ſtandeſt heere.

Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the king, but three times thrice by thee.

Enter Vawſe.

Queene. How now, whither goes *Vawſe* ſo faſt?

Vawſe. To ſignifie vnto his maieſty,
That cardinall *Bewford* is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,
Sometimes he cals vpon duke *Humfries* gholt,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometimes he calls to speake vnto the king,
And I am going to certifie unto his grace,
That euen now he cald aloud for him.

Queene. Go then good *Vawse* and certifie the king.

Exit Vawse.

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,
And woe am I for *Bewfords* heauy end.
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art heere?
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.

Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but heere to die,
What were it else, but like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breathe my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dug betweene his lips,
Where from my sight I should be raging madde,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete *Elyziam*,
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieast,
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queene. Oh mightst thou stay with safety of thy life,
Then shouldst thou stay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

Suff. I goe.

Queene. And take my heart with thee.

She kisseth him.

Suff. A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a splitted barke, so sunder wee,
This way fall I to death,

Exit Suffolke.

Queene.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Queene. This way for me.

Exit Queene.

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne,
and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring
as if he were mad.*

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
I'll giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another
island.

King. Oh, see my lord of *Salisbury* how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember *Christ* must saue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed ?
What would you haue me to do then ?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no ?
Sirra, go fetch me the poyson which the pothicary sent me.
Oh, see where duke *Humfries* ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his
haire,

So now hee's gone againe : Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly
blisse,

Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

Car. dies.

Oh see he dyes, and makes no signe at all,

Oh God forgiue his soule.

Sal. So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbeare to iudge, good *Salsbury* forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd.

Exit omnes.

Alarmes

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Alarmes within, and the chambers bee discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the captaine of the ship, and the master, and the masters mate, and the duke of Suffolke disguised, and others with him, and Water Whickmore.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,
Vnlade their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,
Here master, this prisoner I giue to you.
This other, the masters mate shall haue,
And *Water Whickmore* thou shalt haue this man,
And let them pay their ransome ere they passe.

Suffolke. Water!

He starteth.

Water. How now, what dost feare me?
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

Suff. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.
I do remember well, a cunning wizzard told me,
That by *Water* I should dye:
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,
Thy name being rightly founded,
Is *Gualter*, not *Walter*.

Walter, Gualter or *Water*, al's one to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suff. I am a gentleman, looke on my ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

Walter. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I merchant-like sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2. Prison. But what shall our ransomes be?

Mai. A hundred pounds a peece eyther pay that or dye.

2. Prison. Then saue our liues, it shall be paide.

Water. Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome I wil haue.

Suff. Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of *Suffolke*, *William de la Pole*.

Cap. The duke of *Suffolke* folded vp in rags.

Suff.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Suff. I sir, but these rags are no part of the duke,
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?

Cap. I, but *Ioue* was neuer flaine as thou shalt be.

Suff. Base iady groome, king *Henries* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,
Cannot be shed by such a lowly fwaine,
I am sent ambassador for the queene to *France*,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go *Water* take him hence,
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suff. Thou dar'st not for thine owne.

Cap. Yes *Pole*.

Suffolke. *Pole*.

Cap. I *Pole*, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that
Smild'st at good duke *Humfries* death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

Suffolke. This villaine being but captaine of a pinnis,
Threatens more plagues then mighty *Abradas*,
The great *Macedonian* pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. I but my deeds shall stay thy fury soone.

Suffolke. Hast not thou waited at my trencher,
When we haue feasted with queene *Margaret*?
Hast not thou kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
And bare-head plodded by my footcloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I smilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence.
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish tongue.

Cap. Away with him *Water*, I say, and off with his head.

i. Prison. Good my lord, entreate him mildly for your life.

Suff.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Suff. First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my king :
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot plead.
To such a iadie groome.

Water. Come, come, why do we let him speake ?
I long to haue his head for ranfome of mine eye.

Suff. A swordar and bandetto slaue
Murthered sweete *Tully*.

Brutus bastard hand stabd *Iulius Cæsar*,
And *Suffolke* dyes by pirates on the seas.

Exit Suffolke and Water.

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the queene,
And ransomlesse this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.
Come lets go.

Exit omnes.

Enter two of the rebels with long staues.

George. Come away *Nicke*, and put a long staffe in thy pike,
and prouide thy selfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bene vp
this two dayes.

Nicke. Then they had more neede to go to bed now,
But firra *George*, what's the matter ?

George. Why firra, *Iack Cade* the dier of *Asbford* heere,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on't.

Nicke. I marry he had need so, for tis growne thred-bare,
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentlemen
came vp.

George. I warrant thee thou shalt neuer see a lord weare
a leather apron now a-daies.

Nicke. But firra, who comes else beside *Iacke Cade* ?

George. Why there's *Dicke* the butcher, and *Robin* the fad-
ler, and *Will*, that came a wooing to our *Nan* last *Sunday*,
and

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

and *Harry* and *Tom*, and *Gregory* that should haue your *Parnill*, and a great fort more is come from *Rochester*, and from *Maidstone* and *Canterbury*, and all the townes hereabouts, and we must be al lords or squires, as *Iacke Cade* is king.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I heare the drum, they be comming.

Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom, Harry, and the rest with long staues.

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I *Iohn Cade*, so named for my valiancy.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer*.

Dicke. He was an honest man and a good bricke-layer.

Cade. My mother was come of the *Lacies*.

Nicke. She was a pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many laces.

Robin. And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe, She washeth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure any thing, For I haue seene him whipt two market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire.

Will. He neede not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

Dicke. But methinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue for your captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen halfe peny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot shall haue ten hoopes, and
it

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

it shall be felony to drinke small beere, if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God saue your maiesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuery; and wee'll haue no writing but the score and the tally, and there shall be no lawes but such as come from my mouth.

Dicke. Wee shall haue fore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

Geo. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinkes so, that one cannot abide it.

Enter Will with the clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh captaine, a prize.

Cade. Who's that *Will*?

Will. The clarke of *Chattam*, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Zounds he's a coniurer, bring him hither.
Now fir, what's your name?

Clarke. *Emanuell* fir, and it shall please ye.

Dicke. It will go hard with you I tell ye,
For they vse to write that ore the top of letters.

Cade. What do ye vse to write your name? Or do you as ancient forefathers haue done, vse the score and the tally?

Clarke. Nay truly fir, I praise God I haue bene so wel broght vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh he has confest, go hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captaine, newes, newes, fir *Hamfrey Stafford* and his brother

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

brother are coming with the kings power, and mean to kill vs all.

Cade. Let them come, he's but a knight is he?

Tom. No, no, he's but a knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, Ile make my selfe knight.
Kneele downe *Iohn Mortemer*,
Rise vp fir *Iohn Mortemer*.

Is there any more of them that be knights?

Tom. I his brother.

Cade. Then kneele downe *Dicke Butcher*.

He knights him.

Rise vp fir *Dicke Butcher*. Now sound vp the drum.

Enter fir Humfrey Stafford and his brother, with drum and soldiers.

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues, I passe not a pin,
Tis to you good people that I speake.

Staf. Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious traitor *Cade*?
Why his father was a brick-layer.

Cade. Well, and *Adam* was a gardiner, what then?
But I come of the *Mortemers*.

Staf. I, the duke of *Yorke* hath taught you that.

Cade. The duke of *Yorke*, nay I learnt it my selfe.
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the earle of *March*,
Married the duke of *Clarence* daughter.

Staf. Well, that's true: but what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staf. That's false.

Cade. I, but I say tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know was true;
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the bricke is aliue at this day to testifie it.

Cade. But dost thou heare *Stafford*, tell the king, that
for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes played at span-coun-
ter with *French* crownes, I am content that he shall be king
as long as he liues: marry alwaies prouided, Ile be protector
ouer him.

Staf. O monstrous simplicity.

Cade. And tell him, wee'll haue the lord *Sayes* head, and
the duke of *Somersets*, for deliuering vp the dukedomes of
Anioy and *Mayne*, and felling the townes in *France*: by
which means *England* hath bene maim'd euer since, and gone
as it were with a crutch, but that my puissance held it vp.
And besides, they can speake *French*, and therefore they are
traitors,

Staf. As how I prethee?

Cade. Why the *Frenchmen* are our enemies, be they not?
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy
be a good subiect? Answer me to that.

Staf. Well firra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the kings
mercy, and he wil pardon thee and these, their outrages
and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the king come to me and he will, and then
Ile pardon him, or otherwaies Ile haue his crowne tell him,
ere it be long.

Staf. Go herald, proclaime in all the kings townes,
That those that will forsake the rebell *Cade*,
Shall haue free pardon from his maiesty.

Exit Stafford and his men.

Cade. Come firs, *S. George* for vs and *Kent*.

Exit omnes.

Alarmes

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Alarmes to the battell, where sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine. Then enters Iacke Cade againe, and the rest.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valiantly, and knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter-house, and thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall bee as long againe as it was, and thou shalt haue license to kil for fourscore and one a weeke. Drum strike vp, for now weel march to London, and to morrow I mean to sit in the kings seat at Westminster. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King reading of a letter, and the Queene with the duke of Suffolkes head, and the lord Say, with others.

King. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,
And the rebels march amaine to London.

Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Yet stay, Ile reade the letter once againe;

Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vow'd to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now madam, still lamenting and mourning
for Suffolkes death? I feare my loue if I had bin dead, thou
woldst not haue mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my loue, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh flye my lord, the rebels are entred Southwarke,
And haue almost wonne the bridge,

Calling your grace an vsurper:

And that monstrous rebell Cade, hath sworne

To crowne himselfe king in Westminster,

Therefore flye my lord, and post to Killingworth.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

King. Go bid *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, gather
An army vp, and meete with the rebels.
Come madame, let vs haste to *Killingworth*,
Come on lord *Say*, go thou along with vs,
For feare the rebell *Cade* do finde thee out.

Sap. My innocence my lord shall pleade for me,
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, Ile stay behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my lord *Say*:
Come madam, let vs go.

Exit omnes.

Enter the lord Skayles vpon the tower walles walking.

L. Skayles. How now, is *Iacke Cade* flaine?

i Git. No my lord, nor likely to be flaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.

The lord mayor craueth aide of your honor from the tower,
To defend the city from the rebels.

Lord Ska. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The rebels haue attempted to win the tower,
But get you to *Smithfield* and gather head,
And thither will I send you *Mathew Goffe*:

Fight for your king, your countrey, and your liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Iacke Cade, and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon
London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortemer* lord of this city,
And now sitting vpon *London* stone, we command,
That the first yeare of our reigne,
The pissing cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now henceforward, it shall bee treason

For

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

For any that calles me any otherwise then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Zounds knocke him downe.

They kil him.

Dicke. My lord,

Ther's an army gathered together into *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them,
But first go on and set *London-bridge* a fire,
And if you can, burne downe the tower too.
Come let's away.

Exit omnes.

*Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is flaine, and all the rest
with him. Then enter Iacke Cade againe and his company.*

Cade. So firs, now go and pull downe the *Sauoy*,
Others to the innes of court, downe with them all.

Dick. I haue a sute vnto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship *Dicke*, and thou shalt haue it
For that word.

Dicke. That we may go burne all the records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vsed but the score and tally.

Cade. *Dicke* it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall
be in common,
And in *Gheapside* shall my palphrey go to grasse.
Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an inno-
cent lambe parchment should be made, and then with a little
blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say tis their waxe,
for I am sure I neuer feal'd to any thing but once, and I
was neuer mine owne man since.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Nick. But when shall we take vp those commodities Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it, shall take vp these commodities following: *Item*, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and a smocke.

Enter George.

Geor. My lord, a prize, a prize, heres the lord *Say*, Which fold the townes in *France*.

Cade. Come hither thou *Say*, thou *George*, thou buckrum lord, what answer canst thou make vnto my mightinesse, for deliuering vp the townes in *France* to monsieur bus mine cue, the dolphin of *France*?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the kings crowne and dignity, thou hast built vp a paper mill; nay it will be saide to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily reads of bookes with red letters, and talks of a nowne and a verbe, and such abominable words as no christian eare is able to endure it.

And besides all this, thou hast appointed certaine iustices of the peace, in euery shire, to hang honest men that steal for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: onely for which cause, they were most worthy to liue.

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honest man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of *Kent*.

All. *Kent*, what of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing, but *bona terra*.

Cade. *Bonum terum*, zounds what's that?

Dicke. He speakes *French*.

Will.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Will. No tis *Dutch*.

Nicke. No tis *Outalian*, I know it well enough.

Say. *Kent* (in the Commentaries *Cæsar* wrote)

Term'd it the ciuilst place of all this land :

Then noble country-men heare me but speake,

I sold not *France*, nor lost I *Normandie*.

Cade. But wherefore dost thou shake thy head so ?

Say. It is the pallsie, and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldst say,
Thou wilt be euen with me if thou getst away :

But Ile make thee sure enough now I haue thee.

Go take him to the standard in *Cheape-side*, and choppe off
his head, and then go to *Mile-end Greene* to sir *Iames Cromer*
his son in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them
to me vppon two poles presently. Away with him.

Exit one or two with the lord Say.

There shall not a nobleman weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall pay me tribute for it.

Nor there shall not a maide be married, but he shall fee to
mee for her.

Mayden-head or else, Ile haue it my-felfe :

Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in *capite*,
And that their wiues shall be as free as heart can think, or
toong can tell.

Enter Robin.

Rob. O captaine. *London-bridge* is a fire.

Cad. Runne to *Billingsgate*, and fetch pitch and flaxe, and
quench it.

Enter Dicke and a Sargeant.

Sargeant. Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue ius-
tice of this fellow heere.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Cade. Why what has he done ?

Sarg. Alas sir he has rauisht my wife.

Dick. Why my lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and entred my action in his wiues paper house.

Cade. *Dicke* follow thy fute in her common place.
Your horson villaine, you are a fergeant, you'l
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence :
And rest a man when he is at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out on's mouth.
Go *Dicke* take him hence, and cut out his tongue for cogging,
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exit with the Sargeant.

*Enter two with the lord Sayes head, and sir Iames Cromers,
vpon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes end, let
them kisse together.

*Enter the duke of Buckingham, and lord Clifford, the earle of
Cumberland.*

Clif. Why countrey-men, and warlike friends of *Kent*,
What meanes these mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this traitor *Cade* ?
To rise against your foueraigne lord and king,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous rebell heere ?
If honor be the marke whereat you ayme,
Then hast to *France* that our forefathers won,
And win againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forsake Cade.

Cade.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Cade. Why how now, wil you forsake your general,
And ancient freedome which you haue posselt?
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straight way hang you vp.
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A *Cade*, a *Cade*. *They run to Cade againe.*

Clif. Braue warlike friends, heare me but speake,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you:
The king is mercifull, then yeelde to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you
To *Winsore* castle, whereas the king abides,
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*, God saue the king.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company
Blowne euery way?
But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.

*He runs through them with his staffe, and
then flies away.*

Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that can bring the head of *Cade*,
Shall haue a thousand crownes for his labour.
Come march away. *Exit om.*

Enter king Henry, and the Queene, and Somerset.

King. Lord *Sommerfet*, what newes heare you of the rebell
Cade?

Som. This my gracious lord, that the lord *Say* is done to
death, and the city is almost sackt.

King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreed, so must
it be:

And be as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Qu. Had the noble duke of *Suffolke* bene aliue,
The rebell *Cade* had bene supprest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

*Enter the duke of Buckingham and Clifford, with the rebels,
with halters about their neckes.*

Clif. Long liue king *Henry*, *Englands* lawfull king :
Loe heere my lord, these rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

King. But tell me *Clifford*, is their captaine heere.

Clif. No my gracious lord, he is fled away, but proclama-
tions are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head shall
haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your maiesty to
pardon these their faults, that by these traitors means were
thus missed.

King. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your king,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst *Henry* liues, and weares the *Englisb* crowne.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king,

King. Come let vs hast to *London* now with speede,
That solemne processions may be fung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happy victorie. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, M. Alexander
Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies down picking of
hearbes and eating them.*

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This little land my father left me heere,
With my contented minde, serues me as well,

As

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

As all the pleasures in the court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.

Cade. Zounds, heere's the lord of the foyle: stand villaine,
thou wilt betray me to the king, and get a thousand crownes
for my head: but ere thou goest, Ile make thee eate yron
like an estridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin.

Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Is't not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enter'd into my ground, without the leaue of me the
owner
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of
the realme. Looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fve
daies, yet if I do not leaue thee and thy fve men as dead as
a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it shall neuer be said whilst the world stands,
That *Alexander Eyden* an esquire of *Kent*,
Tooke oddes to combate with a famisht man.
Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine,
And euery way as bigge: then hand to hand
Ile combat with thee, Sirra, fetch me weapons,
And stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly-bon'd
churl into chines of beefe, I would thou mightst fall into
some smiths hands, and be turn'd to hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way.

They fight, and Cade fals downe.

Cade. Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the flower of *Kent* for
chiualry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For
come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales
that I wanted this fve dayes, and Ile fight with you all. And
so a poxe rot thee, for *Iacke Cade* must dye. *He dyes.*

Eyden. *Iacke Cade*: and was this that monstrous rebel
which I haue slaine?

Oh

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Oh sword, Ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang as a monument to after age,
For this great seruice thou hast done to me.
Ile drag him hence, and with my sword
Cut off his head, and beare it to the king. *Exit.*

Enter the duke Yorke with drum and soldiours.

Yorke. In armes from *Ireland* comes *Yorke* amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the aire.
To entertaine faire *Englands* royall king.
Ah *sancta maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the duke of Buckingham.

But soft, who comes heere, *Buckingham*, what newes with him?

Buck. *Yorke*, if thou meane well, I greeete thee so.

Yorke. *Humphrey* of *Buckingham*, welcome I sweare:
What, comes thou in loue, or as a messenger?

Buck. I come as a messenger frō our dread lord and soueraigne,

Henry. To know the reason of these armes in peace?

Or that thou being a subiect as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spread,
Whereas the person of the king doth keepe?

Yorke. A subiect as he is!

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect tearmes,
But *Yorke* dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who now in armes expect their fathers fight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.

Humphrey duke of *Buckingham*, pardon me,
That I answer'd not at first, my minde was troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrous rebell *Cade*,

And

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

And heaue proud *Somerſet* from out the court,
That baſely yeelded vp the townes in *France*.

Buck. Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwiſe then ſo,
The king doth pardon thee, and grañt to thy requeſt,
And *Somerſet* is ſent vnto the tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it ſo?

Buck. *Yorke*, he is vpon mine honour.

Yorke. Then before thy face, I heere diſmiſſe my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrow in *Saint Georges* fields,
And there you ſhall receiue your pay of me.

Exit ſoldiors.

Buck. Come *Yorke*, thou ſhalt go ſpeake vnto the king,
But ſee, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

Enter king Henry.

King. How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?

Buck. He is my lord, and hath diſcharg'd his troopes,
Which came with him, but as your grace did ſay,
To heaue the duke of *Somerſet* from hence,
And to ſubdue the rebels that were vp.

King. Then welcome couſin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,
And thanks for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thoſe traiterous *Iriſh* that rebeld.

Enter maſter Eyden with Iacke Cades head.

Eyden. Long liue king *Henry* in triumphant peace,
Loe heere my lord vpon my bended knees,
I heere preſent the traiterous head of *Cade*,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I ſlue.

King. Firſt thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that wicked traitor thus.

Oh

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Oh let me see that head that in his life,
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humors in his life.
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created knight.

Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name ?

Eyden. *Alexander Eyden*, if it please your grace,
A poore esquire of *Kent*.

King. Then rise vp *Alexander Eyden*, knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaim'd,
For those that could performe this worthy acte,
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the king.

Eyden. I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iust and loyall to my king. *Exit.*

Enter the Queene with the duke of Somerset.

King. O *Buckingham*, see where *Somerset* comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till *Yorke* be gone.

Queen. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of *Yorke*,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke. Who's that, proud *Somerset* at liberty ?
Base fearefull *Henry* that thus dishonor'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me :
I cannot brooke that traitors prefence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a king,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy crowne proud *Lancaster* to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is *Yorke* resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire *Englands* throne.

Somer.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Somer. Proud traitor, I arest thee on high treason,
Against thy foueraigne lord, yeeld thee false *Yorke*,
For heere I sweare thou shalt vnto the tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.

King. Thou art deceiu'd, my sonnes shall be my baile,
And send thee there in despight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene. Call *Clifford* hither presently.

*Enter the duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward the earle of March,
and crooke-backe Richard at the one doore, with drum and
soldiors: and at the other doore, enter Clifford and his
sonne, with drumme and soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to
Henry, and speakes.*

Cliff. Long liue my noble lord, and foueraigne king.

Yorke. We thanke thee *Clifford*.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my king.
What is he mad? To bedlam with him.

King. I, a bedlam franticke humor driues him thus
To leuie armes against his lawfull king.

Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the tower?

Queene. He is arrested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he faith, shall be his baile.

Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?

Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

Richard. And if our words will not, our swords shall,

Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

King. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himfelfe.

Yorke. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast.
Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.

Enter

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Enter at one doore, the earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, with drum and soldiours. And at the other doore, the duke of Buckingham, with drum and soldiours.

Cliff. Are these thy beares? wee'l baite them soone,
Despight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that Ile write vpon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge,

War. Now by my fathers age, olde *Neuils* crest,
The rampant beare chaine to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cedar shewes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnder foote with all contempt,
Despight the beare-ward that protects him so.

Yong. Clif. And so renowned soueraigne to armes,
To quell these traitors and their complices.

Richard. Fie, charity for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

Yong Clif. Foule stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

Rich. No, for if not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell.

Exit omnes.

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the duke of Somerset and Richard fighting, and Richard kils him under the signe of the Castle in S. Albones.

Rich. So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood,
What's heere, the signe of the *Castle*?

Then

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For *Somerſet* was fore-warnd of caſtles,
The which he alwayes did obſerue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry ale-houſe ſigne,
The *Caſtle* in *S. Albones*,
Somerſet hath made the wizzard famous by his death. *Exit.*

Alarmes againe, and enter the earle of Warwicke alone.

Warwicke. *Clifford* of *Cumberland*, tis *Warwicke* calls,
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the beare,
Now whilſt the angry trumpets ſound alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty aire :
Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud northerne lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to armes.

Clifford ſpeakes within.

Clif. *Warwicke* ſtand ſtill, and view the way that *Clifford*
hewes with his murthering curtelaſ, throug the fainting troops
to finde thee out.

Warwicke ſtand ſtill and ſtir not till I come.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my lord, what a foote ?
Who kild your horſe ?

Yorke. The deadly hand of *Clifford*. Noble lord,
Fiue horſe this day ſlaine vnder me,
And yet braue *Warwicke* I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horſe he lou'd ſo well.
The bonieſt grey that ere was bred in north.

Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.

Hold *Warwicke*, and ſeeke thee out ſome other chaſe,
My ſelfe will hunt this deare to death.

War.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

War. Brave lord, tis for a crowne thou fights,
Clifford farwell, as I intend to prosper well to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassailde.

Exit Warwicke.

Yorke. Now *Clifford*, since we are singled heere alone,
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the house of *Lancaster*.

Clifford. And heere I stand, and pitch my foote to thine,
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of *Yorke*.

Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kils Clifford.

Yorke. Now *Lancaster* sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,
Come fearefull *Henry* grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy crowne vnto the prince of *Yorke*.

Exit Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter young Clifford alone.

Yong Clifford. Father of *Cumberland*,
Where I may seeke my aged father forth?
Oh dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all *Cumberlands* true house,
Sweete father, to thy mured ghost I sweare
Immortall hate vnto the house of *Yorke*,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.

And thus as old *Ankises* sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloody *Greekes*,

Euen

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Euen so will I. But stay, heer's one of them,
To whom my foule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fightes
him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crook'd-backe villaine, get thee from my fight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
(When I haue borne my father to his tent)
Ile try my fortune better with thee yet.

Exit yong Clifford with his father.

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the
duke of Buckingham wounded to his tent.*

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Away my lord, and flye to London straight,
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them:
Come, stand not to expostulate let's go.

King. Come then faire queene, to London let vs hast,
And summon vp a parliament with speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

Exit King and Queene.

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the duke of Yorke,
Edward, and Richard.*

Yorke. How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for *Englands* good,
And our great honour, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart *Henry* did vsurpe our rights.
But did you see old *Salisbury*, since we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Rich. My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his lance with his old weary armes,
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest spirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter Salisbury and Warwicke.

Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of *Yorke*.

Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke,
And thou braue bud of *Yorke's* encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preferu'd my life.

Yorke. What say you lords, the king is fled to *London*?
There as I heere to hold a parliament.
What saies lord *Warwicke*, shall we after them?

War. After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my faith lords, t'was a glorious day.

Saint Albones battaile won by famous *Yorke*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.

Sound drums and trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exit omnes.

F I N I S.

THE SECOND PART.

Containing the

TRAGEDIE

O F

RICHARD Duke of YORKE,

AND THE

Good King HENRY the Sixt.

Enter Richard duke of Yorke, the earle of Warwicke, the duke of Norfolke, marquisse Mountague, Edward earle of March, then crooke backe Richard, and the young earle of Rutland, with drum and souldiers, with white roses in their hats.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

Yorke. Whilst we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away and left his men :

Whereat the great lord of *Northumberland*,

Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,

Charg'd our maine battels front, and there with him

Lord *Stafford* and lord *Clifford* all abreast

Brake in, and were by th'hands of common souldiers slaine.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Edward. Lord *Staffords* father, duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerously.

I cleft his beuer with a down-right blow :
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.

Mont. And brother, heeres the earle of *Wiltshires* blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Yorke. What is your grace dead my lord of *Somerset* ?

Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shape king *Henries* head.

War. And so do I victorious prince of *Yorke*,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the palace of that fearefull king,
And that the regall chaire : possesse it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not king *Henries* heyres.

Yorke. Assist me then sweet *Warwicke*, and I will :
For hither are we broken in by force.

Norf. Weell all assist thee, and he that flies shall dye.

York. Thankes gentle *Norfolke*. Stay by me my lords,
And soldiers stay you heere, and lodge this night.

War. And when the king comes offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force.

Rich. Arm'd as we be let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* duke of *Yorke* be king,
And bashfull *Henry* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Yorke. Then leaue me not my lords : for now I meane
To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dare stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bells.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Ile plant *Plantagenet* : and roote him out who dares ?
Resolue thee *Richard*, claime the *English* crowne.

Enter king Henry the sixt, with the D. of Excester, the earle of Northumberland, the earle of Westmerland, and Clifford the earle of Cumberland, with red roses in their hats.

King. Looke lordings where the sturdy rebell fits,
Euen in the chaire of state : belike he meanes
(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that false peere)
To aspire vnto the crowne, and reigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine *Clifford* : and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.

North. And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.

Clif. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in steele.

West. What ? shall we suffer this ? Let's pull him downe.
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King. Be patient gentle earle of *Westmerland*.

Clif. Patience is for pultrounes, such as he ;
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd.
My gracious lord, heere in the parliament,
Let vs assaile the family of *Yorke*.

North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.

King. O know you not the citty fauours them,
And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke.

Exet. But when the duke is slaine, theyl quickly flye.

King. Far be it from the thoughts of *Henries* heart,
To make a shambles of the parlament house :
Cosen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shal be the warres that *Henry* meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of *Yorke*, descend my throne,
I am thy foueraigne.

Yorke. Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee duke of *Yorke*.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Yorke. Twas my inheritance, as the kingdome is.

Exet. Thy father was a traitor to the crowne.

War. *Exeter* thou art a traitor to the crowne,

In following this vsurping *Henry*.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.

War. True *Clifford*, and thats *Richard* duke of *Yorke*.

King. And shall I stand while thou sitst in my throne?

Yorke. Content thy selfe, it must and shall be so.

War. Be duke of *Lancaster*, let him be king.

West. Why? he is both king and duke of *Lancaster*,
And that the earle of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.

War. And *Warwicke* shall disprooue it. You forget
That we are those that chac'd you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred
Marcht through the citty to the pallas gates.

North. No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rew it.

West. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.

Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee *Warwicke* such a messenger,
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre.

War. Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.

Yorke. Will ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall pleade it in the field?

King. What title hast thou traitor to the crowne?
Thy father was as thou art, duke of *Yorke*:
Thy grand-father *Roger Mortimer* earle of *March*.
I am the sonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the *French*,
And made the *Dolphin* stoope, and seiz'd vpon
Their townes and prouinces.

War. Talke not of *France* since thou hast lost it all.

King.

of **YORKE** and **LANCASTER**.

King. The lord protector lost it, and not I,
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. Y'are old enough now, and yet methinkes you lose :
Father, teare the crowne from the vsurpers head.

Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'st and honour'st armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will flye.

Yorke. Peace sonnes.

North. Peace thou, and giue king *Henry* leaue to speake.

King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why seek'st thou to depose me ?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth ?

And from two brothers lineally descent ?

Suppose by right and equity thou be king :

Thinkst thou, that I will leaue my kingly seate,

Wherein my father, and my grandsire fate ?

No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,

I and our colours often borne in *France*,

And now in *England* (to our hearts great sorrow)

Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you lords ?

My titles better farre than his.

War. Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be king.

King. Why *Henry* the fourth by conquest got the crowne.

Yorke. Twas by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.

King. I know not what to say, my titles weake,
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heire ?

War. What then ?

King. Then am I lawfull king. For *Richard*
The second, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crowne to *Henry* the fourth,

Whose heire my father was, and I am his.

Yorke. I tell thee he rose against him being his soueraigne,
And made him to resigne the crowne perforce.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

War. Suppose my lord he did it vnconstrain'd,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the crowne?

Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the crowne,
But that the next heyre must succcede and reigne.

King. Art thou against vs duke of *Exeter*?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

King. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king *Henry* shall be thus deposde.

War. Deposd he shall be in despight of thee.

Nor. Tush *Warwicke*, thou art deceiu'd:

Tis not thy southerne powers of *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*,
And *Kent*, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke vp in despight of me.

Clif. King *Henry* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.

May that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.

King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my soule.

Yorke. *Henry* of *Lancaster* resigne thy crowne.

What mutter you? Or what conspire you lords?

War. Do right vnto this princely duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter soldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Write vp his title with thy vsurping blood.

King. O *Warwicke*, heare me speake:
Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.

Yorke. Confirme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

War. Captaine conduct them into *Tutbill* fields.

Clif.

OF YORKE and LANCASTER.

Clif. What wrong is this vnto the prince your son?

War. What good is this for *England* and himselfe?

North. Base, fearfull, and despairing *Henry*.

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

West. I cannot stay to heare these articles.

Clif. Nor I, come cosen lets go tell the queene. *Exit.*

North. Be thou a prey vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkindly deede. *Exit.*

Clif. In dreadfull war mayst thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and despisd. *Exit.*

Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my
lord.

King. Ah *Exeter*?

War. Why should you sigh my lord?

King. Not for my selfe lord *Warwicke*, but my sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may. I heere intaile the crowne
To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,

That heere thou take an oath,
To cease these ciuill broyles, and whilst I liue

To honor me as thy king and soueraigne.

York. That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

War. Long liue king *Henry*. *Plantagenet* embrace him.

King. And long liue thou, and all thy forward sonnes.

Yorke. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Sound trumpets.

Yorke. My lord, Ile take my leaue,
For Ile to *Wakefield*, to my castle.

Exit Yorke and his sonnes.

War. And Ile keepe *London* with my souldiors. *Exit.*

Norf. And Ile to *Norfolke* with my followers. *Exit.*

Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. *Exit.*

Enter

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My lord, heere comes the queene, Ile steale away.

King. And so will I.

Queene. Nay stay, or else Ile follow thee.

King. Be patient gentle queene, and then Ile stay.

Queene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the house of *Yorke*.

Art thou a king, and wilt be for'cst to yeeld?

Had I bene there, the souldiers should haue tost

Me on their launces points, before I would haue

Granted to their wils. The duke is made

Protector of the land: sterne *Fawconbridge*

Commands the narrow seas: and think'st thou then

To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*

From thy bed, vntill that acte of parliament

Be recald, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of *Yorke*.

The northerne lords that haue forsworne thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread,

And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.

Come sonne, lets away, and leaue him heere alone.

King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.

Qu. Thou hast spoke too much already, therefore be still.

King. Gentle sonne *Edward*, wilt thou stay with me?

Queene. I, to be murdered by his enemies, *Exit.*

Prin. When I returne with victory from the field,

Ile see your grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*

King. Poore queene, her loue to me and to the prince her
son

Makes her in furie thus to forget her selfe.

Reuenged may she be on that accursed duke.

Come cosen of *Exeter*, stay thou heere,

For

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

For *Clifford* and those northerne lords be gone,
I feare towards *Wakefield*, to disturbe the duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue me leaue to
speake.

Rich. Nay, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the duke of Yorke.

Yorke. How now sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which
concernes your selfe and vs, the crowne of *England* father.

Yorke. The crowne boy, why *Henries* yet alieue,
And I haue sworne that he shall reigne in quiet till his death.

Ed. But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one
yeare.

Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the way to saue your oath,
And dispossesse king *Henry* from the crowne.

Yorke. I prethe *Dicke* let me heare thy deuice.

Rich. Then thus my lord.
An oath is of no moment,
Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.
Henry is none, but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father resolute your selfe,
And once more claime the crowne.

Yorke. I, saist thou so boy? why then it shall be so.
I am resolu'd to win the crowne, or dye.

Edward, thou shalt to *Edmund Brooke* lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.
Thou cosen *Montague* shalt to *Norfolke* straight,

And

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

And bid the duke to muster vp his soldiours,
And come to me to *Wakefield* presently,
And *Richard*, thou to *London* straight shalt poste,
And bid *Richard Neuill* earle of *Warwicke*,
To leaue the citty, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at *S. Albones* ten dayes hence.
My selfe heere in *Sandall* castle will prouide
Both men and mony to further our attempts.
Now, what newes ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My lord, the queene with thirty thousand men,
Accompanied with the earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Westmerland*,
With others of the house of *Lancaster*,
Are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To besiege you in your castle heere.

Enter sir Iohn, and sir Hugh Mortimer.

Yorke. A Gods name let them come.
Cousin *Montague*, poste you hence.
And boyes stay you with me.
Sir Iohn and *sir Hugh Mortimer* mine vnckles,
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The army of the queene meanes to besiege vs.

Sir Iohn. She shall not neede my lord,
Wee'l meete her in the field.

Yorke. What, with five thousand souldiors, vnckle ?

Rich. I father, with five hundred for a neede,
A woman's generall, what should you feare ?

Yorke. Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne
In *Normandy*, when as the enemye

Hath

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.

Edw. Let's march away, I heare their drums. *Exit.*

Alarmes, and then enter the young earle of Rutland and his tutor.

Tutor. Oh flye my lord, lets leaue the castle,
And flye to *Wakefield* straight.

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Clif. Chaplaine away, thy priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall dye.

Tutor. Oh *Clifford*, spare this tender lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: oh saue his life.

Clif. Soldiors away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*

How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eyes? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ore his prey,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limbes in funder,
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Blood hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
Man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,

It

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

It could flake mine ire, nor ease my heart,
The sight of any of the house of *Yorke*,
Is as a fury to torment my soule.

Therefore till I roote out that cursed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death.
To thee I pray: sweet *Clifford* pittie me.

Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But t'was ere I was borne.

Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.

Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence.

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? Thy father slew my father, therefore die.
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarmes, enter the duke of Yorke solus.

Yorke. Ah *Yorke*, poste to thy castle, saue thy life,
The goale is lost, thou house of *Lancaster*,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know, they haue demeand themselves,
Like men borne to renowe by life or death:
Three times this day came *Richard* to my fight,
And cried courage, father: victory or death.
And twice so oft came *Edward* to my view,

With

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

With purple faulchion painted to the hilts,
In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No way to flie?
No way to saue my life? and heere I stay:
And heere my life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and the soldiours.

Come bloudy *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchlesse fury to more bloud:
This is the but, and this abides your shot.

Northum. Yeeld to our mercies, proud *Plantagenet*.

Clif. I, to such mercy as his ruthfull arme
With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

Yorke. My ashes like the *Phaenix* may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why stay you lords? What, multitudes and feare?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So doues do pecke the rauens piercing tallents,
So desperate theeues, all hopelesse of their liues,
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainst the officers.

Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that slanderst him with cowardise,
Whose very looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou *Northumberland*.

Nor.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Nor. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

Fight and take him.

Clif. I, I, so striues the woodcoke with the gin.

North. So doth the cunny struggle with the net.

Yorke. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbers ouer-matcht.

North. What will your grace haue done with him?

Queene. Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aime at mountaines with out-stretched arme,
And parted but the shadow with his hand.

Was it you that reuel'd in our parliament,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?

The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?

Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prodegy?

Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his dad in mutinies?

Or mongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?

Looke *Yorke*, I dipt this napkin in the blood,

That valiant *Clifford* with his rapiers point,

Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withall.

Alas poore *Yorke*: but that I hate thee much,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prethee grieue to make me merry, *Yorke*:

Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What,

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death ?

Thou wouldst be feede I see, to make me sport.

Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.

A crowne for *Yorke*, and lords bow low to him.

So, hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

I, now lookes he like a king.

This is he that tooke king *Henries* chaire,

And this is he was his adopted heyre.

But how is it that great *Plantagenet*,

Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath,

As I bethinke me, you should not be king,

Till our *Henry* had shooke hands with death,

And will you impale your head with *Henries* glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem

Now in his life, against your holy oath ?

Oh, tis a fault too too vn pardonable.

Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,

And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That's my office for my fathers death.

Queene. Yet stay, and lets heare the orisons he makes.

Yorke. She wolfe of *France*, but worse then wolues of
France;

Whose tongue's more poison'd then the adders tooth,

How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,

To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,

Vpon his woes, whom fortune captiuates ?

But that thy face is visard-like vnchanging,

Made impudent by vse of euill deeds ;

I would assay, proud queene to make thee blush,

To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,

T'were shame enough to shame thee, were thou not shamelesse.

Thy father beares the type of king of *Naples*,

Of both the *Cisles*, and *Ierusalem*,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Yet not so wealthy as an *English* yeoman.
Hath that poore monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud queene,
Vnlesse the adage must be verifide;
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;
But God he wots, thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernment that makes them most admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme diuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
Oh tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;
How couldst thou draine the life blood of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst haue me weepe? why so, thou hast thy wish.
For raging windes blow vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaes, the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequies,
And euery drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false *French-woman*.

North. Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,
As hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.

Yorke. That face of his, the hungry cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue stain'd with bloud;
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
O ten times more then tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthlesse queene, a haplesse fathers teares.

This

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

This cloth thou dipts in blood of my sweete boy,
And loe, with teares I wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the napkin, and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the story well,
Vpon my foule the hearers will shed teares,
I, euen my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, alasse, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hands.
Hard harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My foule to heauen, my blood vpon your heads.

North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him, to see
How inward anger gripes his hart.

Qu. What, weeping ripe, my lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly dry your melting teares.

Cliff. There's for my oath, there's for my fathers death.

Queen. And there's to right our gentle harted kinde.

Yorke. Open thy gates of mercy gracious God,
My foule flies foorth to meete with thee.

Queene. Off with his head, and set it on *Yorke* gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the towne of *Yorke*.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edward and Richard, with drum and soldiours.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be resolu'd,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a lyon midst a heard of neat,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

So fled the enemies from our valiant father,
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

Three sunnes appeare in the ayre.

Edw. Loe, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious funne,
Dazle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious funnes, not separated by a racking
cloud

But seuered in a pale cleere shining sky.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowd some league inuiolate.
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one funne,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Already each one shining by his meed,
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou that look'st so heauily?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble duke of *Yorke* was slaine.

Edw. Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Mes. When as the noble duke was put to flight,
And then pursude by *Clifford* and the queene,
And many souldiors moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forc't the duke to yeeld,
And then they set him on a mole-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse queene perceiuing he did weepe,

Gaue

OF YORKE and LANCASTER.

Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the blood of sweet young *Rutland*,
By rough *Clifford* slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloody swords,
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke* they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the pitteous spectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet duke of *Yorke*, our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules palace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my brest,
For neuer shall I haue more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moysture
Scarfe serues to quench my furnace burning hate:
I cannot ioy till this white rose be dy'de,
Euen in the heart blood of the house of *Lancaster*.

Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or dye my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne,
For chaire, and dukedome; throne and kingdome say,
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*Enter the earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum, ancient,
and souldiers.*

War. How now faire lords: what fare? What newes abroad?

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*; should we report the balefull newes,
And at each words deliuerance, stab ponyards in our flesh
Till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.

Ah valiant lord, the duke of *Yorke* is slaine.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Edw. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deere : I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne lord *Clifford*, done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago I drown'd those newes in teares,
And now to adde more measure to your woes :
I come to tell you newes since then befallne.
After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings as swiftly as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in *London*, keeper of the king,
Mustred my foldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And very well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to *S. Albons* to intercept the queene,
Bearing the king in my behalfe along.
For by my scouts I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king *Henries* heires, and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at *Saint Albons* met,
Our battailes ioyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the king,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike queene)
That rob'd my souldiers of their heated spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* rigour,
Who thunders to his captaines blood and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our souldiers, like the night-owles lazy flight,
Or like an ydle thresher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they smote their friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of hye pay, and great rewards :

But

OF YORKE and LANCASTER.

But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day.
So that we fled. The king vnto the queene,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolke*, and my selfe,
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioyne with you.
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwicke*.

How farre hence is the duke with his power ?
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England* ?

War. Some fife miles off the duke is with his power.
But as for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kinde aunt, dutchesse of *Burgundie*,
With aide of souldiers 'gainst this needfull warre,

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwicke* fled,
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursuite,
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.

War. Nor now my scandall *Richard* dost thou heare :
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is fam'd for mildenesse, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes ?
If for the last, say I, and to it lords.

War. Why therefore *Warwicke* came to finde you out :
And therefore comes my brother *Montague*.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Attend me lords, the proud insulting queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
He fware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the parliament.
But now to *London* all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath, or what besides
May make against the house of *Lancaster*.
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of *Norfolke* and my selfe,
Can but amount to eight and forty thousand,
With all the friends that thou braue earle of *March*,
Among the louing *Welshmen* canst procure,
Why via, to *London* will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foming steeds,
And once againe cry, charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* speake :
Nere may he liue to see a sunshine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him stay.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must *Edward* fall :
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer earle of *March*, but duke of *Yorke*,
'The next degree is, *Englands* royall king ;
And king of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd,
In euery burrough as we passe along :
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The duke of *Norfolke* sends you word by me,
The queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your company for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it forts braue lords,
Let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the King and Queene, prince Edward, and the north-
erne earles, with drumme and souldiours.*

Queene. Welcome my lord to this braue towne of *Yorke*,
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy,
That fought to be impaled with your crowne.
Doth not the obiekt please your eye my lord?

King. Euen as the rockes please them that fear their wracke.
With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infrin'g'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious lord, this too much lenity
And harmefull pittie must be layde aside,
To whom do lyons cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage beare doth licke?
Not his that spoyles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And doves will pecke, in rescue of their brood.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy crowne,
Thou smiling, while hee knit his angry browes,
He but a duke, would haue his sonne a king,
And raise his issue like a louing fire.
Thou being a king, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,

Which

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Which argu'd thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feede their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings,
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climbs vnto their nest,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my lord, make them your president.
Were it not pittie that this goodly boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long heereafter, say vnto his childe,
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My carelesse father fondly gaue away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promifeth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* playd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad successe,
And happy euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then may the present profite counteruaile.
Ah cosin *Yorke*, would thy best friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Queene. My lord, this harmfull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knight-hood to your princely sonne,

Vnsheath

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Vnsheath your sword, and straight way dub him knight,
Kneele downe *Edward*.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learne this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

North. Why that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fifty thousand men,
Comes *Warwicke*, backing of the duke of *Yorke*.
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and many flyes to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Queen. Do good my lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why that's my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin. Good father cheere these noble lords,
Vnsheath your sword, sweet father cry *S. George*.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence we wil not moue.

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy crowne?
And kneele for mercy at thy soueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert
Before thy king, and lawfull soueraigne?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heyre by his consent.

George.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

George. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are king
(Though he do weare the crowne)
Haue caufd him by new acte of parliament,
To blot our brother out, and put his owne sonne in.

Clif. And reason *George* :
Who should succcede the father, but the son ?

Rich. Are you there butcher ?

Clif. I crooke-backe, heere I stand to answer thee,
Or any of your fort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not ?

Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not fatisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake lords giue signall to the fight,

War. What saist thou *Henry* ? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne ?

Queen. What long tongu'd *Warwicke*, dare you speake ?
When you and I met at *Saint Albons* last,
Your legges did better seruice then your hands,

War. I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.

Clif. You said as much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your valour *Clifford* droue me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, that could make yee
stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, *Northumberland*, we hold
Thee reuerently.

Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine

The execution of my big swolne heart,

Against that *Clifford* there, that cruell child-killer.

Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a childe ?

Rich. I like a villaine, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*,
But ere sun-set Ile make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words great lords,
An heare me speake.

Queene. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I being a king, am priuiledg'd to speake.

Clif. My lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd
That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.

Edw. What sayst thou *Henry*, shall I haue my right or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to day,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.

War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.
For *Yorke* in iustice, puts his armour on.

Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* sayes is right,
There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam,
But like a fowle mishapen stigmaticke,
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venom'd todes, or lizards fainting lookes.

Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *Englisb* guilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be cald the sea;
Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,
To parlie thus with *Englands* lawfull heyres?

Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crownes,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of *France*,
And tam'de the *French*, and made the *Dolphin* stoope:
And had he matcht according to his state,
He might haue kept that glory till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac't thy poore fire with his bridall day:
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of *France*,

And

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

And heapt feditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults, but thy pride?
Hadst thou bene meeke, our title yet had slept,
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill another age.

George. But when we saw our summer brought thee gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping roote,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Nor willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours waue,
And either victory, or else a graue.

Queene. Stay *Edward*, stay,

Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer stay,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes. Enter Warwicke.

War. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
For strokes receiude, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And force perforce, needs must I rest my selfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or strike vngentle death,
That we may die vnlesse we gaine the day:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmelesse line of *Yorkes* true house?

Enter

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Enter George.

George. Come brother come, lets to the field againe,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting troopes,
Least they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my lords, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
Cride still for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant sonne,
Vntill with thousand fwords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring fate vpon his steede,
He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble *Salisbury* gaue vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse, because I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field,
Till I am full reuenged for his death.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioyne my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to vs,
Or let vs die before we lose the day.

George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiors harts,
And call them pillars that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trusty seruice, in these dangerous warres.

Rich.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.

Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.

Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.

Warwicke, farewell.

War. Away, away, once more sweete lords farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one doore, and Clifford at
the other.

Rich. A Clifford, a Clifford.

Clif. A Richard, a Richard.

Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke and young Rutlands death,
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limbes, and slice thy curfed heart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stab'd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy fire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters Warwicke and rescues
Richard, and then exeunt omnes.

Alarmes still, and then enter Henry solus.

Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes.
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,

This

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

This wofull battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these ciuill iarrs !
Would I had neuer raign'd, nor nere bene king.
Margaret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day,
May be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will searck to finde them if I can.
But stay ; methinkes it is my fathers face :
Oh I, tis he whom I haue slaine in fight.
From *London* was I prest out by the king,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father,
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another Soldiour with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast.
But stay, methinks this is no famous face :
Oh no, it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,
Oh monstrous times, begetting such euent,
How cruell, bloody, and ironous,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.
Poore boy, thy father gaue thee life too late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

King. Woe aboue woe, grieve more then common grieve,
Whil'st lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambes do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Soul.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

2. *Soul.* How will my wife for slaughter of my sonne,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Soul.* Was euer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall, his sonne to kill?

King. Was euer king thus greeued and vexed still?

1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

Exit with his sonne.

King. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here sits a king, as woe begon as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my lord, to *Barwicke* presently,
The day is lost, our friends are murdered,
No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

Enter prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my lord, for vengeance comes along with him :
Nay stand not to expostulate, make haste,
Or else come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay stay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee,

Enter Clifford wounded, with an arrow in his necke,

Clif. Heere burnes my candle out,
That whilst it lasted, gaue king *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry*, strengthened misproud *Yorke*,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whether flies the gnats, but to the funne ?
And who shines now, but *Henries* enemy ?
Oh *Phæbus*, hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That *Phaeton* should checke thy fiery steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And *Henry*, hadst thou liu'd as kings should do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the house of *Yorke*,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle aire ?
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity ?
Bootlesse are plaints, and curelesse are my wounds,
No way to flie, no strength to hold out flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the rest,
I stab'd your fathers, now come split my breast.

Enter Edward, Richard, Warwicke, and souldiors.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Course, and we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troopes pursue the bloudy minded queene,
That now towards *Barwick* doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?

Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vsed.

Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercy, for tis *Clifford*,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And stab'd our princely father, duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there:
Instead of that, let his supply the roome.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatall scritchowle to our house,
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.

War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we say.

Rich.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicy that in the time of death,
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

George. *Richard*, if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy and obtaine no grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. *Clifford*, deuise excuses for thy fault.

George. Whil'st we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.

Rich. Thou pittiedst *Yorke*, and I am sonne to *Yorke*.

Edw. Thou pittiedst *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.

George. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, sweare as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:
Tis hard when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath,
By this I know hee's dead, and by my foule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
(That I in all contempt might raile at him)
Ide cut it off, and with the issuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine, whose instanced thirst,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not satisfie.

War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull king.
From thence shall *Warwicke* crosse the seas to *France*,
And aske the lady *Bona* for thy queene.
So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,
And hauing *France* thy friend, thou needs not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.
First, Ile see the coronation done,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

And afterward Ile crosse the seas to *France*,
To effect this marriage, if it please my lord.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be,
But first before we goe, *George* kneele downe,
We here create thee duke of *Clarence*,
And girt thee with the sword.

Our younger brother *Richard*, duke of *Gloster*.
Warwicke as my selfe shall do and vndo as himselfe pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloster*,
For *Glosters* dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tush, that's a childish obseruation.
Richard, be duke of *Gloster*: now to *London*,
To see these honours in possession. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this way.
But stay, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter king Henry disguised.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguisde to greete my natie land.
No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suters sues to thee for right.
For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy selfe?

Keeper. I marry sir, heere's a deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king *Edward* hath deposde.

Hen. My queene and sonne, poore soules are gone to *France*.
And as I heare, the great commanding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the lady *Bona*.
If this be true, poore queene and sonne,

Your

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a prince soone won with words,
And *Warwicke* is a subtile oratour.
He laughes, and saies his *Edward* is instalde.
She weepes, and saies her *Henry* is deposde.
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left side, crauing aide for *Henry*.

Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens ?

Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of kings, and why not I ?

Keeper. I, but thou talkes, as if thou wert a king thy selfe.

Hen. Why so I am in minde, though not in shew ?

Keeper. And if thou be a king, where is thy crowne ?

Hen. My crowne is in my heart, not on my head,
My crowne is cald content, a crowne that
Kings do sildome times enioy.

Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke,
You are our quondam king, king *Edward* hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the kings,
To go along with vs vnto the officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be,
Obeyde, and be you kings, command and Ile obey.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter king Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, Montague, Hastings,
and the lady Grey.*

K. Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloster*,
This ladies husband here, sir *Richard Grey*,
At the battaile of *S. Albones* did lose his life,
His lands then were seiz'd on by the conqueror.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Her fute is now to repofseffe thofe lands,
And fith in quarrell of the houfe of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did lofe his life,
In honour we cannot denie her fute.

Glo. Your highneffe fhall do well to grant it then.

K. Edw. I, fo I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?

Clarence. I fee the lady hath fome thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble fute.

Glo. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.

K. Edw. Widow, come fome other time to know our mind.

La. May it please your grace, I cannot brooke delaies,
I befeech your highneffe to difpatch me now.

K. Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to try this widowes
wit.

Cla. I, good leaue haue you.

Glo. For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.

K. Ed. Come hither widow, how many children haft thou?

Cla. I thinke he meanes to beg a childe on her.

Glo. Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giue her two.

La. Three, my moft gracious lord.

Glo. You fhall haue foure if you will be rulde by him.

K. Ed. Wer't not pittie they fhould lofe their fathers lands?

La. Be pittifull then dread lord, and grant it them.

K. Edw. Ile tell thee how thefe lands are to be got.

La. So fhall you binde me to your highneffe feruice.

K. Edw. What feruice wilt thou do me, if I grant it them?

La. Euen what your highneffe fhall command.

Glo. Nay then widow Ile warrant you all your
Hufbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight clofe, or in good faith
You catch a clap.

Cla. Nay I feare her not vnleffe ſhe fall.

Glo.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Glo. Marry godsforbot man, for hee'l take vantage then.

La. Why stops my lord, shall I not know my taske?

K. Edw. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.

La. That's soone performd, because I am a subiect.

K. Ed. Why then thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.

La. I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.

Gla. The match is made, she seales it with a curtsie.

K. Edw. Stay widdow stay, what loue dost thou thinke
I sue so much to get?

La. My humble seruice, such as subiects owes, and the
lawes commands.

K. Edw. No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

La. To tell you plaine my lord, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Ed. Why then thou canst not get thy husbands lands.

La. Then mine honesty shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightily.

La. Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and
Me, but mighty lord, this merry inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my fute.

Please it your highnesse to dismisse me, either with I or no.

K. Edw. I, if thou say I to my request,
No, if thou say no to my demand.

La. Then no my lord, my fute is at an end.

Glo. The widdow likes him not, she bends the brow.

Gla. Why he is the bluntest wooer in christendome.

K. Edw. Her lookes are all repleate with maiesty,
One way or other she is for a king,

And she shall be my loue or else my queene.

Say that king *Edward* tooke thee for his queene.

Lady. Tis better said then done, my gracious lord,
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But farre unfit to be a soueraigne.

King.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

King Edw. Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enioy thee for my loue.

Lady. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your queene,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my queene.

La. Your grace would be loath my sons shold call you
father.

K. Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of many children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my queene.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Cla. When he was made a shriuer, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marry her.

Cla. Marry her my lord, to whom?

K. Edw. Why *Clarence* to my selfe.

Glo. That would be ten dayes wonder at the least.

Cla. Why that's a day longer then a wonder lasts.

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, ieast on brothers, I can tell you, her
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. And it please your grace, *Henry* you foe is
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

K. Edw. Away with him, and send him to the tower,
And lets go question with the man about

His

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

His apprehension. Lords along, and vse
This lady honourably.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Gloster, and speakes,

Glo. I, *Edward* will vse women honorably,
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*,
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant myselfe.
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought?
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I should not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where sits deformity to mocke my body,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe,
To make my legs of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twenty crownes.
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
I cry content, to that which greeues me most.
I can adde colours to the camelion,
And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*,
And set the aspiring *Catalin* to schoole.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crowne?
Tush, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe.

Exit.

Enter

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Enter king Lewis, and the lady Bona, queene Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.

Lewis. Welcome queene *Margaret*, to the court of *France*,
It fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and heere I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
And beate proud *Edward* from his vsurped seate,
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thanke your royall maiesty,
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
Great kng of *France*, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. How now, who is this?

Queen. Our earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* cheefest friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to *France*?

War. From worthy *Edward*, king of *England*,
My lord and soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnesse and vnfaigned loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amity,
And lastly to confirme that amity
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous lady *Bona* thy faire sister,
To *Englands* king in lawfull marriage.

Qu. And if this go forward all our hope is done.

War. And gracious madame, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kisse your hand, and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraignes heart,

Where

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queene. King *Lewis* and lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answere *Warwicke* or his words,
For he it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

War. Iniurious *Margaret*.

Prince Edw. And why not queene?

War. Because thy father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art prince then she is queene.

Ox. Then *Warwicke* disanuls great *Iohn of Gaunt*,
That did subdue the greatest part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn of Gaunt*, wife *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world.
And after this wise prince *Henry* fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all *France*,
From these our *Henry* is lineally descent.

War. *Oxford*, how haps that in this smoothe discourse,
You told not how *Henry* the sixt had lost
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.
Methinkes these peeres of *France* should smile at that,
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two yearess, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canst thou deny thy king,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and eight yearess,
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?

War. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?
For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder
Brother the lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death,
And more then so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yearess,
When age did call him to the doore of death?

No

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

No *Warwicke*, no, whil'st life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster*,
War. And I the house of *Yorke*.

K. Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, prince *Edward*, and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,
Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.

Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true ;
Is *Edward* lawfull king, or no ?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.

Lewis. What, is he gracious in the peoples eyes ?

War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.

Lewis. What, is his loue to our sister *Bona* ?

War. Such it seemes,

As may beseeme a monarch like himselfe.

My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,

That this his loue was an eternall plant,

The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,

The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties sunne,

Exempt from enuy, but not from disdaine,

Vnlesse the lady *Bona* quit his paine.

Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolue.

Bona. Your grant or deniall shall be mine,

But ere this day I must confesse, when I

Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,

Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

Lew. Then draw neere queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be wife to the *English* king.

Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the *English* king.

War. *Henry* now liues in *Scotland* at his ease,

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,

And as for you your selfe, our *quondam* queene,

You haue a father able to maintaine your state,

And better 'twere to trouble him then *France*.

Sound

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Sound for a poste within.

Lewis. Heere comes some poste *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.

Poste. My lord ambassador, this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother, marquesse *Montague*.
This from our king, vnto your maiesty.
And these to you madam, from whom I know not.

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes, when *Warwicke* frets at his.

P. Ed. And marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were netled.

Lew. Now *Margaret* and *Warwicke*, what are your newes?

Queen. Mine is such, as fills my heart with ioy.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and hearts discontent.

Lew. What, hath your king married the lady *Gray*.
And now to excuse himself, sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

Qu. This prooueth *Edwards* loue, and *Warwicks* honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*.
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came to an vntimely death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?
Did I impale him with the regall crowne?
And thrust king *Henry* from his natie home?
And (most vngratefull) doth he vse me thus?
My gracious queene, pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitor:
I will reuenge the wrongs done to lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Q. Yes *Warwicke*, Ile quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend.

War.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

War. So much his friend, I his vnfaigned friend,
That if king *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen foldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last I firmly am resolu'd
You shall haue aide: and *English* messenger, returne
In post, and tell false *Edward* thy supposed king
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending ouer maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

Bona. Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower shortly,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake,

Queene. Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long
There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Mes.

Lewis. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
If that our queene and this young prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter and my ioy
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.

Queene. With all my hart, that match I like full well,
Loue her sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.

Lewis. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie foldiers for to goe with you.
And you lord *Bourbon*, our high admirall,
Shall waft them safely to the *English* coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.

War.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

War. I came from *Edward* as embassador,
But I returne his fworne and mortall foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me ?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the cheefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be cheefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,
But seeke revenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter king Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloster, Montague, Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiors.

Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloster*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the lady *Grey* ?

Cla. My lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are so slacke in iudgement, that they will take
No offence at this suddenn marriage.

Edw. Suppose they do, they are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*,
And I am both your king and *Warwicks*.
And will be obeyed.

Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages sildome proueth well.

Edw. Yea brother *Richard*, are you against vs too ?

Glo. Not I my lord, no, God forefend, that I
Should once gainsay your highnesse pleasure,
I, and twere pittie to funder them that yoke so well together.

Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the lady *Grey*,
May not be my loue, and *Englands* queene ?
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Gloster*,
Montague, and *Hastings*.

Cla. My lord, then this is mine opinion,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

That *Warwicke* being dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quit his iniuries.

Glo. And *Lewis* in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke* to supplant your state.

Ed. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeasde,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.

Mont. But yet to haue ioynd with *France* in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common-wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Let *England* be true within it selfe,
We need not *France*, nor any alliance with them.

Cla. For this one speech, lord *Hastings* well deserues,
To haue the daughter and heyre of the lord *Hungerford*.

Edw. And what then? it was our will it should be so.

Cla. I, and for such a thing too the lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers to go seeke else-where, but in your madnesse
You bury brother-hood.

Edw. Alas poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

Cla. Nay, you playde the broker so ill for your selfe,
That ye shall giue me leaue to make my choise
As I thinke good: and to that intent
I shortly meane to leaue you.

Edw. Leaue me, or tarry, I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.

Qu. My lords, do me but right,
And you must confesse, before it pleas'd his highnesse
To aduance my state to title of a queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

Edw. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,

For

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

For thee they must obey, nay shall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My lord, here is the messenger return'd from *France*.

Enter messenger.

Ed. Now firra, what letters? or what newes?

Mes. No letters my lord,
And such newes, as without your highnesse pardon,
I dare not relate.

Ed. We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canst) tell me,
What faide *Lewis* to our letters?

Mes. At my departure these were his very wordes.
Go tell false *Edward* thy supposed king,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending ouer maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

Ed. Is *Lewis* so braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what sayde lady *Bona* to these wrongs?

Mes. Tell him, quoth she, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow garland for his sake.

Ed. She had the wrong,
Indeed she could say little lesse. But what said *Henries* queene,
For as I heare, she was then in place?

Mes. Tell him quoth she, my mourning weeds be done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

Ed. Then belike she meanes to play the Amazon.
But what faide *Warwicke* to these iniuries?

Mes. He more incensed then the rest my lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, durst the traitor breath out such proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

The Contention of the Two famous Hou

Mef. I my good lord, they are so linkt in friendship,
That young prince *Edward* marries *Warwicke* daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* shall haue the yonger.
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.

Exit Clarence and Somerset.

Ed. *Clarence* and *Somerset* fled to *Warwicke*,
What say you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?

Glo. I my lord, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
For why hath nature made me halt downe right,
But that I should be valiant and stand to it:
For if I would, I cannot runne away.

Edw. *Penbrooke*, go raise an army presently,
Pitch vp my tent; for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in *France*,
But ere I go, *Montague* and *Hastings*,
You aboue all the rest are neere allyed
In blood to *Warwicke*: therefore tell me,
If you fauour him more then me, or not.
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friends.

Mont. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he fauours *Edwards* cause,

Edw. It shall suffice, come then let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford with soldiours.

War. Trust me my lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake suddenly my lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Feare not that my lord.

War.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardife,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in ſigne of loue,
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carleſſly encampt,
His ſoldiors lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our ſcouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie,
Then cry king *Henry* with reſolued mindes,
And breake we preſently into his tent.

Cla. Why then lets on our way in ſilent fort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and *S. George*.

War. This is his tent, and ſee where his guard doth ſtand,
Courage my ſouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.

All. A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloſter and Haſtings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them go, heere is the duke.

Edw. The duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted
Laſt, thou calledſt me king.

War. I, but the caſe is altered now.
When you diſgrac'ſt me in my embassage,
Then I diſgrac'ſt you from being king,
And now am come to create you duke of *Yorke*.
Alaſte, how ſhould you gouerne any kingdome,
That knowes not how to uſe embassadors,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to shroud your selfe from enemies.

Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let fortune do her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a king.

War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* *Englands* king,
But *Henry* now shall weare the *English* crowne.
Go conuay him to our brother archbishop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke* and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the lady *Bona* saies,
And so for a while farwell good duke of *Yorke*.

Exit some with Edward.

Gla. What followes now? all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters into *France*,
To tell the queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speed to ioyne with vs.

War. I that's the first thing that we haue to do,
And free king *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne.
Come lets haste away, and hauing past these cares,
Ile poste to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanley.

Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and sir *William Stanley*,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this,
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
The bishop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.

Hunts. This way my lord the deere is gone.

Edw. No this way huntsman,
See where the keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?

Glo. I, I, the horfe stands at the parke corner;
Come, to *Lin*, and so take shipping into *Flanders*:

Ed. Come then. *Hastings* and *Stanley*,
I will requite your loues. Byshop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwicks* frowne,
And pray that I may repoffesse the crowne.
Now huntsman, what will you do?

Hunts. Marry my lord, I thinke I had as good
Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.

Edw. Come then lets away with speed. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Queene, and the lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tell me good madame,
Why is your grace so passionate of late?

Qu. Why brother *Riuers*, heare ye not the newes
Of that fucceffe king *Edward* had of late?

Riuers. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwick*.
Tush, feare not faire queene, but cast those cares aside.
King *Edwards* noble minde, his honours doth display;
And *Warwicke* may lose, though then he got the day.

Qu. If that were all, my greefes were at an end,
But greater troubles will I feare befall.

Ri. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?

Queen. I ther's my greefe, king *Edward* is surpriz'd,
And led away as prisoner vnto *Yorke*.

Riu. The newes is passing strange I must confesse;
Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceyue,
That some will fet him in his throne againe.

Qu. God grant they may; but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuary,
There to preferue the fruite within my wombe,
King *Edwards* seed, true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

*Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastings, with a troope of
Hollanders.*

Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,
And marcht from *Raunspur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.

Rich. Sound vp the drum, and call them to the wals.

Enter the lord maior of Yorke, vpon the wals.

Maior. My lords we had notice of your comming,
And that's the cause we stand vpon our guard,
And shut the gates for to preferue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

Edw. Why my lord maior, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is duke of *Yorke*.

Maior. Truth my lord, we know you for no lesse.

Edw. I craue nothing but my dukedome.

Rich. But when the foxe hath gotten in his head,
Hee'l quickly make the body follow after.

Hast. Why my lord maior, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends.

Maior. Say you so, then Ile open them presently.

Exit Maior.

Rich. By my faith, a wise stout captaine, and soone per-
swaded.

The

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

The maior opens the doore, and brings the keies in his hand.

Edw. So my lord maior, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes :
What, feare not man, for *Edward* will defend
The towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter sir Iohn Mountgomery, with drum and soldiors.

How now *Richard*, who is this ?

Rich. Brother this is sir *Iohn Montgommery*,
A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.

Edw. Welcome sir *Iohn*. Wherefore come you in armes ?

Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of stormes,
As euery loyall subiect ought to do.

Edw. Thankes braue *Montgomery*,
But I onely claime my dukedome,
Vntill it please God to fend the rest.

Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a king, and not a duke.

Edw. Nay stay sir *Iohn*, and let vs first debate,
With what security we may do this thing.

Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be brieft,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe
That come to succour you, why should we fight,
When you pretend no title ?

Rich. Fie brother, stand you vpon tearmes ?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

Edw. I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

Sir Iohn. I, now my foueraigne speaketh himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* champion.
Sound trumpets. for *Edward* shall be proclaimd.

Edward.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of *England* and *France*, and lord of *Ireland*; and whosoever gainsaies king *Edwards* right, by this I challenge him to single fight. Long live *Edward* the fourth.

All. Long live *Edward* the fourth.

Edw. We thanke you all. Lord maior leade on the way. For this night wee'l harbour here in *Yorke*, And then as early as the morning funne, Lifts vp his beames aboue this horison, Wee'l march to *London*, to meete with *Warwicke*, And pull false *Henry* from the regall throne.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke and Clarence with the crowne, and then king Henry, Oxford, Somerset, and the young earle of Richmond.

King. Thus from the prision to this princely seate, By Gods great mercies am I brought againe. *Clarence and Warwicke*, do you keepe the crowne, And gouerne and protect my realme in peace, And I will spend the remnant of my daies, To finnes rebuke, and my Creators praise.

War. What answeres *Clarence* to his soueraignes will?

Cla. *Clarence* agrees to what king *Henry* likes.

King. My lord of *Somerset*, what pretty boy Is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Som. If it please your grace, it is young *Henry*, Earle of *Richmond*.

King. *Henry* of *Richmond*, come hither pretty lad. If heauenly powers do aime aright To my diuining thoughts, thou pretty boy, Shalt proue this countries blisse. Thy head is made to weare a princely crowne, Thy lookes are all repleate with maiesty, Make much of him my lords,

For

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to Warwick.

War. What counsell lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hastie *Germanes* and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is past in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes do march amaine towards *London*,
And many giddy headed people follow him.

Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

War. In *Warwickshire* I haue true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne *Clarence*,
Shalt in *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother *Montague*, in *Leistershire*,
Buckingham and *Northamptonshire* shall finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing cittizens,
Shall rest in *London* till we come to him.
Faie lords take leaue, and stand not to reply,
Farewell my soueraigne.

King. Farwell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farwel sweet lords, lets meete at *Couentry*.

All. Agreed.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac't *Henry*.
And once againe conuey him to the tower,

Away

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards *Couentry* let vs bend our course,
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke on the wals.

War. Where is the poste that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy lord, my honest fellow?

Oxf. poste. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward,

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the poste that came from *Montague*?

Poste. I left him at *Donsmore* with his troopes.

War. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing sonne?
And by thy guesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Summer. At *Southam* my lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the furlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull *Edward* come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,
And call *Edward* king, and he will pardon thee.

War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remaine the duke of *Yorke*.

Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the ieast against his will.

War. 'Twas *Warwicke* gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwicks* gift.

War.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

War. I, but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight,
And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, *Warwicke* his subiect.

Edw. I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alasse, that *Warwicke* had no more foresight,
But whilst he fought to steale the single ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke.
You left poore *Henry* in the bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'l meete him in the tower.

Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are old *Warwicke* still.

War. O cheerefull colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Enter Oxford, with drum and souldiors.

Ox. *Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.* *Exit.*

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes.

Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Wee'l stay till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter Somerset, drum and soldiors.

Som. *Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.* *Exit.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of *Somerset*,
Haue solde their lines vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And thou shalt be the third, if my sword hold.

Enter Montague, with drum and soldiors.

Mont. *Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.* *Exit.*

Edw. Traiterous *Montague*, thou and thy brother
Shall deerely abide this rebellious acte.

Enter

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Enter Clarence with drum and soldiours.

War. And loe where *George of Clarence* sweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.

Cla. *Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.*

Edw. *Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?*

A parlie sirra, to *George of Clarence.*

*Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers together,
and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and
throwes it at Warwick.*

War. Come *Clarence*, come, thou wilt if *Warwicke* call.

Cla. Father of *Warwicke*, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamy at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
(Who gaue his blood to lime the stones together)
And set vp *Lancaster*. Thinkest thou,
That *Clarence* is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud hearted *Warwicke* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes,
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amisse,
And *Richard* do not frowne vpon me.
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.

Edw. Welcume *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherly.

War. Oh passing traitor, periur'd and vniust.

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?

War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,

I will

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

I will away to *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee battaile, *Edward* if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke* he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, faint *George* and victory.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke* or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,
That I must yeeld my body to the earth.
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princely eagle,
Vnder whose shade the rampant lyon slept,
Whose top branch ouer-peerd *Ioues* spreading tree,
The wrinckles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?
Loe now my glory smeard in dust and blood,
My parkes, and walkes, my mannors that I had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford and Somersfet.

Oxf. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike queene with troopes is come from *France*,
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

War. Why then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods,

For

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

For many wounds receiu'd, and many more repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit finewes of their strength,
And spite of spites needs must I yeeld to death.

Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breath'd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
And say, commend me to my valiant brother:
And more he would haue spoke, and more he saide,
Which founded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be distinguisht for the found,
And so the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghost.

War. What is pompe, rule, reigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flye lords, and saue your selues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell to meete in heauen.

He dyes.

Oxf. Come noble *Somerfet*, let's take our horse,
And cause retreate be founded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine alieue,
May be forewarn'd, and saue themselues by flight,
That done, with them weell poste vnto the queene,
And once more try our fortune in the field.

Exit ambo.

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, with soldiers.

Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes.
The big-bon'd traitor *Warwicke* hath breath'd his last,
And heauen this day hath smil'd vpon vs all.
But in this cleare and brightsome day,
I see a blacke suspitious clowd appeare,
That will encounter with our glorious funne,
Before he gaine his easfull westerne beames;
I meane those pow'rs which the queene hath got in *France*
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

Glo.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Glo. *Oxford* and *Somerſet* are fled to her,
And 'tis likely, if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

Edw. We are aduertifde by our louing friends,
That they do hold their courſe towardes *Tewksbury* :
Thither will we, for willingneſſe ride way :
And in euery country as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengths ſhall be augmented.
Come lets go, for if we ſlacke this bright ſummers day,
Sharpe winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, prince Edward, Oxford and Somerſet,
with drum and ſoldiours.

Queene. Welcome to *England*, my louing friends of *France*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our ſailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And *Warwicke* as our maine maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike lords raiſe you that ſturdie poſte,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt,
And *Ned* and I as willing pilots ſhould,
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heeretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friends.

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there ſhould)
Amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battailes ioine,
Leaſt he in time of need entice another,
And ſo withdraw the ſoldiours hearts from vs.
I will not ſtand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my ſword preaſe in the thickeſt throngs,
And ſingle *Edward* from his ſtrongeſt guard,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my body as witnesse of my thoughts.

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolute,
And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee,
Long maist thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the owle by day
Be hift, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lords, duke *Edward* with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprovided.
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods assistance, and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords ere night be cleane cut downe.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My teares gainesay. For as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this :
Henry our king is prisoner in the tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite distrest,
And yonder stands the wolfe that makes all this ;
Then on Gods name lords together cry, saint *George*.

All. Saint *George* for *Lancaster*.

Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chamber be discharged. Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloster, and the rest,

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

rest, making a great shout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince, Oxford, and Somerset are taken, and then sound and enter all againe.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with *Oxford* to *Hames* castle straight.
For *Somerset*, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.

Exit Oxf.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my death.

Exit Sum.

Edw. Now *Edward*, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious *Yorke*;
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,
Which traitor thou wouldst haue me answer to.

Qu. Oh that thy father had bene so resolu'd.

Glo. That you might still haue kept your peticote,
And nere haue stolne the breech from *Lancaster*.

Prin. Let *Æsop* fable in a winters night,
His currish riddles sorts not with this place.

Glo. By heauen brat, Ile plague you for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.

Prin. Nay take away this scolding crooke-backe rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Gla. Vntutor'd lad, thou art too malapart.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou mishapen *Dicke*, I tell you all
I am your better, traitors as you be.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Edw. Take that, thou likenesse of this railer here.

Stabs him.

Qu. Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marry and shall.

Edw. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue done too much alreadie.

Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?

Ed. What doth she fwound?

Make meanes for her recouery.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to *London* on a serious matter,

Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cla. About what, prethee tell me?

Glo. The tower man, the tower; Ile roote them out.

Exit Gloster.

Qu. Ah *Ned*, speake to thy mother boy:

Ah, thou canst not speake.

Traitors, tyrants, bloody homicides,

They that stab'd *Cæsar* shed no blood at all,

For he was a man; this, in respect a childe,

And men nere spend their fury on a childe.

What's worse then tyrant that I may not name?

You haue no children diuels, if you had,

The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,

But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,

Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,

As traitors you haue done this sweet young prince.

Edw. Away, and beare her hence.

Queene. Nay nere beare me hence, dispatch

Me heere, heere sheathe thy sword,

Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?

Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Cla. By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.

Queene. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* kill me too.

Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Queen.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Queen. I, but thou vrest to forswear thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charity.
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not here,
Murder is his almes-deed,
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.

Edw. Away I say, and take her hence perforce.

Qu. So come to you and yours, as to this prince. *Exit.*

Edw. *Clarence*, whether is *Gloster* gone?

Cla. Marry my lord to *London*, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody supper in the tower.

Edw. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common soldiours with pay
And thanks, and now lets toward *London*,
To see our gentle queene how she doth fare,
For by this I hope she hath a sonne for vs.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster to king Henry in the tower.

Glo. Good day my lord. What at your booke so hard?

Hen. I my good lord. Lord I should say rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Gloster*, and good diuell, were all alike,
What scene of death hath *Rofius* now to acte?

Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

Hen. The bird once limde, doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore bird,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kild.

Glo. Why, what a foole was that of *Creete*?
That taught his sonne the office of a bird,
And yet for all that the poore fowle was drownd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minas* that denide our course,

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Thy brother *Edward*, the funne that searde his wings,
And thou the enuieſt gulfe that ſwallowed him.
Oh better can my breſt abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragicke hiſtory.

Glo. Why doſt thou thinke I am an executioner?

Hen. A perſecutor I am ſure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy ſonne I kild for his preſumption.

Hen. Hadſt thou bin kild when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liude to kill a ſonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.

That many a widow for her huſbands death,
And many an infants water ſtanding eie,
Widowes for their huſbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curſe the time that euer thou wert borne.

The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill ſigne,
The night crow cride, aboding luckleſſe tune.

Dogs howld, and hideous tempeſts ſhooke downe trees,
The rauē rookt her on the chimnies top,

And chattering pies in diſmall diſcord ſung,

Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,

And yet brought forth leſſe then a mothers hope,

To wit: an vndigeſt created lumpe,

Not like the fruite of ſuch a goodly tree,

Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt borne,

To ſignifie thou cam'ſt to bite the world,

And if the reſt be true that I haue heard,

Thou cam'ſt into the world

Stabs him.

Glo. Die prophet in thy ſpeech, Ile heare no more,
For this amongſt the reſt was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this.

O God forgiue my finnes, and pardon thee.

He dyes.

Glo. What? will the aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted.

See

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now may such purple teares alwayes be shed,
For such as seeke the downfall of our house.

Stabs him agen.

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither :
I, that haue neither pittie, loue, nor feare.
Indeede twas true that *Henry* told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legges forward.
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurp'd our rights ?
The women weeping, and the midwife crying,
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth :
And so I was indeede. Which plainly signified,
That I should snarle and bite, and play the dogge.
Then, since heauen hath made my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my minde to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father ;
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers ;
And this word *loue*, which gray-beards terme diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee :
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill,
As *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the prince his sonne are gone,
And *Clarence* thou art next must follow them,
So by one and one dispatching all the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile drag thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

Exit.

Enter.

The Contention of the Two famous Houses

Enter king Edward, queene Elizabeth, and a nurse with the young prince, and Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in *Englands* throne,
Repurchast with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of *Somerſet*, three-fold renownd
For hardy and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the ſonne,
And two *Northumberland*s, two brauer men
Nere ſpurd their courſers at the trumpets ſound.
With them the two rough beares, *Warwicke* and *Montague*,
That in their chaines fettered the kingly lion,
And made the forreſt tremble when they roard,
Thus haue we ſwept ſuſpition from our ſeat,
And made our footſtoole of ſecurity.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine vnckles and my ſelfe,
Haue in our armours watcht the winters night,
Marcht all afoot, in ſummers ſcalding heate,
That thou mightſt repoſſeſſe the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.

Glo. Ile blaſt his harueſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordaind ſo thicke to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome weight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and thou ſhalt execute.

Edw. Brothers of *Clarence* and of *Gloſter*,
Pray loue my louely queene,
And kiſſe your princely nephew, both.

Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your maieſty,
I ſeale vpon the roſiate lips of this ſweete babe.

Queene. Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thankes.

Glo.

of YORKE and LANCASTER.

Glo. And that I loue the fruite from whence thou sprangst,
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the childe.
To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.

Edw. Now am I feated as my foule delights.

Gla. What will your grace haue done with *Margaret*?
Reynard her father, to the king of *France*
Hath pawnd the *Cicels* and *Ierusalem*,
And hither haue they sent it for a ransome.

Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*,
And now what rests, but that we spend the time,
With stately triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the court.
Sound drums and trumpets, farwell to fowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

T H E
T R A G E D I E
O F
King RICHARD the Third.

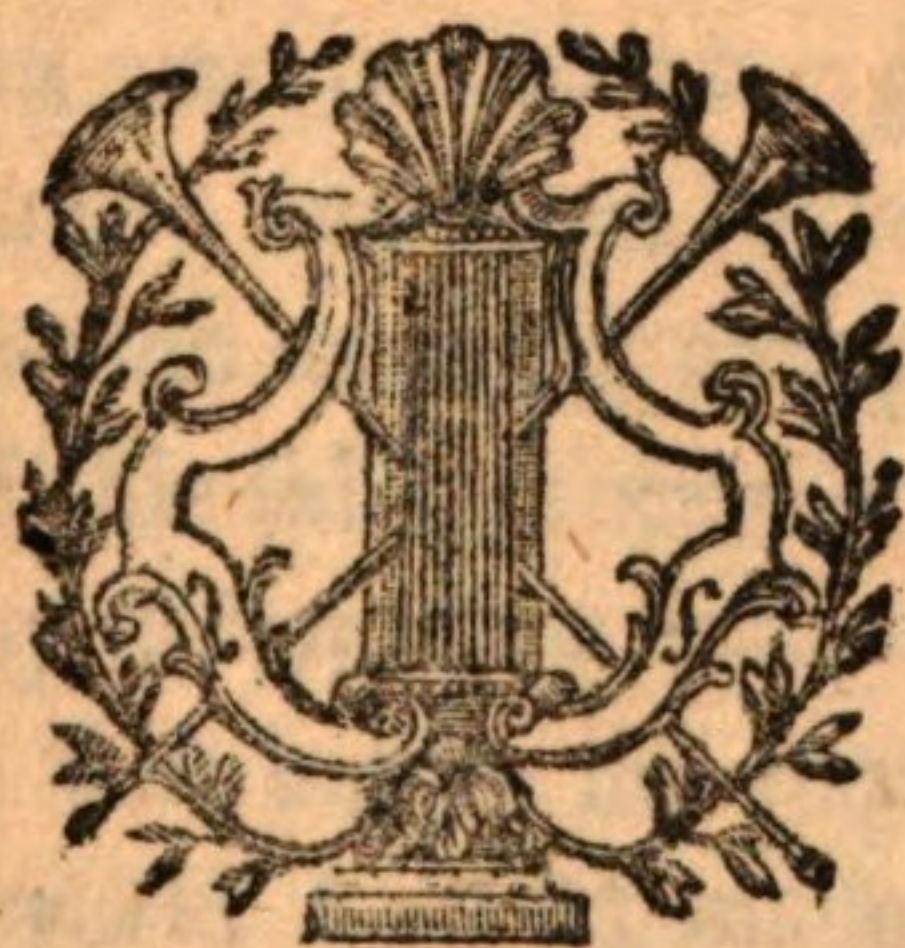
C O N T A I N I N G

His treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*:
the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes:
his tyrannicall Vfurpation: with the whole
Course of his detested Life, and most deserued
Death.

As it hath beene lately acted by the Kings Maiesties
Servants.

Newly augmented,

By WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.



L O N D' O N,

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, and are to be sold by *Mat-
thew Lawe*, dwelling in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the
Signe of the *Foxe*, 1612.

THE
T R A G E D I E
O F
King RICHARD the Third.
CONTAINING
His treacherous Plot against his Brother Clarence:
the pitiful murder of his innocent Nephew:
his tyrannical Usurpation:
his cruel Persecution of the Duke of York:
his death in Battle.

✶ This Play has been collated with the following Editions.

1598. *Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise.*

1602. Ditto.

1624. *Thomas Purfoot, Thomas Purfoot, &c.*

1629. *John Norton, &c.*

1634. *John Norton, &c.* and another imperfect Copy, differing from the rest, but without a Title Page.



L O N D O N
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Mr.
John Lane, dwelling in Park Church-yard, at the
Signe of the Foxe, 1612.

T H E
T R A G E D I E
O F
King R I C H A R D the Third.

Enter Richard duke of Gloucester, solus.

NOW is the winter of* discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd † vpon the house,
In the deepe *bosome* ‡ of the ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our brused armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull *pleasures* §,
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoothe his wringled front,
And now instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the foules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not *sharpe* for || sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stamp't, and want loues maiestie
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world *halfe* †† made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt *by* †† them:]
Why §§ I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,

* of our. † lowr. ‡ bowels. § measures. || shap'te of. †† scarce. †† at. §§ while.
Vnlesse

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,
 And descant on mine owne deformitie :
 And therefore since I cannot proue a louer
 To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
 I am determined to proue a villaine,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these daies
 Plots haue I laide, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels and dreames,
 To set my brother *Clarence* and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other,
 And if king *Edward* be as true and iust
 As I am subtile, false and trecherous :
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mewd vp,
 About a prophesie which saies that G.
 Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall bee.
 Diue thoughts downe to my soule,

Enter Clarence with a guard of men.

Here *Clarence* comes,
 Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard
 That waites vpon your grace ?

Cla. His maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath appointed
 This conduct to conuey me to the tower.

Glo. Vpon what cause ?

Cla. Because my name is *George*,

Glo. Alack my lord, that fault is none of yours,
 He should for that commit your good fathers * :
 O belike his maiestie hath some intent
 That you shall be new christned in the tower,
 But what is ‡ the matter *Clarence* may I know ?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I † know, for I protest
 As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
 He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
 And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G :

* godfather. † whats. ‡ I do.

And

RICHARD THE THIRD.

And faies a wizzard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It *followes* §§ in his thought that I am he,
These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that sends you to the tower,
My lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis shee
That *tempts* * him to this extermitie :
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Wooduille her brother there,
That made him send lord *Hastings* to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered ?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man || securde
But the queenes kindred, and night-walkīg heralds,
That trudge *betwixt* § the king and mistresse *Shoare* :
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his deliuerie ?

Glo. Humble † complaining to her deitie,
Got my lord chamberlaine his libertie,
He tell you what, I thinke *it is* † our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the king,
To be her men, and weare her liuery,
The iealous oreworne widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie goffips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ?
His maiestie hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree foeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so and please your worship *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say :

§§ follows. * tempers. || man is. § betweene. † humbly. † it were.

Well

THE TRAGEDIE OF

We speake no treason man, we say the king
Is wise and vertuous, and *his* || noble queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous,
We say that *Shores* wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my lord) my selfe *haue* * naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistresse *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth *naught* † with her, excepting one,
Were best *he* ‡ do it secretly alone.

Bro. What one my lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

Bro. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and with all
forbeare

Your conference with the noble duke.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queenes abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the king,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call king *Edwards* widow sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cla. I must preforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy foule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered *Hastings*?

|| the. * hath. † naught. ‡ to. *Enter*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good lord chamberlaine :

*Well are you** welcome to this open aire,

How hath your lordship brookt imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience (noble lord) as prifoners must :

But I shall liue my lord to giue them thankes,

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,

For thay that were your enemies are his,

And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the eagle should be mewed,

While kites and buzars prey at libertie.

Glo. What newes abroad ?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home :

The king is sickly, weake and melancholy,

And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,

Oh he hath kept an *euil* † diet long,

And ouermuch consumed his royall person,

Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon,

What, is he in his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you,

Exit Hast.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not die

Till *George* be packt with post horse vp to heauen,

Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,

With ‡ lyes well steeld with weightie arguments,

And if I faile not in my deepe intent,

Clarence hath not another day to liue :

Which done, God take king *Edward* to his mercy,

* *Well you are.*

† *ill.*

‡ *which.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

And leaue the world for me to buffell in :
 For then Ile marry *Warwicks* youngest daughter.
 What though I *kild* * her husband and her father,
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is to become her husband and her father :
 The which will I, not all so much for loue,
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes †, *Edward still liues and* ‡ raignes,
 When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the 6.

Lady Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable lord,
 If honour may be shrowded in a hearse
 Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
 The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaster*.
 Poore kei-cold figure of a holy king,
 Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*,
 Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
 Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
 To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtred sonne,
 Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes :
 Loe, in those windowes that let foorth thy life,
 I powre the helpelesse *blame* || of my poore eyes.
 Curst be the hand that made *the* § fatall holes,
 Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it,
 More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes vs wretched by the death of thee :
 Then I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.

* *kill.* † *liues.* ‡ *liues and omitted.* || *balme.* § *these.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
 Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
 Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect
 May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
 If euer he haue wife, let her be *made* *
 As miserable by the death of him,
 As I am made by my poore lord and thee.
 Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy load
 Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
 And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
 Rest you whiles I lamente king *Henries* coarfe.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarfe, and set it downe;

La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
 To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villaine, set down the coarfe, or by Saint *Paul*,
 Ile make a coarfe of him that disobeyes.

Gen. My lord † stand backe and let the coffin passe.

Glo. *Vnmanerd* ‡ dog, stand thou when I command,
 Aduance thy halbert higher then my brest,
 Or by Saint *Paul* Ile strike thee to my foote,
 And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What do you tremble, are you all afraide?
 Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
 And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
 Auant thou *dreadfull* || minister of hell,
 Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
 His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet faint for charitie, be not so curst.

La. Foul diuel, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
 For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:

* *mad:*

† *My lord omitted.*

‡ *Unmannerly.*

|| *feareful.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Fild it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes,
 If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
 Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
 Oh gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
 Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformitie,
 For tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
 Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
 Prouokes this deludge most vnnaturall.
 Oh God, which this blood madst, reuenge his death :
 Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenge his death :
 Either heauen with lightning stricke the murtherer dead,
 Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
 As thou *doest* * swallowe vp this good kings blood,
 Which his hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.

Glo. Ladie, you know no *rules* † of charitie,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God nor man :
 No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.

Glo. More wonderfull when angels are so angry,
 Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
 Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
 By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
 For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
 By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
 Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
 No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

* *didst.*

† *rule.*

Glo.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Glo. By such dispare I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didest vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead :
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is aliue.

Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by *Edwards* hand.

La. In thy foule throat thou lyeest. *Queene Margret* saw
Thy bloody * faulchion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother † beat aside the poynt.

Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laid *their* ‖ guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant yee §.

La. Doest graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if ye † will heare me name it.

La. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it madame, till I lie with you.

* bloody.

† brothers.

‖ her.

§ yea.

† you.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle ladie *Anne*,
To leave this kind incounter of *our* * wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest *that* † houre in your sweet bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These ‡ nailes should rend that beautie from *my* || cheekes.

Glo. These eies could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the funne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Black night ouersshade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuengde on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.

La. Name him.

Glo. *Plantagenet*.

La. Why *what* § was he?

Glo. The selfe same name, but one of better nature.

* *your.*

† *one.*

‡ *my.*

|| *their.*

§ *that.*

La.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

La. Where is hee?

Glo. Heere.

*Shee spitteth * at him.*

Why dost *thou spit at mee?* †

La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.

La. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler toade,
Out of my sight, thou dost infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes sweet lady haue infected mine.

La. Would they were basiliskes to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might dye at once,
For now *thy* || kill mee with a liuing death :
Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,
I neuer sued to *friend* § nor enemie,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete *soothing* ‡ words.
But now thy beautie is proposde my fee :
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,
Teach not *thy* ** lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the foule forth that *adoreth* †† thee :
I laie it naked to *the* †† deadly stroke :
And humbly beg the death vpon my *knee* |||.
Nay, do not pause, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beautie that prouoked mee :
Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king *Henry*,
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on :

Here she lets fall the sword.

Take vp *the* §§ sword againe, or take vp me.

* spittes. † *spit at him?* || *they.* § *friends.* ‡ *smoothing.*
** *my.* †† *adorneth.* †† *thy.* ||| *knees.* §§ *thy.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.

La. I haue alreadie.

Glo. Tush, that was in *the* * rage:

Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for *thy* † loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.

La. I would I *knew* ‡ thy heart.

Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.

La. I feare me both are false.

Glo. Then neuer man was true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall liue in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

La. To take is not to giue.

Glo. Look how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth *me* || poore heart.

Were § both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy *poore* §* suppliant may

But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,

Thou doest confirme his happinesse for euer:

La. What is it?

Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repaire to *Crosbie* place,
Where after I haue solemnely entered
At *Chertsie* monasterie this noble king,

* *thy.* † *my.* ‡ *know.* || *my.* § *Weare.* §* *poore devoted.*

And

RICHARD THE THIRD.

And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you :
For diuers unknowne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone.

La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent :
Tressill and *Bartly* *, goe along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

La. Tis more then you deserue :
But since you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I haue said farewell alreadie.

Exit.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the corse.

Ser. Towards *Chertsie* noble lord ?

Glo. No : to *White Fryers* : there attend my comming.

Exeunt. Manet Glo.

Was euer woman in this humor woe'd ?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne ?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that † kild her husband and *her* || father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest *heate* § :
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes.
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by :
Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against me,
And I nothing to backe my suite *withall* †
But the plaine diuell and dissembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world *to* ** nothing. Hah ?
Hath she forgot alreadie that braue prince
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since
Stabd in my angry mood at *Tewxbury* ?
A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature :
Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,

* *Barkly.*

† *What ? I haue.*

|| *his.*

§ *bate.*

† *at all.*

** *is.*

The

THE TRAGEDIE OF

The spacious world cannot againe affoord.
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
 That cropt the golden prime of this sweete prince,
 And made her widdow to a wofull bed?
 On me, whose all not equals *Edwards* moiety,
 On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?
 My dukedome to be a beggerly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while.
 Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot
 My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.
 Ile be at *charges* * for a looking-glasse,
 And entertaine some score or two of tailors
 To studie fashions to *adore* † my bodie,
 Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
 I will maintaine it with a ‡ little cost.
 But first Ile turne *you* || fellow in his graue,
 And then returne lamenting to my loue.
 Shine out faire sunne, till I haue *bought* § a glasse,
 That I may see my shadow as I passe.

Exit.

Enter Queene, lord Riuers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience madame, thers no doubt his maiestie,
 Will soon recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
 Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
 And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Ri. No other harme but losse of such a lord.

Qu. The losse of such a lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
 To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie

* *charge.*

† *adorn.*

‡ *some.*

|| *you.*

§ *brought.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Is put vnto * the trust of *Rich.* † *Glocester*,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. Is it ‡ concluded he shall be protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarrie.

Enter Buck. Darby.

Gr. Here comes the lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby*.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The countesse *Richmond* good my lord of *Darby*
To your good praiers will *scarcely* || say, Amen:
Yet *Darby*, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I § beseech you either not belecue
The enuious flanders of *her* §* accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the king to day my lord of *Darbie*?

Dar. But now the duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Came from visiting his maiestie.

Qu. What ** likelihood of his amendment lords?

Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace *speakes* †† chearfully.

Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madame we did: he desires to make attonement
Betwixt the duke of *Glocester* and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be.
I feare our happinesse is at the highest.

* in. † *Richard.* ‡ It is. || scarce. § I do. §* her false.
** *Wib.* †† *speakes.*

Enter

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not indure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the king?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such *dissentious* * rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smoothe, deceiue, and cog,
Ducke with *French* nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemye.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus *in* † simple truth must be abusde
By filken flie insinuating iackes?

Ri. To whom in *all* ‡ this presence speakes your grace?

Glo. To thee, that *hast* nor || honestie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preferue better then you *would* § wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of *Gloucester*, you mistake the matter:
The king of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouokt by any futer else,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kinred, brother, and my selfe:
Makes him to send, that *thereby* §* he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the worlde is growne so bad,
That wrens *may* ** prey where eagles dare not pearch,

* *discentions.*

† *bis.*

‡ *all* omitted.

|| *hath* no.

§ *can.*

§* *whereby.*

** *make.*

Since

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Since euery iacke became a gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a iacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother *Glo.*
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant we neuer may haue need of you.

Glo. Meane time, God *grant* * that we haue need of you,
Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are daily giuen to enoble those,
That scarce some two days since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raisde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incense his maiestie
Against the duke of *Clarence*, but haue beene
An earnest aduocat to pleade for him.
My lord, you do me shamfull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in *these* † vile *suspects* ‡.

Glo. You may denie that you were not the cause,
Of my lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.

Reu. She may my lord.

Glo. She may, *L. Riuers*, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more fir then denying that:
She may help you to many *faire* || preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What *my* § she not? she may, yea marrie may she,

Reu. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a king
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your grandam *had* §* worser match.

Q. My *L. of Glocester*, I haue too long borne

* *grants.*
§* *bad a.*

† *such.*

‡ *suspect.*

|| *faire* omitted.

§ *may.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his maiestie,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey seruant mayd,
Then a great queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at
Smal ioy haue I in being *Englands* queene.

Enter Qu. Margret.

Q. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you with the telling of * the king?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I † sayd,
I will auouch in presence of the king:
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward* my poore sonne at *Teuxburie*.

Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduersaires,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband *Gray*,
Were factious for the house of *Lancaster*:
And *Riuers*, so were you. Was not your husband
In *Margarets* battale at *Saint Albons* slaine:
Let me put in your mindes ‡ if yours forget
What you haue bene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue bene, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.

* or.

† I haue.

‡ minde.

Glo.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his father *Warwicke*,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which *Iesu* pardon).

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

Glo. To fight on *Edwards* partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ri. My lord of *Glocester* in those busie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our lord, our lawfull king,
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

* *Qu. Mar.* † As little ioy (my lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the queene thereof.

* *Qu. Mar.* A little ioy enioyes the queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioyleffe.
I can no longer hold me patient.

Heare me you wrangling pyrates that fall out,
In sharing § out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you *trembles* ‡ not that *looke* || on me?
If not, that I being queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you *deposde* §*, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?

Qu. M. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:

* These two speeches are joined in one of the copies. † *Qu.* § *I shaking.*
‡ *tremble.* || *looks.* §* *dispos'd.*
A huf.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

A husband and a sonne thow owest *to* § me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, *is* * mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorn *drewst* † riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the duke a clout,
Steept in *the* ‡ blood of prettie *Rutland*:
His curses then from bitternesse of foule,
Denounc'd against thee, *are* || fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buc. *Northumberland* then present, wept to see it.

Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you *now* §* your hatred *all* ** on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread curse preuaile so much with heauē,
That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,
Their kingdomes *losse* ††, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quick curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your king?
As *our* ‡‡ by murder, to make him a king.
Edward thy ||| sonne, which now is prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* my son, which *was* §§ prince of *Wales*,

§ unto.	* are.	† drew.	‡ the faultlesse.	are all.
§* all.	** now.	†† lost.	‡‡ ours.	my.
§† Died.	†* violences.			§§ was the.

Die

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Die * in his youth, by like vntimely violence †,
 Thy selfe a queene, for me that was a queene,
 Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched selfe:
 Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deckt in thy *glorie* ‡, as thou art stald in mine:
 Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
 And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor *Englands* queene,
Riuers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
 And so was thou *Lo. || Hastings*, when my sonne
 Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
 That none of you may liue your naturall age,
 But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Qu. M. And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt hear me,
 If heauen haue any greenous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
 O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
 And then hurle downe their indignation
 On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
 The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
 Thy friends suspect for traytors while thou liuest,
 And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
 No sleepe close vp *that* § deadly eye §* of thine,
 Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame
 Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
 Thou *eluisb* ** markt, abortiue rooting hog,
 Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
 The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
 Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,

* Died. † violences. ‡ rights. || Lord. § the. §* eyes.
 ** eluisb.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard.

Glo. Ha.

Qu. Ma. I call thee not.

*Glo. Then I crie thee mercie : for I had thought
Thou hadst * cald me all these bitter names.*

*Qu. Mar. Why so I did, but lookt † for no reply :
O let me make the period to my curse.*

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

‡ *Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your selfe,*

*Qu. M. Poore painted queene, vaine flourish of my fortune :
Why strewst thou fuger on that botled spider,
Whose deadly web insnareth thee about ?*

*Foole, foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when ‖ thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poisoned § bunchbackt toade,*

Hast. False boading § woman, end thy frantike curse,
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.*

Qu. M. Foule shame upon you, you haue oll mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.

*Qu. M. To serue me well, you all †† should do me dutie,
Teach me to be your queene, and you my subiects :
O serue †† me well, and teach your selues that dutie.*

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

*Qu. M. Peace maister marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce currant :
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to loose it and be miserable ?*

* *hast.* † *looke.* ‡ This line in some copies is given to *Gloster.*
§ *that.* §* *poisonous.* §* *boasting.* †† *all omitted.* †† *Obferue.*

They

RICHARD THE THIRD.

They that stand high, haue *many* * blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash them *selues* † to peeces.

Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it marques.

Dorf. It toucheth you (my lord) as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the funne.

Qu. M. And turnes the sunne to shade, alas, alas,
Witnes my *sunne* ‡, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darknesse foulded vp :
Your aerie buildeth in our aeries neast.
O God that seest it, do not suffer it :
As it was wonne with bloud, lost be it so.

Buck. Haue done for shame if not for charitie.

Qu. M. Vrge neither charitie nor shame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charitie is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame *still* || liue my sorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. Marg. O princely *Buckingham*, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amitie with thee :
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our bloud,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buck. Nor *no one* § here, for curses neuer passe
The lips of *those* §* that breath them in the ayre.

Q. M. Ile not beleue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O *Buckingham* beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,

* *mighty.*
§* *them.*

† *selues* omitted.

‡ *sonne.*

|| *shall.*

§ *none.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
 Haue not to do with him, beware of him :
 Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
 And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say my lord of *Buckingham* ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious lord.

Qu. Mar. What doest thou scorne me for my gentle counsell,
 And soothe * the diuell that I warne thee from ?

O but remember this another day,
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
 And say poore *Margaret* was a prophetesse :

Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,

And he to you †, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.

Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at libertie.

Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 My part thereof that I haue done.

Qu. ‡ I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
 I was too hot to do some body good,
 That is too colde in thinking of || it now :
 Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repaid,
 He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
 God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Riu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion.
 To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.

Glo. So do I euer being well aduise,
 For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Cats. Madame his maiestie doth call for you.
 And for your noble § grace : and you my noble lord.

Qu. Catsby, we come, lords will you go with vs.

* sooth'd.

† your.

‡ Hast.

|| on.

§ noble omitted.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Ri. Madame, we will attend your grace.

Exeunt. Ma. Glo.

Glo. I do *thee* * wrong, and first began to braule,
The secret *mischiefe* † that I set abroad,
I lay vnto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeed haue laid in darkenesse :

I do beweepe to many simple guls :

Namely to *Hastings*, *Darby*, *Buckingham*,

And say it is ‡ the queene, and her allies

That *stirre* || the *K.* § against the duke my brother.

Now they beleue me, and withall *whet* §* me

To be reuengd on *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.

But *then* ** sigh, and with a piece of scripture,

Tell them that God bids vs *to* †† do good for euill :

And thus I cloath my naked villanie

With old od ends, stolne out of holy writ,

And seeme a faint, when most I play the diuell.

But soft here comes my executioners.

Enter Executioners.

How now, my hardy stout resolued mates,

Are ye *now* †† going to dispatch this deed ?

Exe. We are my lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me.

When you haue done, repaire to *Crofbie* place :

But sirs, be sudden in the execution :

Withall, obdurate : do not heare him pleade,

For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhaps

May moue your hearts to pittie if you mark him.

* *the.* † *mischiefes.* ‡ *was.* || *stirres.* § *King.* §*. *wich.*
** *then I.* †† *to omitted.* †† *not.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Exe. Tush, feare not, my lord we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured :
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eies drop milstones, when fooles eies drop tears.
I like you lads, about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes your grace so heauily to day?

Cl. Oh, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gastly dreames,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of dismall terror was the time.

Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.

Cl. Me thought I was imbarkt for *Burgundie*,
And in my company my brother *Glocester*,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, *thence we lookt* * toward *England*,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the warres of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
That had befallen vs: as we *past* † along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Me thought that *Gloster* stumbled, and in stumbling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyse of *waters* ‡ in mine eares,
What vgly sights || of death within mine eyes :
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,

* *there he looks*

† *pas'd.*

‡ *water.*

|| *What a sight.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Inestimable stones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere * in sorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which *wade* † the slimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Bro. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had: for stil the enuious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To *keepe* ‡ the emptie vast and wandring ayre,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. Awakt you not with this fore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest *to* || my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman which poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my *stranger* § soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned *Warwick*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: then came wandring by,
A shadow like an angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squeakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd *Clarence*,
That stabd me in the field by *Teuxburie*:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,

* *As if it were.*

† *wode.*

‡ *seek.*

|| *of.*

§ *strangers.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

I trembling, wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Bro. No maruell (my *Lo.* *) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Cla. O *Brokenburie*, I haue done those things,
Which now *beare* † euidence against my foule,
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My foule is heauie, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle :
And for vnfelt *imagination* ‡,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares :
So that betwixt *your* || titles, and lowe names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither ?

Exe. I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my
legs.

Bro. Yea, are ye so brieft ?

2. *Exe.* O sir, it is better to be brieft then tedious,
Shew him *our* § commission talke no more. *He* readeth §* *it*.

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble duke of *Clarence* to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning :

* *Lord.* † *beares.* ‡ *imaginations.* || *their.* § *your.*
§* *reades.*

Heere

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Heere are the keyes, there sits the duke a sleepe:
Ile to his maiestie and certifie his grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you.

Exe. Do so, it is a poynt of wisedome.

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepest?

1. No, then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.

2. When he wakes,

Why foole he shall neuer wake till the iudgement day.

1. Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping.

2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kind of remorse in me.

1. What, art thou afraid?

2. Not to kil him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.

1. Backe to the duke of *Gloster*, tell him so.

2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one *would* * tel. xx.

1. How doest thou feele thy selfe now?

2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now?

2. In the duke of *Glosters* purse.

1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe, ther's fewe or none will entertaine it.

1. How if it come to thee againe?

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,

But it accuseth him, he cannot *steale* † but it checks him:

He cannot lye with his neighbours wife but it detects

* *could.* † *swear.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Him, it is a blushing *shamfast* * spirit that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a piece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, endeouours to trust
To himselfe, and to liue without it.

1. Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow perswading me
Not to kill the duke.

2. Take the deuill in thy minde, and beleeeue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

1. Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2. *Stood* † like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare?

1. Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of my ‡ sword,
And then we will chop him in the malmsey-but in the next
roome:

2. Oh, excellent deuice, make a *soppe* || of him.

1. Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?

2. No, first lets reason with him. *Cla. awaketh.*

Cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.

1. You shall haue wine enough, my *Lo.* § anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

2. A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as we are, loyall.

Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2. My voyce is now the kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly doost thou speake?

Tell me who are you? wherefore *come* §* you hither?

Am. To, to, to.

* *shameful.* † *Spoke.* ‡ *thy.* || *scoop.* § *Lord.* §* *came.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Cla. To murther me?

Am. I.

Cla. You *scarsely* * haue the *hearts* † to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the *hearts* † to do it,
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the king.

Cla. I shall be reconcild to him againe.

2. Neuer my *Lo.* ‡ therefore prepare to die.

Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?

Where are the euidence *to* || accuse me?

What lawfull quest *haue* § giuen their verdict vp

Vnto the frowning iudge, or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore *Clarence* death,

Before I be conuict by course of law?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:

I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,

By Christs deare blood shed for our greeuous sins

That you depart and lay no hands on me,

The deede you vndertake is damnable.

1. What we will do, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded is §* the king.

Cla. Erronious vassaile, the great King of kings,
Hath in his *tables* ‡‡ of his law commanded,

That thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?

Take heede, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,

To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.

2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too?

Thou didst receiue the holy sacrament

To fight in ||| quarrell of the house of *Lancaster*,

* scarce. † heart. ‡ Lord. || that do. § hath. §* us is.
‡‡ table. ||| the.

1. And

THE TRAGEDIE OF

1. And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnripest the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.

2. Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For *Edward*, for my brother, for his sake:

Why sirs, he sends ye * not to murder me for this,

For in this sinne he is as deepe as I.

If God will be reuenged for this deede,

Take not the quarrell from his powerful arme,

He needs no indirect nor lawfull † course,

To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant *spring* ‡, braue *Plantagenet*,

That || princely nouice was strooke dead by thee?

Cla. My brothers loue, the deuill, and my rage.

1. Thy brothers loue, the deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.

Cla. Oh, if you loue § brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I loue him well:

If you be hirde for need §*, go backe againe,

And I will send you to my brother *Glocester*,

Who will reward you better for my life,

Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiu'd, your brother *Glocester* hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.

Am. I, so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:

And chargd vs from his foule to loue each other,

* you.

† lawless.

‡ springing.

|| The.

§ loue my.

§* meede.

He

RICHARD THE THIRD.

He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid *Glocester* thinke of this and he will weepe.

Am. I, milstones, as he leffond vs to weepe.

Cla. O, do not slander him, for he is kinde.

1. Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hudge me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.

1. Make peace with God, for you must die my lord!

Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God *for* * murdering me?
Ah firs consider he that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede.

2. What shall we do?

Cla. Relent and saue your foules.

1. Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreate for me:
A begging prince, what begger pitties not?

1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey but in the next roome.

2. A bloodie deede, and desperately performd,
How faine like *Pilate* would I wash my hand,
Of this most grievous guiltie murder done.

1. Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauens the duke shall know how slacke thou art.

* *by.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

2. I would he knew that I had faued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I fay,
For I repent me that the duke is flaine. *Exit.*

1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art:
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this wil out, and here I must not stay. *Excunt.*

*Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c. **

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue *this* † vnited league,
I euery day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part *to* ‡ heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and *Hastings*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.

Hast. So thriue I as I *sweare* || the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your king,
Least he that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Riu. And I, as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.

Kin. Madam, your selfe *are* § not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfaignedly:

* *Dorset, &c.* † *the.* ‡ *for.* || *truly sweare.* § *is.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Qu. Here *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.

Dor. Thus * enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.

Ha. And so sweare I † my lord.

Kin. Now princely *Buckingham* seale thou ‡ this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your || vnitie.

Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours; God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Gloster* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble duke.

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.

Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed peeres.

Glo. A blessed labour most § soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here

* This. † I sweare. ‡ up. || this. § my most.

By

THE TRAGEDIE OF

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
 Haue *ought* * committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this prefence, I desire
 To reconcile me to *his* † friendly peace,
 Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
 I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
 First madame, I *intreat* ‡ peace of you.
 Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
 Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,
 If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs.
 Of you my lord *Riuers*, and lord *Gray* of you,
 That all without desert haue frownd on me,
 Dukes, earles, lords, gentlemen, in deed of all?
 I do not know that *Englisb* man aliue,
 With whom my foule is any iotte at oddes,
 More then the infant that is borne to night:
 I thanke my God for my humilitie.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
 I would to God all *strifes* || were well compounded,
 My foueraigne liege I do beseech your maiestie
 To take our brother *Clarence* to your grace.

Glo. Why madame, haue I offred loue for this,
 To be thus *scornde* § in this royall prefence?
 Who knowes not that the noble duke is dead?
 You do him iniurie to scorne his coarfe.

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I so pale lord *Dorset* as the rest?

Dor. I my good lord, and *no one* §* in this prefence,
 But his red colour hath forfooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerst.

* *thought*, † *this*. ‡ *intreat true*. || *strife*. § *scorned*.
 §* *none*.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Glo. But he (poore foule) by your first order *dide* *,
 And that a winged *Mercury* did beare,
 Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
 That came too lagge to see him buried :
 God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
 Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood :
 Deferue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet goe currant from fuspition.

Enter Darbie.

Dar. A boone (my foueraigne) for my seruice done.

Kin. I pray thee peace, my foule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt.

Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demaundst ?

Dar. The forfeit (foueraigne) of my seruants life,
 Who flew to day a ryotous gentleman.
 Lately *attendant* † on the duke of *Norffolke*.

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
 And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue ;
 My brother flew no man, his fault was *thought* ‡,
 And yet his punishment was cruell death.
 Who sued to me for him ? who in my rage,
 Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduisde ?
 Who spake of brother-hood ? who of loue ?
 Who told me how the poore foule did forsake
 The mightie *Warwicke*, and did fight for me ?
 Who told me in the field by *Teuxburie*,
 When *Oxford* had me downe, he rescued me,
 And said, deare brother, liue and be a king ?
 Who told me when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he *did lappe* || me,
 Euen in his owne *garments* §, and gaue himselfe

* died.

† attending.

‡ nought.

|| lapt.

§ armes.

VOL. III.

Q

All

THE TRAGEDIE OF

All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
 But when your carters or your waighting vassailes
 Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our *deare* * Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
 And I vniustly too, must graunt it you
 But for my brother, not a *maist* † would speake,
 Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
 For him, poore soule: the proudest of ‡ you all
 Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
 Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde
 On me, and you and mine, and yours for this.
 Come *Hastings*, helpe me to my closet, oh poore *Clarence*.

Exit.

Glo. This is the fruite of *rawnes* ||: markt you not
 How that the guiltie kindred of the queene,
 Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
 Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the king,
 God will reuenge it. But come lets in
 To comfort *Edward* with our company.

Exeunt.

Enter dutches of Yorke with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your breast?
 And crie, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy sonne?

Girle. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head?
 And call us *wretches* §, orphanes, castawayes,
 If that our noble father be aliue?

* *dearest.*

† *man.*

‡ *one.*

|| *rashness.*

§ *wretched.*

Dut.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Dut. My prettie cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sicknesse of the king:

As loth to loose him, *not* * your fathers *death* †:
It were lost labour to weepe for one's that lost.

Boy. Then granam you conclude that he is dead,
The king my vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the king doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot gesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good vncle *Glocester*
Told me, the king prouoked by the queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his *arme* ‡, and kindly kist my *cheeke* ||,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my vncle did dissemble, granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noife is this?

Enter the Queene.

Qu. *Who* § shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment myselfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my *selfe* §*,
And to my selfe become an enemye.

* *now.*

† *dead.*

‡ *arms.*

|| *cheekes.*

§ *Who who. Oh who.*

§* *soule.*

Q 2

Dut.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my lord, your sonne our king is dead.
 Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
 Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
 If you will liue, lament: if die, be brieve:
 That our swift winged foules may catch the kings,
 Or like obedient subiects, follow him
 To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
 As I had title in *thy* * noble husband:
 I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
 And liu'd by looking on his images.
 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
 Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
 And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
 Which greeues me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
 But death hath snatcht my children frō mine armes,
 And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, oh what cause haue I
 Then, being but moitie of my *griefe* †,
 To ouergo thy plaints and drowne *the* ‡ cries?

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for *our* || fathers death,
 How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Girl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
 Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
 I am not barren to bring forth laments,
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
 That I being gouern'd by the watry *moane* §,

* *my.*

† *selfe.*

‡ *thy.*

|| *my.*

§ *moone.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world :

Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Amb. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What staie had I but *Edward*, and he is gone.

Amb. What staie had we but *Clarence*, and he is * gone?

Dut. What staies † had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer ‡ widow, had so deare a losse.

Amb. Was euer orphanes had a dearer || losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse,

Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are generall :

She for *Edward* weepes, and so do I :

I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she :

These babes for *Clarence* weepe, and so do I :

I for an *Edward* weepe, and so do they §,

Alas, you three on me threefold distrest.

Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Enter Gloster, with others.

Glo. Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause

To waile the dimming of our shining starre :

But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.

Madame my mother, I do cry you mercie,

I did not see your grace, humbly on my knee

I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy minde,

Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man.

Thats the butt end of my §* mothers blessing :

I maruell why her grace did leaue it out ?

* is he.

† stay.

‡ euer.

|| so deare a.

§ so do not they.

§* a.

Q 3

Buck.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest *for* * this king,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must *greatly* † be preferu'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the yong prince be fetcht
Hither to *London*, to be crownd our king.

Glo. Then be it so: and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to *Ludlow*,
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.

Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt. Manet Glo. Buck.*

Buck. My lord, who euer iourneyes to the prince)
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the storie we *lately* ‡ talkt off,
To part the queenes proude kindred from the king.

Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My oracle, my prophet, my deare cosen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards *Ludlow* then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.

1. Heare you the newes abroad?

2. I that the king is dead.

1. Bad newes birlady, feldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a *troublesome* || world.

* *of.*

† *gently.*

‡ *late.*

|| *troublous.*

Enter

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter another Cit.

3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.

Doth this newes hold of good kings *Edwards* death?

1. It doth.

3. Then maisters look to see a *troublous* * world.

1. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.

3. Wo to that land thats gouerned by a childe.

2. In him there is a hope of gouernment,

That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,

And in his full and ripened yeeres himselfe,

No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

1. So stood the state when *Harry* † the sixt

Was crownd at *Paris*, but at *nine* ‡ moneths olde.

3. Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,

For then *this* || land was famously enricht

With politike graue counsell: then the king

Had vertuous vncles to protect his grace.

2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.

3. Better it were they all came by the father,

Or by the father there were none at all:

For emulation now, who shall be *nearest* §,

Which §* touch vs all too neare if God preuent not.

Oh full of danger is the duke of *Glocester*,

And the queenes kindred hautie and proude,

And were they to be rulde, and not *to* ** rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

2. Come, come, we feare the woorst, all shall be well.

3. When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.

When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:

When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?

Vntimely stormes *make men* †† expect a dearth:

* *troublesome.*

† *Henrie.*

‡ *xi.*

|| *our.*

§ *earnest.*

§* *Will.*

** *to omitted.*

†† *makes them,*

Q 4

All

THE TRAGEDIE OF

All *may* † be well: but if God fort it so,
Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

1. Truly the foules of men are full of *dread* ‡:
Ye. || cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not *heauily* § and full of feare.

3. Before the *times* * of change, still *is it* ** so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by prooffe we see,
The waters swell before a boystrous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?

2. We are sent for to the iustice.

3. And so was I, Ile beare you companie.

Excunt.

Enter Cardinall, *dutches* of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night I heard they lay at *Northhampton*,
At *Stonistratford* will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the prince,
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of *Yorke*
Hath almost †† ouertane him in *his* ‡‡ growth.

Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why my yong cousin it is good to grow.

Yor. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My vncl *Riuers* talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my vncl *Glo.* |||
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make haste.

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:

† *men.* ‡ *bread.* || *Yea,* § *heavy.* * *time.* ** *it is.*
†† *almost* omitted. ‡‡ *his* omitted. ||| *Glocester.*

He

RICHARD THE THIRD.

He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were *a rule* *, he should be gracious.

Car. Why madame, so no doubt he is.

Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred
I could haue giuen my vncles grace a flout,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did mine.

Dut. How my prettie *Yorke*? I pray thee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry they say, *that* † my vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres *hold* ‡ :
Twas full two yeers ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.

Dut. I pray thee prettie *Yorke*, who told thee so?

Yor. Granam, his nurse.

Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.

Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.

Car. Good madame be not angry with the child.

Qu. Pitchers *haue* || eares.

Enter Dorset.

Car. Here comes your sonne, lord marques *Dorset*,
What newes lord marques?

Dor. Such newes, my lord, as grieues me to vnfold.

Qu. How fares the prince?

Dor. Well, madame, and in health.

Dut. What is the newes then?

Dor. Lord *Riuers*, and lord *Gray*, are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them, sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

* *true.*

† *that omitted.*

‡ *old.*

|| *bath.*

Dor.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Dor. The mightie dukes, *Glocester* and *Buckingham*.

Car. For what offence?

Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these nobles were committed.
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious lady.

Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The tyger now hath ceazd the gentle hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a mappe the end of all.

Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe *their* * gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblown, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end *thy* † damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Q. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuarie.

Dut. Ile go along with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Car. My gracious ladie, go.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your grace,
The seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

* were. † the.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

The trumpets sound. Enter yong Prince, the dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.

Buc. Welcome sweete prince to *London* to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome deare cosen my thoughts foueraigne.
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.

Prin. No vncke, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:
I want more vnckes here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweete prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath * not yet diued into the worlds deceit:

Nor † more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldom or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those vnckes which you want, were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the maior of *London* comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. M. God blesse your grace, with health and happy daies.

Prin. I thanke you good my L. ‡ and thanke you all:
I thought my mother and my brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no.

Enter L. Ha.

Buck. And in good time heere comes the sweating lord.

Prin. Welcome my lord, what, will our mother come?

* *Have.*

† *No.*

‡ *Lord.*

Hast.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The queene your mother, and your brother *Yorke*
Haue * taken sanctuarie: the tender prince
Would *faine* † come with me to meete your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? lord cardinall, will your grace
Perswade the queene *they* ‡ send the duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his princely brother presently?
If she denie, lord *Hastings* go with *them* ||,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My L. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the duke of *Yorke*,
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, *God* § forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of so *great* §* a sinne.

Buck. You are too sencelesse obstinate my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the *grosenesse* ** of *this* †† age,
You breake not sanctuarie in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.
Then *taking* ||| him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,
But sanctuarie children neuer till now.

* *Hath.* † *faine haue.* ‡ *to.* || *him.* § *God in heaven.*
§* *deep.* ** *greatnesse.* †† *his.* ||| *take.*

Car.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Car. My lord, you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

Hast. I go my lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*

Pri. Good lords make all the speedie hast you may.
Say vncle *Glocester*, if our brother come,
Where shall we soiourne till our coronation?

Glo. Where it *thinkst* * best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsel you some day or two,
Your highnesse shall repose you at the *Tower*:
Then where you please & † shal be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Pri. I do not like the *Tower* of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæsar* build that place my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious L. ‡ begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.

Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?

Buck. Vpon record my gracious lord.

Prin. But say my lord it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall *ending* || day.

Glo. So wise, so yong, they say do neuer liue long.

Prin. What say you vncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame liues long:
Thus § like the formall vice, iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That *Iulius Cæsar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of *his* §* conquerour,

* *seemes.* † *as.* ‡ *Lord.* || *all ending.* § *That.* §* *this.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

For now he liues in fame, though not in life :
Ile tell you what my cousen *Buckingham*.

Buck. What my gracious lord ?

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our auncient right in *France* againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a king.

Glo. Short sommers *lightly* * haue a forward spring.

Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, here comes the duke of *Yorke*.

Prin. Rich. † of *Yorke*, how fares our noble ‡ brother ?

Yor. Well my *deare* || lord : so must I call you now.

Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours :
Too late he dide that might haue kept *that* § title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our cousen noble *L.* §* of *Yorke* ?

Yor. I thanke you gentle vncl. O my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath *out* ** growne me farre.

Glo. He hath my lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle ?

Glo. Oh my faire cousen, I must not say so.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my foueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you vncl giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little cousen, with all my heart.

Prin. A begger brother ?

Yor. Of my kind vncl that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no *griefe* †† to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my cosen.

* *likely.* † *Richard.* ‡ *loving.* || *dread.* § *this.* §* *Lord.*
** *ouer.* †† *gift.*

Yor.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Yor. A greater gift? O thats the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle cosen, were it light enough.

Yor. O than I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is too *weightie* * for your grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle lord?

Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.

Glo. How?

Yor. Litle.

Prin. My Lo: of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am litle like an ape.

He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
To mittigate the scorne he giue † his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so yong is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along?
My selfe and my good cousen *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.

Yor. What will you goe vnto the *Tower* my lord?

Prin. My lord protector will ‡ haue it so.

Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the *Tower*.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Yor. Mary my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:
My granam tolde me he was mured there.

Prin. I feare no vncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

* *beavy.*

† *giues.*

‡ *needs will.*

Prin.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my *L.* * with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the *Tower*.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dorf. manet Rich. Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating *Yorke*,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and sorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, oh tis a *perilous* † boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.

Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make *William L. Hastings* of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble duke,
In the seate royall of this famous ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against hm

Buc. What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what will he?

Cat. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were asfarre off!
Sound ‡ lord *Hastings* how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And give vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counfels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt || highly be employed.

* *Lord.*

† *perious.*

‡ *Sound thou.*

|| *shall.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Glo. Commend me to lord *Willam*, tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* castle,
And bid my friend * for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle † mistresse *Shore*, one gentle kisse the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse foundly.

Cat. My good lords both: with all the heed I may.

Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we sleepe?

Cat. You shall my lord. *Exit Catesby.*

Glo. At *Crosby* place, there shall you find vs both.

Buck. Now my lord, what shall we do, if we perceiue
William lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will do,
And looke when I am king claime thou of me
The earledome of *Herford* and the mooueables,
Whereof the king my brother stood posselt.

Buc. Ile claime that promise at your graces hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with ‡ willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. *Excunt.*

Enter a Messenger to lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my lord.

Hast. Who knocks at the doore?

Mes. A messenger from the L. || *Stanley*.

Enter L. Hast.

Hast. Whats a clocke?

Mes. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Hast. Cannot thy maister sleepe the § teditous nights §*?

* friends.

† gentle omitted.

‡ with all.

|| Lord.

§ these.

§* night.

VOL. III.

R

Mes.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Mef. So it should seeme by that I haue to say :
First he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then.

Mef. And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to night the *beare* * had *caste* † his helme :
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your lordships pleasure
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post into the north,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

Hast. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy lord :
Bid him not feare the separated counsels :
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant *Catesby* :
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers.
To flye the boare before the boare pursue vs,
Were to incense the boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane *no* ‡ chafe.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the *Tower*,
Where he shall see the boare will vse vs kindly.

Mef. My gracious lord, Ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to L. Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble lord.

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby* : you are early stirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state ?

* boare. † caste. ‡ to.

Cat.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my lord,
And I beleue twill neuer stand vpright
Till *Richard* weare the garland of the realme.

Hast. Who *? weare the garland? doest thou meane the
crowne?

Cat. I my good lord.

Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the crowne so foule misplaste:
But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?

Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queene must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for *that* † newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* side,
To barre my maisters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a tweluemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maisters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the *Catesby*.

Cat. What my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so *fals* it ‡ out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*: and so twill doo
With some men els, who thinke themselues as safe

* *How.*

† *this.*

‡ *it falls.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cat. The princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

Enter lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your boare-speare man?
Feare you the boare and goe so vnprouided?

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may iest on, but by the holy roode,
I do not like these feuerall counsellis I.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so tryumphant as I am?

Sta. The lords at * *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,
And † indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day orecaſt,
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needlesse coward,
But come my L. ‡ shall we to the *Tower*?

Ha. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you *talke* || of, are beheaded.

Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their *bat* §:
But come my L. let vs away. §* *Exit L. Standley, & Cat.*

Ha. Go you before, Ile follow presently.

* of. † And they. ‡ Lord. || talk'd. § bats. §* This
Exit is not marked in the first edition.

Enter

RICHARD THE THIRD.

*Enter Hastings * a pursuant.*

Hast. Well met *Hastings*, how goes the world with thee?

Pur. The better that it please your good † lordship to ask,

Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,

Then when I met thee last where now we meete :

Then was I going prisoner to the *Tower*,

By the suggestion of the queenes allies :

But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then euer I was.

Pur. God hold it to your honours good content.

Hast. Gramercy *Hastings*, hold spend thou that.

He giues him his purse.

Pur. God saue your lordship.

Exit Pur.

Enter a Priest.

Hast. What sir *John*, you are well met :

I am beholding to you for your last dayes execise :

Come the next sabboth, and I will content you.

He whisperrs in his eare.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. How now lord chamberlaine, what talking with a
priest ?

Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need the priest.

Your honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Those men you talke of, came into my minde :

What, go you to the *Tower* my lord ?

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,

I shall returne before your lordship thence.

* *Haste.*

† *good omitted.*

R 3

Hast.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buc. And supper too, although thou knowst it not:
Come shall we goe along? *

*Enter sir Richard Ratliffe, with the lord Riuers, Gray, and
Vaughan, prisoners.*

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir *Richard Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood suckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret, Pomfret.* Oh thou bloudie prision,
Fatall and *ominious* † to noble peeres:
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles

Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more flaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds ‡ to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margarets* curse is false vpon our heads,
For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

Ri. Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,
Then curst she *Richard*. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your *liues* || is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let vs all imbrace
And take our *leau* §, vntill we meete in heauen.

Exeunt.

* *Exeunt.*

† *ominious.*

‡ *blood.*

|| *lines.*

§ *leaves.*

Enter

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter the lords to counsell.

Hast. My lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.

In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and *let but* * nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the lord protectors minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know
his mind.

Buc. Who I my lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,
Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neare in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation
I haue not founded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:
But you *my* † L. may name the time,
And in the dukes behalfe Ile giue my voice,
Which I presume he will take in *gentle* ‡ part.

Bish. Now in good time here comes the duke him selfe.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. || and cousens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a *sleeper* §, but now §* I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my prefence might haue bene concluded.

* *wants. yet in.* † *my noble.* ‡ *good.* || *Lord.* § *sleepe.*
§* *now omitted.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part :
I meane your voice *for* * crowning of the king.

Glo. Then my *L. Hastings*, no man might be bolder,
His lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My lord of *Elie*.

Bish. My lord.

Glo. When I was last in *Holborne*,
I sawe good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I goe my lord.

Glo. Cousen *Buckingham*, a word with you :
Catesby hath founded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And findes the testy gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head *are* † giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of *Englands* throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my *L.* Ile follow you.

Ex. Glo.

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too *soone* ‡ :
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

Enter the bishop of Elie.

Bi. Where is my *L.* protector, I haue sent for these straw-
berries.

Hast. His grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in *Christendome*,

* *from.*

† *ere.*

‡ *sodaine.*

That

RICHARD THE THIRD.

That can *lesser* * hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue *shewen* † it in his face.

Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my bodie with their hellish charmes?

Hast. The tender loue I beare your grace my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my lord they haue deserued death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewicht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,
Conforted with that harlot strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious lord.

Glo. If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Telst thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by faint *Paul*,
I will not dine to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:
The rest that loue me, come and follow me.

Exeunt, manet Ca. with Hast.

Ha. Wo wo for *England*, not a whit for me:
For I too fond might haue preuented this:

* *lesse.*

† *shewde.*

Stanley

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
 But I disdained it, and did scorne to flie,
 Three times to day my footecloth horse did stumble,
 And startled when he lookt vpon the *Tower*,
 As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
 Oh, now I want * the priest that spake to me,
 I now repent I told the pursuant,
 As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
 How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
 And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour :
 Oh *Margaret, Margaret* : now thy heauie curse
 Is lighted † on poore *Hastings* wretched head.

Cat. Dispatch my lord, the duke would be at dinner :
 Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
 Which we more hunt for, then for ‡ the grace of heauen :
 Who builds his hopes in || aire of your faire lookes,
 Liues like a drunken fayler on a mast,
 Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
 Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
 Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
 They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come cosen, canst thou quake and change thy colour?
Murther § thy breath in middle of a word,
 And then begin againe and stop againe,
 As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
 I can counterfeit the deepe tragedian,
 Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side :
 Intending deepe suspition, gastly lookes

* warrant. † lightened. ‡ for omitted. || in the. § smother.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems.

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord maior.

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. *Catesby* ouerlooke the walles.

Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vn suspected *Hastings*.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe :
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian :
Looke ye my lord maior :

*I** made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The historie of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted :
I meane his conuersation with *Shores* wife,
He laid from all attainer of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost belecue, wert not by great preservation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor

* *I omitted.*

Had

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good lord of *Glocester*.

Mayor. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are *Turks* or infidels,
Or that we *would* * against the *course* † of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of *England*, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good *L.* ‡ both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistresse *Shore*.

Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends
Some what against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my lord, wee would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same
Vnto the cittizens, who happily may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. My || good *L.* § your *graces* §* word shall serue,
As well as ** I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this *cause* ††.

Glo. And to that end we wisht ‡‡ your lordship here,
To auoid the carping censures of the world.

* should. † forme. ‡ Lords. || But my. § Lord. §* gr-
eious. ** as if. †† case. ‡‡ wisht.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Buc. But since you *come* * too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my lord adue.

Exit Maior.

Glo. After, after, cousen *Buckingham*.
The maior towards *Guild-hall* hies him in all post,
There at your *meetst* † aduantage of the time,
Inferre the basterdy of *Edwards* children :
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thercof was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And *bestiall* ‡ appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll listd to make his prey :
Nay for a need thus farre come neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiate *Edward*, noble *Yorke*,
My princely father then had warres in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my lord, my *brother* || liues.

Buc. Feare not, my lord, Ile play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my selfe.

Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to *Baynards* castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend fathers and well learned bishops.

* *came.* † *meetest.* ‡ *beastly.* || *mother.*

Buc.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes *Guildhall* affordeth, and so my lord farwell.

Ex. Buc.

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the princes.

Exit.

Enter a scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good lord *Hastings*,
Which in a fet hand fairely is engros'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in *Pauls* :
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued lord *Hastings*,
Vntainted, vnexamined : free, at libertie :
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice ?
Yet who so blind *but* * sayes he sees it not ?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought.

Exit.

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my lord what say the citizens ?

Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizenes are mumme, and speake not a word.

Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of *Edwards* children ?

Buc. I did : with the infatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles : his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in *France* :

* *that.*

Withall

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in *one* * forme and noblenesse of minde:
 Layd open † all your victories in *Scotland*:
 Your discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
 Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
 Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
 Vntouch't, or flieghtly handled in discourse:
 And when my oratorie grew to ‡ end,
 I bad them that *loues* || their countries good,
 Cry, God saue *Richard*, *Englands* royall king.

Glo. A, and did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,
 But like dumbe statues or *breathlesse* § stones,
 Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them:
 And askt the mayor what *meant* §* this wilfull silence?
 His answere was, the people were not wont
 To be spoke too, but by the recorder.
 Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
 Thus faith the duke, thus hath the duke inferd:
 But nothing *spake* ** in warrant from himselfe:
 When he had done, some followers of mine owne
 At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
 And some ten voyces cryed, God saue king *Richard*:
 Thankes louing citizens and friends quoth I,
 This generall applause and louing shoute,
 Argues your wisedome and your loues to *Richard*:
 And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blocks were they, would they not
 speake?

Buc. No by my troth my Lord.

* your. † upon. ‡ to an. || did loue. § breathing. §* meanes.
 ** speake.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Glo. Will not the mayor then, and his brethren come?

Buc. The maior is *heere* *: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie sute:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two church-men good my lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant;
Be not *easie* † wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt wee le bring it to a happy issue.

Buc. You shal see what I can do, get *you* ‡ vp to the
leads. *Ex.*

Now my lord mayor, *I* || dance attendance heere,
I think the duke will not be spoken withall.

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his seruant: how now *Catesby*, what sayes he?

Cat. My lord he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within *with two* § reuerend fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy lord again,
Tell him my selfe, the maior and citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing *then* §* our generall good,
Are come to haue some cōference with his grace.

Cat. Ile tell him what you say my lord. *Exit.*

Buc. A ha my lord, this prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,

* *heere at hand.* † *easilie.* ‡ *you omitted.* || *you.* § *and*
two right. §* *them then.* But

RICHARD THE THIRD.

But on his knees at meditation :
Not dallying with a brace of curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe diuines :
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the foueraigntie thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What sayes your lord?

Cat. My lord he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before :
My lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

Buc. Sory I am my noble couzen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in *perfect* * loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace : *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence †,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich. and two bishops aloft.

Maier. See where he stands betweene two clergimen,

Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian prince ;
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my request,

* *perfect.*

† *thence.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends :
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure ?

Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd ile.

Glo. I do suspect, I haue done some offence,
That *seeme* * disgracious in the cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buc. You haue my lord : would it please your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherfore breath I in a Christian land ?

Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame seate, the throne maiesticall,
The *sceptred* † office of your auncestors,
The lineall glory of your royall house,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke :
Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to *your* ‡ cuntryes good :
This noble ile doth want *his* || proper limbes,
Her face defac't with *scars* § of infamie,
And almost shouldred in *this* §* swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion :
Which to *recure* ** we heartily sollicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the soueraigntie thereof,
Not as protector, stward, substitute,
Nor ||| lowly factor for an others gaine ?
But as successiuelly from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your emperie, your owne :

* *seemes.*
** *recover.*

† *sceptre.*
||| *Or.*

‡ *our.*

|| *her.*

§ *scars.*

§* *the.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

For this consoorted with the citizens,
Your * worshipful and *very* † louing freinds,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this iust sute come I to moue your grace.

Glo. I know not *whether* ‡ to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
 Best *fitteth* || my degree or your condition :
 Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
 Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
 First if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were euen to the crowne,
 As my *right* § reuenew and due by birth,
 Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
 So mightie and so many my defects,
 As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
 Being a barke to brooke no mightie sea,
 Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smothered :
 But God be thanked theres no need *for* §* me,
 And much I need to helpe you if need were,
 The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
 Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
 Will well become the seate of maiestie ;
 And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
 On him I lay what you would *lay* ** on me :
 The right and fortune of his happie starres,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
 But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say that *Edward* is your brothers sonne,
 So say we too, but not by *Edwards* wife :

* *Your very.* † *very omitted.* ‡ *whether.* || *fits.* § *ripe.*
 §* *of.* ** *lay omitted.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

For first he was *contract* * to lady *Lucy*,
 Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
 And afterward by substitute betrothed
 To *Bona*, sister to the king of *France*,
 These both put by a poore petitioner,
 A care-crazd mother of many children,
 A beauty-waining and distressed widowe,
 Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
 Made *prise* † and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduc't ‡ the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
 To base declension *and loathed* § bigamie,
 By her in *his* § vnlawfull bed he got,
 This *Edward*, whom our maners terme the prince:
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
 I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
 Then good my lord, take to your royall selfe,
 This proffered benefit of dignitie?
 If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
 Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
 From the corruption of *abusing* §* time.
 Vnto a lineall true deriued course.

Mai. Do good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute.

Glo. Alas, why *would* ||| you heape those cares on me,
 I am vnfit for state and dignitie:

I do beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
 Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
 As well we know your tenderesse of heart,
 And gentle kind effeminate remorse,

* *contracted.*

† *price.*

‡ *Seduce.*

§ *and omitted, loathed.*

§ *this.*

§* *a busy.*

||| *should.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
 And *egally* * indeed to all estates,
 Yet whether you *accept* † our sute or no,
 Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
 And in this resolution here *we* ‡ leaue you,
 Come citizens, zounds Ile intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my lord of *Buckingham*.

Cat. Call them again, my *L.* || and accept their sute.

Ano. Do, good my Lord, least all the land do rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?

Well, call them again, I am not made of stones,
 But penetrable to your kind *intreats* §,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
 Cousen of *Buckingham*, and you sage grauemen,
 Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
 To beare *the* §* burthen whether I will or no,
 I must haue patience to endure the load,
 But if blacke scandale or *so* ||| foule fac't reproach
 Attend the sequell of your imposition,
 Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
 For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
 How farre I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bleffe your grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly title:

Long liue king *Richard*, *Englands* royall king.

May. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.

* *equally.* † *except.* ‡ *I.* || *Lord.* § *intents.* §* *her.*
so omitted.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:

Farewell good coufen, farewell gentle friends.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene Mother, *dutchesse* of Yorke, *marques* Dorset at
one doore, *dutchesse* of Glocester at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs heere, my neece *Plantagenet*?

Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?

Dut. Glo. No farther then the *Tower*, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender princes there.

Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.

M. lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the prince?

Lieu. Well madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The king hath straightly charged the contrary.

Qu. The king? why, who's that?

Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the lord protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that kingly title:
Hath he set *bounds* * betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
† I am their *father*, *mother* ‡, and will see them.

Dut. Glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.

Lieu. I do beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it.

* *bonds.*

† This speech in one copy is given to the dutchess of Yorke.

‡ *father's mother.*

Enter

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter lord Standly.

Stan. Let me but meete you ladies *at* * an houre hence,
And Ile salute your grace of *Yorke*, as mother :
And reuerent looker on, of two faire queenes.
Come madam, you must go with me to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richards* royall queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in funder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I found
With this dead *liking* † newes.

Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your grace ?

Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction *dogge* ‡ thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt *outstrip* || death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with *Richmond*, from the *reach* § of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margarets* curse,
Nor §* mother, wife, nor *Englands* counted queene.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.

Dut. Yor. O ill dispearsing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come madam, I in all haste was sent for ††.

Duch. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,

* *at* omitted. † *killing*. ‡ *dogs*. || *ouerstrip*. § *race*.
§* *Not*. †† *for* omitted.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

I would to God that the idclufiue verge
Of golden mettall that muſt round my browe,
Were red hotte ſteele to feare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the queene.

Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my huſband now,
Came to me as I followed *Henries* courſe,
When *ſcarce the blood was* * *well* † waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angel huſband,
And that dead faint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accuſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo *badde* ‡
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare lords death,
Loe, *euen* || I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly § grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubieſts of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept *my* §* eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.

Dut. Glo. No more thē from my ſoule I mourne for yours.

Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.

* *the blood was ſcarce.*

† *well omitted.*

‡ *madde.*

|| *care.*

§ *Croſſly.*

§* *mine.*

Dut.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Dut. Glo. Aduē poore foule, thou takst thy leaue of it.

Du. Yor. Go thou to *Richmōd*, and good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good angels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie olde * yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets sound. Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand : *Here he ascendeth his throne.*

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is king *Richard* seated :
But shall we weare these honours for a day ?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them ?

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

Kin. Ri. O *Buckingham*, now I do † play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed :
Yong *Edward* liues : thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne.

King. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be king.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned liege.

King. Ha : am I king ? tis so, but *Edward* liues.

Buc. True noble prince.

King. O bitter consequence,
That *Edward* still should liue true noble prince.

Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull :

Shall I be plaine ? I wish the bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly performde.

What saist thou ? speake suddenly, be brieft.

Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure.

* olde.

† do I.

King.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, *some litle pause* * my lord,
Before I posituely speake herein:
I will resolue your grace immediatly.

Cat. The king is angry, see, he bites *the* † lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron *witted* ‡ fooles,
And vnrespectiue boyes, none are for me
That looke into me with confiderate eyes:
Boy, high reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.

Boy. Lord ||.

King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my lord, is *Tirrell*.

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe *reuoluing* § wittie *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My lord, I heare the marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts beyond the seas where he
abides.

King. *Catesby*.

* *some litle pause* omitted,
§ *resoluing*.

† *his*.

‡ *witty*.

|| *My lord*.

Cat.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Cat. My lord.

King. Rumor *it* * abroad

That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,

I will take order for her keeping close:

Enquire me out some meane borne gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter,

The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:

Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out

That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.

About it, for it stands me much vpon.

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,

I must be married to my brothers daughter,

Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,

Murther her *brothers* †, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in

So farre in blood, that sin *plucke* ‡ on sin,

Teare || falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrell*?

Tir. *Iames Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed.

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Darst thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two *deepe* § enemies,

Foes to my rest, and §* my sweete sleepes disturbs,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the *Tower*.

Tir. Let me haue *open* ** meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

* *this.*
omitted.

† *brother.*
§* *that.*

‡ *pluckes, will pluck.*
** *open omitted.*

|| *Teares.*

§ *deepe*

King.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

King. Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hither *Tirrill*.
Go by that token, rise and lend thine ear.

He whispers in his eare.

Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious * lord.

King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Ye shall my † lord.

Buc. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.

King. Well, let that passe, *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I heare that newes my lord.

King. Stanly he is your wiues sonne: wel looke to it.

Buc. My lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The earldome of *Herford* and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.

King. Stanly looke to your wife, if she ‡ conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.

Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust demaund?

King. As I remember, *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be king,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps.

Buck. My lord.

King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldome.

King. *Richmond*, when last I was at *Exeter*,
The maior in curtesie shewed me the castle,

* good.

† Yea my good.

‡ they.

And

RICHARD THE THIRD.

And called it *Ruge-mount*, at which name I started,
Because a *bard* * of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*.

Buc. My lord.

King. I, whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiske me.

King. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a iacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolue me whether you will or no?

K. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine.

Exit.

Buc. Is it euen so? rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearefull head is on.

Exit.

Enter sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch-act of pitteous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Forrest* whom I did subborne
To do this *ruthfull* † peece of butchery,
Although they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderesse and *kind* ‡ compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* laie *those* || tender babes,

* *lord.*

† *ruthlesse.*

‡ *kind omitted.*

|| *these,*

Thus

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Thus thus quoth *Forrest* girdling * one another
 Within their innocent alablaster armes,
 Their lips like † foure red roses on a stalke,
 Which ‡ in their sommer beautie kist each other,
 A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
 Which once quoth *Forrest* almost changd my minde,
 But O the diuel ! there the villaine stopt,
 Whilst *Dighton* thus told on || we smothered
 The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
 That from the prime creation euer he framde,
 |||
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
 To bring this tydings to the bloudy king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my foueraigne liege.

King. Kind *Tirrell*, am § I happie in thy newes ?

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
 Beget your happinesse, be happie then,
 For it is done my lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tir. I did my lord.

King. And buried gentle *Tirrell* ?

Tir. The chaplaine of the *Tower* hath buried them :
 But how or in what place I do not know.

King. Come to me *Tirrell* soone at § after supper,
 And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
 Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrell.*
 Farewell till soone.

The sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent §* vp close,

* girding. † were. ‡ When. || told, one. § and. §* at
 omitted. ** pen'd.

||| Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world good night:
Now for I know the *Brittaine Richmond* aimes
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in * so bluntly?

Cat. Bad newes my lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welchmen*
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

King. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more neare †
Then *Buckingham* and his rash leuied ‡ army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden feruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snaile-pac't beggery,
Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue ||, *Mercurie* and *Herald* for a king.
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines slilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to *France*, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wterched *Margaret*, who comes here.

* in omitted.

† neare omitted.

‡ leuell'd.

|| *Ioue's.*

Enter

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter the Queene, and the dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong princes, ah my tender babes !
My vnblowne *flowers* *, new appearing *sweets* †,
If yet your gentle foules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about ‡ me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.

Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from fuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailles of the wolfe :
When didst thou sleepe, when fuch a deed was done ?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* ||, dide, and my sweet sonne,

Dutch. Blind fight, dead life, poore mortall liuing gholt,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest *they* § vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well affoord a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere :
O who hath any cause to mourne but I ?

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. If auncient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine ;
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him :
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

* *flower.* † *sweet.* ‡ *above.* || *Harry.* § *thy. their.*

Thou

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him :
I had a *Rutland* too, and * thou holpst to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him :
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle *bloods* †,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to *chase* ‡ vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, *that* || this carnall curre
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And *makes* § her pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. O *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I have wept for *thee* §*.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it :
Thy *Edward*, he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse :
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaugham*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely referued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand *at hand* ††,
Ensues his pitteous, and vn pittied end,

* and omitted.

† blood.

‡ chase.

|| for.

§ make.

§* thine.

†† at hand omitted.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, faints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophecie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curſſe
That botteld ſpider, that foule *bunch-backt* * toade.

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore ſhadow, painted queene,
The preſentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two ſweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A ſigne of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A queene in ieſt, onely to fill the ſcene:
Where is thy huſband now, where be thy brothers?
Where *be* † thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For queene, a very catiue crownd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left *thee* ‡ but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art ||

* *bunch-backt.*

† *are.*

‡ *me.*

|| *were.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and queene of sad mischance,
These *English* woes, will make me smile in *France*.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleep the night, and fast the day,
Compare *dead* * happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad *causer worse* †,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Qu. Ma. Thy woes wil make them sharp, and pierce like
mine. *Exit Mar.*

Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words?

Qu. Windie atturnies to your client woes,
Aierie succeeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart
Helpe not *at* † all, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so, then be not too toong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy *two* ‡ sonnes smothred:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

* *deaths.*

† *cause worser.*

‡ *at omitted.*

|| *two sweete.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter king Richard marching with drummes and trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. *Hid'st* * thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarēce*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say.

The trumpets sound.

Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother, for I am in haste.

Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, pain and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,

* *Hast.*

Thou

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell :
 A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,
 Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
 Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious : *
 Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
 What comfortable houre canst thou name,
 That euer grac't me in thy companie ?

K. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
 To breakefast once forth of my companie :
 If *it* † be so *gratious* ‡ in your sight,
 Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
 Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
 Or I with grieve and extreame age shall perish,
 And neuer looke vpon thy face againe :
 Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,
 Which in the day of battell tire thee more
 Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
 My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
 And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them successe and victory,
 Bloudie thou art, *bloudy* || will by § thy end,
 Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
 Abides in me, I say Amen to all.

King. Stay madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
 For thee to murther, for my daughters *Richard*,

* Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous.

† I.

‡ *disgracious. grievous.*

|| *and bloody.*

§ *be.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

They shall be praying nunnes, not weeping queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue?
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.

Q. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.

King. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their births good stars *were* * oppositè.

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All unauoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes destiny,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile
armes,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you *or* † yours were by me wrongd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good.

King. The aduancement of your children mightie lady.

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

* are. † and.

King.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I *withall* * endow a child of thine,
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry foule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, lest that the proceffe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

K. Then know that from my foule I loue *thy* † daughter.

Q. My daughters mother thinkes it with her foule.

King. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy foule;
So from thy *foules* loue ‡ didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I *do* || thanke thee for it.

King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my foule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her queene of *England*.

Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?

King. Euen he that makes her queene, *how* § should else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it madame?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

King. That *I would* §* learne of you,
As one that *were* ‡‡ best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Madam with all my heart.

Q. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to *thy* ||| father, a handkercheffe steeped in *Rutlans* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,

* *withall* omitted. † *my*. ‡ *soul*. || *do* omitted. § *who*.
§* *would I*. ‡‡ *are*. ||| *my*.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Send her a story of thy noble acts :
 Tell her thou mad'st away her vncle *Clarence*,
 Her vncle *Riuers*, yea, and for her sake
 Madest quicke conueiance with her good aunt *Anne*.

King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
 To winne your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,
 Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
 And not, be *Richard* that hath done all this.

King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by *this* * alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

King. Say that the king which may command intreats.

Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbid.

King. Say she shall be a high and mightie queene.

Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.

King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last ?

King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall *that title* † last ?

King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.

Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraigntie.

King. Be eloquent in my beehalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.

King. Madame, your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue, †
 || Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

* *his*. † *her sweet life*.

† *Rich*. Harp not on that string, madam, that is past.

|| This line in the first and second copy is given to *K. Richard*.

King.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

King. Now by my *George*, my garter and my crowne.

Qu. Prophand, dishonord, and the third vsurped.

King. I sweare by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.

The *George* prophand, hath lost his holy honour:

The garter blemisht, pawnd his knightly vertue:

The crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his kingly dignitie,

If *something* * thou wilt sweare to be belecude,

Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.

King. Now, by the world.

Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My fathers death.

Qu. Thy *selfe* † hath that dishonord.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe *misufest* ‡.

King. Why, then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst feard, to breake an oath by him,

The vnitie the king my brother made,

Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.

If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,

The emperiall mettel circling now *thy* || brow,

Had graft the tender temples of my childe,

And both the princes had beene breathing here,

Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash

Hereafter time for time, by *thee* § past wrongd,

The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtred,

Vngouernd youth, to wayle it *with their* §* age:

The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,

* *nothing.*

† *life.*

‡ *misused.*

|| *my.*

§ *the.*

§* *in her.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, eare vsed, by time misused orepast.

King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I *render* * not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine,
Without her, followes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad *desolation* †, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in great designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?

King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?

King. I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. But thou didst kill my children.

King. But in your daughters wombe, *Ile burie* ‡ them,
Where in that nest of spicerie *there* || shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

King. And be a happy mother *by* § the deed.

* tender.

† desolate.

‡ I buried.

|| they.

§

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly.

King. Beare her my true lones kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman.

Enter Rat.

Rat. My gracious foueraigne, on the westernne coast,
Rideth a puissant nauie. To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of *Buckingham* to welcome them ashore.

King. Some light foote friend, post to the duke of *Norff*. *
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?

Cat. Heere my lord.

Kin. Flie to the duke: post thou to *Salisbury*,
When thou comest there: dull vnmindfull villaine.
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the duke?

Cat. First mightie foueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him †.

King. O true, good *Catesbie*, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at *Salisburie*.

Rat. What it is your highnes pleasure I shal do at *Salisbury*.

Kin. Why what wouldst ‡ thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your highnesse told me I should post before.

King. My minde is changd sir, my minde is changd,

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. None good my lord, to please you with the hearing
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.

* *Norfolke.*

† *them.*

‡ *shouldst.*

King.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad :
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes ?

Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.

King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there ?

Dar. I know not mighty soueraigne but by guesse.

King. Well sir, as you guesse, *as you guesse* *.

Da. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Elie*,
He makes for *England*, there to claime the crowne.

King. Is the chayre emptie ? is the sword vnswaid ?
Is the kind dead ? the empire vnpossessed ?
What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue but we ?
And who is *Englands* king, but great *Yorkes* heire ?
Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea ?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.

King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guesse, wherefore the *Welchman* comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King. Where is thy power *then* † to beate *him* ‡ backe ?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers ?
Are they not now vpon the western shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their shippes.

Dar. No my good lord, my friends are in the north.

King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the north ?
When they should serue, their soueraigne in the west.

Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie soueraigne
Please it your maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where and what time your maiestie shall please.

* *as you guesse* omitted.

† *now*.

‡ *them*.

King.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

King. I, I, thou wouldst be gone to ioine with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you fir.

Dar. Most mightie foueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.

Kin. Well, go muster *men**: but heare you, leaue behinde
Your sonne *George Stanlie*, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Dar.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious foueraigne, now in *Deuonsbire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney* and the haughtie prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My lord, the armie of the duke of *Buckingham*.

He striketh him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but songes of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.

Mes. Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudder flood and fall of water,
The duke of *Buckingham*s armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

* *thy men.*

King.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him :
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham* ?

Mef. Such proclomatiō hath bin made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Sir *Thomas' Louell* and lord marques *Dorset*,
Tis faid my liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The *Brittaine* nauie is disperst, *Richmond* in *Dorfbire*
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no :
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie : he mistrusting them,
Hoist faile, and made away for *Brittaine*.

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate * downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mightie power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder tydings †, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me. ‡

* bare.

† newes.

‡ Exaunt.

Enter

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter Darbie, fir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the skie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?

Christ. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Herford-west* in *Wales*.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Syr *Gilbet Talbot*, fir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, fir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my * lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the queene hath hartily consented
He shall espowse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king *Richard* let me speake with him?

Rat. No my lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holy king *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*,
Vaugham, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented foules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,

* thy.

Euen

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction :

This is *Allsoules* day fellowes, is it not ?

Rat. It is my lord.

Buc. Why then *Allsoules* day, is my bodies doomesday :

This is the day, that in king *Edwards* time

I wisht might fall on me, when I was found

Falſe to his children, or * his wiues allies :

This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,

By the falſe faith of him I truſted moſt :

This, *this* † *Allsoules* day, to my fearefull ſoule,

Is the determined *reſpit* ‡ of my wrongs :

That || high All-ſeer that I dallied with,

Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,

And giuen in earneſt what I begd in iealt.

Thus doeth he force the ſowrd of wickd men

To turne *their* § points on their maiſters boſome :

Now *Margarets* curſe is fallen vpon my head,

When he quoth ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,

Remember *Margaret* was a propheteſſe.

Come firſt, conuey me to the blocke of ſhame,

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowe in armes, and my moſt louing friends,

Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,

Thus farre into the bowels of the land,

Haue we marcht on without impediment :

And here receiue we from our father *Stanley*,

Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,

The wretched, bloudie, and vſurping bore,

That ſpoild your ſommer *field* §*, and fruitfull vines,

* *and.* † *is.* ‡ *deſpite.* || *What.* § *their owne.* §* *fields.*

Swils

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your imboweld *bosomes* *, this foule fwine
 Lies now euen in the center of this ile,
 Neare to the towne of *Leycester* as we learne :
 From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,
 In Gods name *cheare* † on, couragious friends,
 To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace.
 By this one bloudie trial of sharpe warre.

1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
 To fight against that bloudie homicide.

2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.

3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but *who* ‡ are friends for feare,
 Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. ||

Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field,
 Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad ?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. *Norffolke*, come hither :

Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not ?

Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious lord.

King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
 But where to morrow ? well all is one for that :
 Who hath descried the number of our foe ?

Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
 Besides, *the* § kings name is a tower of strength.
 Which they vpon the aduerse partie want :
 Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,

* *bosome.*

† *chearly.*

‡ *what.*

|| *Exit.*

§ *that a.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Let us suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the lords.

Rich. The weary funne hath made a golden *seate* *,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow :
Where is sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more good *Blunt* before thou goest :
Where is lord *Stanly* quarterd, doest thou know ?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done
His regiment liet halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the king.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needful scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my lord, Ile undertake it.

Rich. Farewell good *Blunt*,
Giue me some inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength :
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

* *seate.*

Enter

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat. It is fix of the clocke, full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some inke and paper,
What, is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my liege, and all things are in readinesse.

King. Good *Norffolke*, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie centinell.

Nor. I goe my lord.

King. Stur with the larke to morrow gentle *Norffolke*.

Nor. I warrant you my lord.

King. *Catesbie*.

Rat. My lord.

King. Send out a purseuant at armes
To *Staneleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before sun rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night,
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be found and not too heauy *Ratliffe*.

Rat. My lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy L. *Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the earle of *Surrey* and himselfe,
Much about * cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.

King. So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
Nor cheare † of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my lord.

* like.

† cleare.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the *mid* * of night come to my tent
 And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
 Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
 Tell me how fares our *noble* † mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,
 Who praies continually for *Richmonds* good,
 So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
 And flakie darknesse breakes within the east,
 In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
 Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloudie strokes and mortall staring warre,
 I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
 With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
 And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest being seene, thy *brother tender* ‡ *George*
 Be executed in his fathers sight.
 Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,
 Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
 And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long fundered friends should dwell vpon,
 God giue vs || leisure for § these rights of loue,
 Once more adiew, be valiant and speed weell.

Rich. Good lords conduct him to his regiment:
 Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
 Lest leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,

* *midst.* † *loving.* ‡ *tender brether.* || *vs omitted.* § *of.*

RICHARD THE THIRD.

When I should mount with wings of victory :
Once more good night kind lords and gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with *a* * gracious eye † :
Put in their hands thy brusing irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmets of our aduerfaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in *thy* ‡ victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the ghost of || prince Ed. sonne to Henry the sixt.

Ghost to K. Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At *Teukesbury* : dispaire *therefore* § and die.

To Rich. Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules
Of butchred princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of §* holes,
Think on the *Tower*, and me : dispaire and die.
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

* *thy.* † *eyes.* ‡ *the.* || *of yong.* § *therefore omitted.*
§* *of deadly.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter the ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauie on thy foule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fulsome wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death :
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou offspring of the house of *Lancaster*,
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.

Enter the ghost of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heauie on thy foule to morrow,
Riuers that died at *Pomfret*, dispaire and die.

Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy foule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

All to Rich. Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Ri.* * bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the ghost of L. Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on lord *Hastings*, dispaire and die.

To Ri. Quiet vntroubled foule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sake.

Enter the ghosts of the two yong princes.

Gho. to K. R. Dreame on thy cousins smothered in the *Tower*,
Let vs be laid † within thy bosome *Richard*,

* *Richards.*

† *lead.*

And

RICHARD THE THIRD.

And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To Ri. Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of kings,
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the ghost of queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.

To Ri. I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie *Iesu*: soft, I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?

THE TRAGEDIE OF

The lights burne blew, it is *not* * dead midnight :
 Cold fearefull drops stands on my trembling flesh,
 What do I feare my selfe ? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am † I :
 Is there a murtherer here ? no. Yes I am,
 Then flie, what from my selfe ? great reason why,
 Lest I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe ?
 Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore ? for any good
 That I my selfe *haue* † done vnto my selfe ?
 O no : alas I rather hate my selfe,
 For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe :
 I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
 Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
 My conscience hath a thousand feuerall tongues,
 And euery tongue brings in a feuerall tale,
 And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine :
Periurie ||, in the highest degree,
 Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
 All feuerall finnes, all vſde in each degree,
 Throng *all* § to the *barre* §*, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
 I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
 And if I die, no soule shall pittie me :
 And wherefore should they ? since that I my selfe,
 Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
 Me thought the foules of all that I murthred
 Came *all* ** to my tent, and euery one did threat
 To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My lord.

King. Zounds, who is there ?

Rat. *Ratcliffe*, my lord, tis I : the early village cocke

* now. † and. ‡ bath. || *Periurie*, *perjurie*. § all omitted.
 §* boare. ** *al.* omitted.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?

Rat. No doubt my lord.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my lord, be not afraid of shadowes.

King. By the apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Haue strooke more terror to the soule of *Richard*
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmond*.

Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our tents Ile play the ewese-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt.

Enter the lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich. Crie mercy lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.

Lor. How haue you slept my lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowfie head,
Haue I since your departure had my lords.
Me thought their foules, whose *bodies* * *Richard* murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing countrymen,

His oration to his souldiers.

The leifure and inforcement of the time,

* *body.*

Forbids

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
 God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
 The prayers of holy saints and wronged soules,
 Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
 Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
 For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.
 One raifde in bloud, and one in bloud establiſhed:
 One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
 And ſlaughtered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him:
 A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the *foile* *
 Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
 One that hath euer bene Gods enemy:
 Then if you fight againſt Gods enemy,
 God will in iuſtice *ward* † you as his ſouldiers:
 If you do *ſweare* ‡ to put a tyrant downe,
 You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being ſlaine,
 If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
 Your countries ſat, ſhall pay your paines the hire.
 If you do fight in ſafeguard of your wiues,
 Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors:
 If you do free your children from the ſword,
 Your childrens children quits it in your age:
 Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
 Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords
 For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold corpes on the earths cold face: ||
 But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
 The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof,
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
 God, and ſaint *George*, *Richmond*, and victorie.

* *foyle.* † *reward.* ‡ *ſweate.* || The reſt of this play was
 wanting in my copy printed in 1598, a leaf being torn off.

Enter

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter king Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said *Northumberland* as touching *Richmond*?

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.

King. He said the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.

Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:

Tell the clocke there.

The clocke striketh.

Giue me a kalendre, who saw the funne to day?

Rat. Not I my lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke
He should haue brau'd the east an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie *Rat.* *

Rat. My lord.

King. The funne will not be seene to day;
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these deawie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me lookes sadly vpon him,

Enter Norffolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,

Call vp lord *Stanly*, bid him bring his power,

I will lead forth my souldiers to the pleaine,

And thus my battell shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawne in † length,

Consisting equally of horse and foote,

Our archers shall be placed in the midst,

John duke of *Norffolke*, *Thomas* earle of *Surrey*,

Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,

* *Rat.* omitted.

† out all in.

They

THE TRAGEDIE OF

They thus directed, we will follow
 In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe :
 This, and ſaint *George* to boote, what thinkeſt thou *Nor.* *

Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne,

He ſheweth him a paper.

This found I on my tent this morning.

Iockey of Norffolke be not ſo † bold,

For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.

King. A thing deuifed by the enemie,
 Goe gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
 Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
 Conſcience is ‡ a word that cowards uſe,
 Deuiſde as firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
 Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, *ſwords* || our lawe
 March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
 If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his armie.

What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd :
 Remember whom you are *to* § cope withall,
 A ſort of vagabonds, rafcols and runawaies,
 A ſcum of *Brittains*, and baſe lackey peſants,
 Whom their oreloyed country vomits forth
 To deſperate aduentures and aſſur'd deſtruction,
 You ſleeping ſafe, they bring *you to* §* vnreſt :
 You hauing lands, and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
 They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
 And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
 Long kept in *Brittaine* at our mothers coſt,
 A milkeſopt, one that neuer in his life
 Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in ſnow :
 Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,

* *Norfolke.* † *to.* ‡ *is but.* || *our ſwords.* § *in.* §* *to you.*

Laſh

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of meanes poor rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not these bastard *Brittaines* whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our *lands* *, lye with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Right † gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw archers draw, your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?

Mef. My lord, he doth denie to come.

King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our auncient word of courage faire saint *George*
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarum excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cat. Rescew, my lord of *Norfolke*, rescew, rescew
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Rescew faire lord, or else the day is lost.

* *land.* † *Fight.*

Enter

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Enter Richard.

Kin. A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe.

Cat. Withdraw my lord, Ile helpe you to a horſe.

Kin. Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be fixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe.

*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlaine, then retrait being ſounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the crowne, with other lords *.*

Ri. God and your armes be praized victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, wel haſt thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vſurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it †, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heauen ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is young *George Stanley* liuing?

Dar. He is my lord, and ſafe in *Lester* towne,
Whither if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?

John duke of *Norfolke*, Walter lord *Ferris*, ſir Robert
Brokenbury, and ſir William Brandon.

Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the ſacrament,
We will vnite the white roſe and the red.

* &c. † it, enjoy it.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bene madde, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers bloud,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, bene butcher to the *fire* *,
All this diuided *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
Diuided in their dire diuision.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if *they* † will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plentie, and faire prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudie daies againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in streames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taste this lands encrease,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God say Amen.

* *father.* † *thy.*

F I N I S.

Richard the Third

Smile before you this face contemning
That last have known me Richard the Third
Which with a hundred thousand men
Engaged in battle for the crown of England
The blood of many princes hath
The father ransomed for the son's redemption
The tower compassed with his battlements
All the which I have now recovered
Gained in this day's battle
O now for Richmond and his friends
I have the conquest of this island won
My sword hath made his way through many hearts
And he that hath the crown of England
Lies in the dust to come with Richard the Third
Who hath the battle won and now the crown
Amen and thus he uttered these words
That were his last and then he died
And after some few days he was buried
In that same place to which he was carried
That world with riches was his grave made
How could women be dead, but he was dead
That the may long his body, O Richard the Third
The body of Richard the Third was buried
In the church of St. Mary in the town of Leicester
Which was the place where he was slain
And where he was buried with his bones
Which were found in the year of our Lord 1539
And were buried in the church of St. Mary
Which was the place where he was slain
And where he was buried with his bones

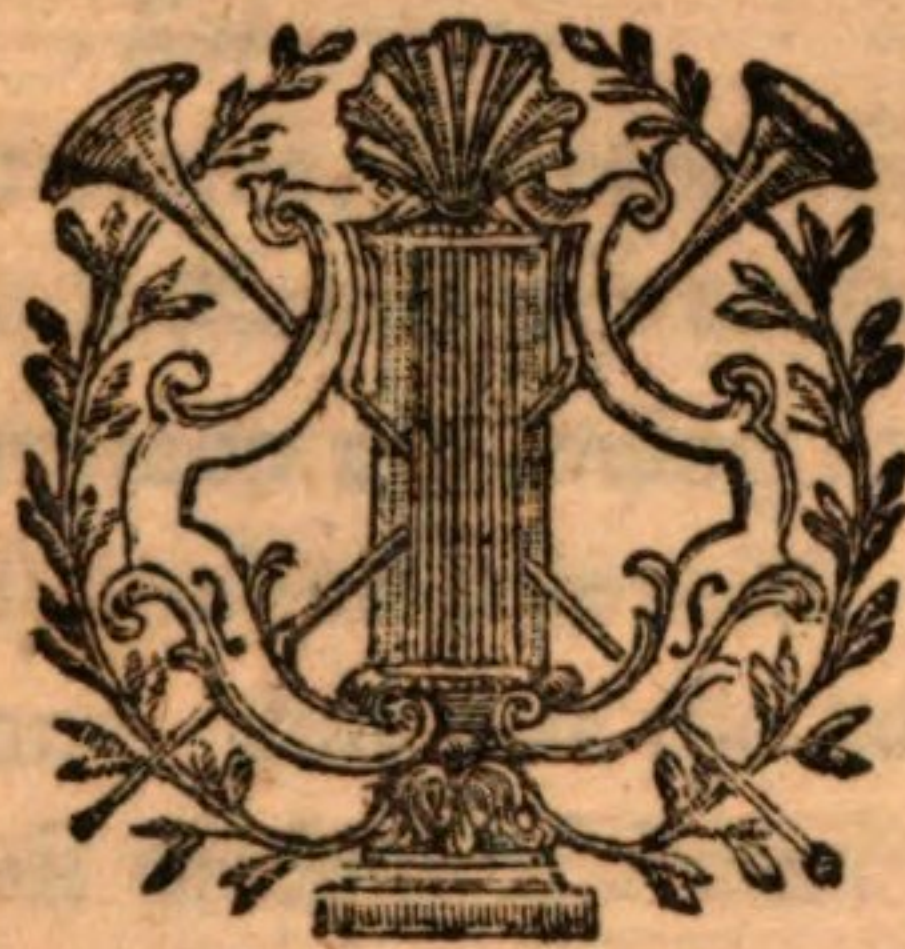
T H I R D

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THE MOST LAMENTABLE
T R A G E D I E
O F
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

As it hath fvdry Times beene plaide by

The KINGS MAIESTIES Seruants.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Eedward White*, and are to be folde at his
Shoppe, nere the little North Dore of *Pauls*, at the
Signe of the *Gun*. 1611.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE
TRAGEDIE
OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

As it hath sundry times beene plaide by

☞ This is the only Copy of this Play known
to be extant in Quarto.



L O W D O W

Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his
Shopp, nere the little North Dore of Pauls, at the
Signe of the Gun. 1611.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE
ROMAINE TRAGEDIE
OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS:

As it was plaid by the Right Honorable the Earle
of *Darbie*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, and Earle of
Suffex their Seruants.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senatours aloft : and then enter Sa-
turninus and his followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his
followers, with drum and trumpets.*

Saturninus.

NOBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my cause with armes.
And countrymen my louing followers,
Plead my successiue title with your swords :

I am his first borne sonne, that was the last

That ware the imperiall diadem of *Rome*.

Then let my fathers honours liue in me,

Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Bassianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,

If euer *Bassianus Cæsars* sonne,

Were gracious in the eyes of royall *Rome*,

Keepe then this passage to the *Capitoll*,

And suffer not dishonour to approach,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

The imperiall seat to vertue, consecrate
To iustice, continence, and nobilitie :
But let desert in pure election shine,
And *Romaines* fight for freedome in your choice.

Marcus Andronicus *with the crowne.*

Princes that striue by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and emperie,
Know that the people of *Rome* for whome we stand
A speciall partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the *Romaine* emperie
Chosen *Andronicus*, furnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to *Rome* :
A nobler man, a brauer warriour,
Liues not this day within the citty walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary warres against the barbarous *Gothes*,
That with his sonnes (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoakt a nation strong, traint vp in armes.
Tenne yeares are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of *Rome*, and chastised with armes
Our enemies pride : fise times he hath returnd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sonnes
In coffins from the field,
And now at last laden with honours spoiles
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in armes,
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
Whome worthily you would haue now succede,
And in the *Capitoll* and senates right,
Whome you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers, and as suters should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Satur.

OF *TITUS ANDRONICUS.*

Saturninus.

How faire the tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Bassianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,
In thy vprightnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whome my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lauinia*, *Romes* rich ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing friends :
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit souldiers.*

Saturninus.

Friends, that haue beene thus forward in my right,
I thanke you all, and heere dismisse you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause.
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bascianus. Tribunes and me a poore competitor.

They goe vp into the senate house.

Enter a captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, *Romes* best champion :
Succesfull in the battailes that he fightes,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he fircumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of *Rome*.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Sound drummes and trumpets, and then enter two of Titus sonnes, and then two men bearing a coffin couered with blacke, then two other sonnes, then Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the queene of Gothes and her two sonnes, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aron the More, and others, as many as can be, then set downe the coffin, and Titus speakes.

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the barke that hath dischargd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayed her anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with lawrell bowes,
To resalute his country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fife and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their auncestors.
Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of *Stix*?
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

They open the tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet cell of vertue and nobilitie,

How

OF **TITUS ANDRONICUS.**

How many sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Lucius. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnapeasd,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus. I giue him you, the noblest that suruiues,
The eldest sonne of his distressed queene.

Tamo. Stay *Romaine* brethren, gracious conquerer,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
O thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee:
Sufficeth not that we are brought to *Rome*
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy *Romaine* yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For valiant doings in their countries cause?
O if to fight for king and common weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus staine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first born sonne.

Titus. Patient your selfe madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whome you *Gothes* beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their bretheren flaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt and die he must,
T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him and make a fire straight,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

And with our fwords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chiron. Was euer *Scythia* halfe so barbarous?

Deme. Oppose not *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome*,
Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke.
Then madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same gods that armde the queene of *Troy*
With oportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the *Thracian* tyrant in his tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the queene of *Gothes*,
(When *Gothes* were *Gothes*, and *Tamora* was queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See lord and father how we haue performd
Our *Romaine* rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to theyr foules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the coffin in the tombe.

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
Romes readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned grudgges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Enter Lauinia.

Lau. In peace and honour, liue lord *Titus* long,
My noble lord and father liue in fame :
Loe at this tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obsequies :
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome*.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes *Romes* best cittizens applaud.

Titus. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus louingly referude
The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, outliue thy fathers dayes,
And fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*.

Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Marcus. And welcome nephews from succesfull wars,
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame :
Faire lords your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your countries seruice drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aspirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotlesse hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperours sonnes :
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to fet a head on headles *Rome*.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
Then his, that shakes for age and feeblenes :

What

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

What should I d'on this robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new busines for you all.

Rome I haue bene thy souldier forty yeares,
And led my countries strength successefully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sonnes,
Knighted in field, slaine manfully in armes,
In right and seruice of their noble countrie:
Giue me a staffe of honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it lords, that held it last.

Marcus. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the emperie.

Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

Titus. Patience prince *Saturninus*.

Satur. *Romaines* doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be *Romes* emperour:

Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Lucius. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Titus. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bassian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

Titus. People of *Rome*, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe returne to *Rome*,
The people will accept whome he admits.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this fute I make,
That you create your emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome* as *Tytans* rayes on earth,
And ripen iustice in this common weale :
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say, long liue our emperour.

Marcus. An. With voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans we create
Lord *Saturninus* *Romes* great emperour.
And say, Long liue our emperour *Saturnine*.

Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done
To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes :
And for an onfet *Titus* to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,
Lauinia will I make my empresse,
Romes royall mistris, mistris of my hart,
And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse :
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Titus. It doth my worthy lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your grace.
And heere in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturnine*,
King and commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds emperour, doe I consecrate,
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy *Romes* imperiall lord :
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours ensignes humbled at thy feete.

Satur. Thankes noble *Titus*, father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.

Titus.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Titus. Now madam are you prisoner to an emperour,
To him that for your honour and your state,
Will vse you nobly and your followers.

Satur. A gooly lady, trust me of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew:
Cleere vp faire queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in *Rome*:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater then the queene of *Gothes*;
Lauinia you are not displeas'd with this.

Lauinia. Not I my lord, sith true nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.

Satur. Thankes sweete *Lauinia*, *Romans* let vs goe,
Raunfomles heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours lords with trumpe and drum.

Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue this maid is mine.

Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my lord?

Bassia. I noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.

Marcus. *Suum cuiquam* is our *Romane* iustice,
This prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Lucius. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Titus. Traytors auaunt, where is the emperours gard?
Treason my lord, *Lauinia* is surprisde.

Satur. Surprisde, by whome?

Bassia. By him that iustly may
Beare his betrothd, from all the world away.

Mutius. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my lord, and Ile soone bring her back.

Mutius. My lord you passe not heere.

Titus.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS:

Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in *Rome*?

Mutius. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*

Lucius. My lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue flaine your sonne.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the emperour.

Lucius. Dead if you will but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes,
and Aron the Moore.*

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
He trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in *Rome* to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the empire at thy hands.

Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?

Satur. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his sword:
A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy,
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,
To ruffle in the common-wealth of *Rome*.

Titus. These words are razors to my wounded hart.

Satur. And therefore louely *Tamora* queene of *Gothes*,
That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her nimphs,
Dost ouershine the gallant'st dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my bride,
And will create thee empereffe of *Rome*.

Speake

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Speake queene of *Gothes* dost thou applaud my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the *Romaine* gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of *Rome*,
Or clime my pallace, til from forth this place,
I lead espousde my bride along with me.

Tamora. And heere in sight of heauen to *Rome* I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the queene of *Gothes*,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A louing nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire queene, *Panthean* lords, accompany
Your noble emperour and his louely bride,
Sent by the heauens for prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no : no sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes :
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe :
This monument fife hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified :

Heere

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Heere none but souldiers and *Romes* seruitors,
Repose in fame: none basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

Marcus. My lord this is impiety in you,
My nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus. What would you bury him in my despight.

Marcus. No noble *Titus* but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Titus. *Marcus*, euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest,
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euey one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

3 *Sonne.* He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2 *Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The brother and the sonnes kneele.

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

2 *Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Titus. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Marcus. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Lutius. Deare father, foule and substance of vs all,

Marc. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His noble nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cause,
Thou art a *Romaine* be not barbarous:

The

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

The *Greekes* vpon aduise did bury *Ajax*
That flew himselfe: and wife *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bard his entrance heere.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my sonnes in *Rome*:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the tombe.

Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends
Till we with trophees do adorne thy tombe.

They all kneele and say,

No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,
He liues in fame that dide in vertues cause.

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My lord to step out of these dririe dumps,
How comes it that the subtile queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a sodaine thus aduaned in *Rome*?

Titus. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the
Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lauinia with others.*

Saturn. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your gallant bride.

Bassi. And you of yours my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Satur. Traytor, if *Rome* haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bassia.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Bassia. Rape call you it my lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of *Rome* determine all,
Meane while I am posselt of that is mine.

Satur. Tis good sir, you are very short with vs,
But if we liue wee be as sharpe with you.

Bassian. My lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to *Rome*,
This noble gentleman, lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be contrould in that he frankely gaue,
Receaeue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath exprest himselfe in all his deedes
A father and a friend to thee and *Rome*.

Titus. Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my deedes,
Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

Satur. What madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without revenge?

Tamora. Not so my lord, the gods of *Rome* forfend
I should be author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with fowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell father, and his traytrous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deere sonnes life.
And make them know what tis to let a queene
Kneelee in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. Rise *Titus*, rise, my empresse hath preuaild.

Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my lord.
These words, these lookes, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily,
And must aduise the emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be mine honour good my lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
My word and promise to the emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not lords: and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his maiestie.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

All. We doe, and vow to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.

Marc. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet emperour, we must all be friends
The Tribune and his nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a batchiler from the priest.
Come, if the emperours court can feast two brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a loue-day *Tamora*.

Titus. To morrow and it please your maiestie,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.

Saturn. Be it so *Titus*, and gramercy to.

Exeunt. Sound trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora Olympus* toppe,
Safe out of fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden funne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the ocean with his beames,
Gallops the zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills.

So Tamora.

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

To mount aloft with thy emperiall mistress,
And mount her pitch, whome thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus*.
Away with flauish weedes and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made empereffe.
To waite said I? to wanton with this queene,
This goddesse, this *Semerimis*, this queene,
This *Syren*, that will charme *Romes Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Demet. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my mistress grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinias* loue.

Moore. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.

Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desprat growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Demet.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Demet. I boy, grow ye so braue?

They draw.

Aron. Why how now lords?

So neere the emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the court of *Rome*.
For shame put vp.

Demet. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.

Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolude,
Foule spoken coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing durst performe.

Moore. Away I say.

Now by the gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controulement, iustice, or reuenge?
Young lords beware, and should the empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.

Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world.

Demet. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner choise
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Moore. Why are ye mad? or know ye not in *Rome*,
How furious and impatient they be,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.

Chiron. *Aron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whome I do loue.

Aron. To atchieue her, how!

Demetri. Why, makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Then wots the miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturnine* may.

Demet. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality?
What hast not thou full often stricke a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chiron. I so the turne were serued.

Demet. *Aron* thou hast hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speede?

Chiron. Faith not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,

That

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we persue, and I haue found the path:
My lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely *Roman* ladies troope:
The forest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this daintie doe,
And strike her home by force if not by words,
This way or not at all, stand you in hope,
Come, come, our empresse with her sacred wit
To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The emperours court is like the house of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes.
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasure.

Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardise.

Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,
To coole this heate, a charme to calme their fits.

Per Stigia, per manes vehor.

Exeunt.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse
with hounds and hornes.*

Titus. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the emperour, and his louely bride,
And rouze the prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

*Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then enter
Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Deme-
trius, and their attendants.*

Titus. Many good morrowes to your maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace, a hunters peale.

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my lords,
Somewhat to early for new married ladies.

Bassia. Lauinia, how say you?

Lauinia. I say no: I haue bene broad awake two houres and
more.

Satur. Come on then, horse and chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: madam, now shall ye see,
Our *Romaine* hunting.

Marcus. I haue doggs my lord,
Will rouze the proudest panther in the chafe,
And clime the highest promontary top.

Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.

Deme.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a dainty doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the empresse chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The snake lies rolled in the chearefull funne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke their yellowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandring prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
While hounds and hornes, and sweet melodious birds

Bc

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Be vnto vs as is a nurfes song
Of lullabie, to bring her babe asleepe.

Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine :

What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudie melancholie,
My fleece of woolly haire that now vncurles,
Euen as an adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatall execution ?

No madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the empresse of my foule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen then rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood,
Seest thou this letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the king this fatall plotted scrowle,
Now question me no more we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lauinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweete Moore, sweeter to me then life.

Moore. No more great empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

Bassia. Who haue we heere ? *Romes* royall empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well befeeming troope ?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groues,
To see the generall hunting in this forrest ?

Tamora.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS:

Tamora. Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps,
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moore and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue shield your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a stag.

Bassian. Beleeue me queene your swarty *Cymerion*,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moore,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For fausines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her rauens culloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassia. The king my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lauinia. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good king to be so mightily abused.

Queene. Why I haue patience to endure all this,

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne and our gracious mother
Why doth your highnes looke so pale and wan?

Queene.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale
These two haue tyced me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though fommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull misseleto.
Heere neuer shines the sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly owle or fatall rauen :
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand feinds, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall ewe,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they calld me foule adulteresse,
Lasciuious *Goth*, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed :
Reuenge it as you loue your mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.

Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *Stab him.*

Chiron. And this for me strook home to shew my strength.

Lauinia. I come *Semeramis*, nay barberous *Tamora*.
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Giue me thy ponyard, you shal know my boyes
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw :
This minion stood vpon her chastity,

Vpon

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Vpon her nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.

And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an euenuke,
Dragg hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.

Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-liue vs both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you madam we will make that sure.
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.

Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.

Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lauinia. Sweet lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lauinia. When did the tigers young ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet euery mother breeds not sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie.

Chiron. What wouldst thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard.

Lauinia. Tis true, the rauens doth not hatch a larke,
Yet haue I heard, oh could I finde it now,
The lion moued with pittie, did indure
To haue his princely pawes parde all away.
Some say that rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kinde but something pittifull.

Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my fathers sake,

That

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

That gaue thee life when well he might haue flaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tamora. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittileffe.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.

Lauinia. Oh *Tamora* be calld a gentle queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd so long,
Poore I was flaine when *Bassianus* dide.

Tamora. What begst thou then? fond woman let me goe?

Lauinia. Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee.
No, let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Demet. Away, for thou hast staid vs heere too long.

Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature;
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall——

Chiron. Nay then Ile stop your mouth, bring thou her husband

This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

Tamora. Farewell my sonnes see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely Moore,
And let my spleenefull sonnes this trull defloure.

Enter

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleepe.

Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe awhile.

Quin. What art thou fallen? what subtile hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me,
Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Marti. O brother, with the dismalst obiect,
That euer eye with sight made hart lament.

Aron. Now will I fetch the king to find them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnholloiw and blood stained hole.

Quint. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweate oeruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quint. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,

Al

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

All on a heape like to a slaughtred lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.

Quintus. If it be darke how doost thou know tis he?

Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole :
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailles of this pit :
So pale did shine the moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue?
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brink.

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Martius. The vnhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Saturnin. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,

He

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chafe,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my lord the king?

King. Here *Tamora*, though grioud with killing grieffe.

Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murthered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.
The complot of this timeles tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if we misse to meete him hansomely,
Sweet huntsman Bassianus tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke firs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bassianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious lord heere is the bag of gold.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life :
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.

Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing !
How easily murder is discouered ?

Titus. High emperour vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'de ! you see it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you ?

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

Titus. I did my lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your highnes will,
To aunswere their suspition with their liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamora. *Andronicus* I wil entreat the king,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

*Enter the empresse sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and
her tongue cut out, and rauisht.*

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the scribe.

Demet.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Demet. See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle.

Chiron. Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Deme. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.

Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Demet. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this my neece that flies away so fast?

Cosen a word, where is your husband?

If I do dreame would all my wealth would wake me,

If I doe wake, some planet strike me downe,

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle neece, what sterne vngentle hands,

Hath lopt and hewd, and made thy body bare,

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments

Whose circling shadowes, kings haue sought to sleepe in,

And might not gaine so great a happines

As halfe thy loue: why doost not speake to me?

Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,

Like to a bubling fountain stird with winde,

Doth rise and fall betweene thy rosed lips,

Comming and going with thy honny breath.

But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,

And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.

Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame.

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,

Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,

Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.

Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so?

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,

That I might raile at him to ease my minde.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Sorrow concealed, like an ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomella* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.
But louely neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seene those lilly hands,
Tremble like aspen leaues vpon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made :
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy fathers eyes ?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the iudges and senatours with Titus two sonnes bound,
passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus go-
ing before pleading.*

Titus. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept.
For all my blood in *Romes* great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,

Be

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS:

Be pittifull to my condemned sonnes,
Whose foules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the iudges passe by him.

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my foules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.
In summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapons drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing oratours.

Lucius. Oh noble father you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Titus. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lucius. My gracious lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All bootlesse vnto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete,
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as waxe, Tribunes more hard then stones :
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne ?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the iudges haue pronounst
My euerlasting doome of banishment.

Titus. O happy man, they haue befriended thee :
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceau
That *Rome* is but a wildernes of tigers ?
Tigers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine : how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished ?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere ?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake :
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Titus. Will it consume me ? Let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Titus. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Lucius. Aye me, this object kills me.

Titus. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handlelesse in thy fathers fight ?

What

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

What foole hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning *Troy*?
My grieve was at the height before thou camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for *Rome*, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse,
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other?
Tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* seruice, is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sister who hath marterd thee?

Marcus. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.

Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?

Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.

Titus. It was my deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a rock,
Inuironed with a wildernes of sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious furge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Is deere *Lauinia*, dearer then my soule,
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me : what shall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy liuely body so ?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath marterd thee :
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred lillie almost withered.

Marc. Perchance she weepes because they kild her husband,
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may do thee ease :
Shall thy good vncke, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are staine in meadowes yet not dry,
With miery slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares ?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shews
Passe the remainder of our hatefull daies ?
What shall we doe ? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further misery
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Luci.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Luci. Sweet father cease your teares, for at your grieve
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mart. Patience deere neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.

Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.

Luci. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Titus. Mark *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.

Titus. Oh gracious emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer rauen sing so like a larke,
That giues sweet tydings of the sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile send the emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

Marc.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And reard aloft the bloody battleaxe,
Wrighting destruction on the enemies castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand shall goe.

Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.

Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Luciu. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.

Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will vse the axe.

Exeunt.

Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

Moore. If that be cald deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another fort,
And that youle say ere half an houre passe.

Hee cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shall be is dispatch:
Good *Aron* giue his maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:

More

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

More hath it merited : that let it haue.

As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane : oh how this villany,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.

Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,

Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

Titus. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call : what would thou kneele with me ?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the funne with fogge as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.

Marcus. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome ?
Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes :
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth overflow ?
If the windes rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face ?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile ?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow :
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge : ouerflowed and drowned :

For

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messen. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the emperour :
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes,
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe :
Thy griefes their sports : thy resolution mockt :
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death, *Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot *Ætna* coole in *Cicilie*,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell :
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deepe a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat :
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Marc. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end ?

Mar. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere ?
Thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent of thy siluer haire, thy other hand

Gnawing

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still ?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this houre.

Titus. Why I haue not another teare to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is anemie,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde reuenges caue ?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, come brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployd in these armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth :
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Lucius. Farwell *Andronicus* my noble father :
The wofulst man that euer liude in *Rome* :
Farewell proud *Rome* till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life :
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast bene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues

But

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

But in obliuion and hatefull griefes :
If *Lucius* liue he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his queene.
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
To be reuengd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

*Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and the
boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Helpe grandsier helpe, my aunt *Lauinia*
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good vnkle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet aunt, I know not what you meane.

Marcu. Stand by me *Lucius*, doc not feare thine aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.

Puer. I when my father was in *Rome* she did.

Marcus. What meanes my neece *Lauinia* by these signes?

Titus. Feare her not *Lucius* somewhat doth she meane.

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee :
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Red to her sonnes then she hath red to thee,
Sweet poetry, and *Tullies* oratour :
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Puer. My lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her :
For I haue heard my grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of *Troy*,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare
Although my lord, I know my noble aunt,

Loues

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet aunt,
And madam, if my vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. *Lucius* I will.

Titus. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see:
Which is it girle of these? open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the dambd contriuer of this deede.
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Marc. I thinke she meanes that there was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.

Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?

Puer. Grandfier tis *Ouids Metamorphosis*,
My mother gaue it me.

Marc. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she cūld it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Marc. See brother see note how she quotes the leaues.

Titus. *Lauinia*, wert thou thus surprizd sweet girle,
Rauishd and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forcd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patternd

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Patternd by that the poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Marc. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Giue signes sweet girle for heere are none but friends.
What *Romane* lord it was durst do the deede?
Or slonke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Marc. Sit downe sweet neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

*He writes his name with his staffe, and guides it with
feete and mouth.*

This fandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift:
Write thou good neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumpes, and writes.*

Titus. Oh doe ye read my lord what she hath writ,
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Marc. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamera*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deede?

Titus. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Marc. Oh calme thee gentle lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,

To

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

To stirre a mutenie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele sweete boy, the *Romaine Hectors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull feere.
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduise
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous *Gothes*,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.

Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these beare whelpes then beware,
The dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the lyon deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back.
And when he sleepest will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northerne winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then, boy what say you?

Puer. I say my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of *Rome*.

Marc. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.

Puer. And vnckle so will I, and if I liue.

Titus. Come goe with me into mine armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy message, wilt thou not?

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes grandfier.

Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,

Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,

Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the court.

I marry will we fir, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Marc. O heauens! can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,

Then foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,

But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,

Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore, and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chiron. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad grandfather,

Puer. My lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greeete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the *Romane* gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?

Puer. That you are both decipherd, that's the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My grandfier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth
The hope of *Rome*, for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*

Deme.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, and written round about?
Let's see,

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget maury iaculis nec arcus.

Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the grammer long agoe.

Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an asse.
Heeres no found iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.
And now young lords, wast not a happy starre,
Led vs to *Rome* strangers, and more then so
Captiues to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Demet. But me more good to see so great a lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reason lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand *Romane* dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chiron. A charitable wish and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Demet. Come let vs goe and pray to all the gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike for ioy the emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Enter Nurse with a blacke a moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow lords, O tell me did you see *Aron* the Moore.

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, Heere *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?

Nurse. O gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone, Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why what a catterwalling dost thou keepe, What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye, Our empresse shame, and stately *Romes* disgrace, She is deliuered lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whome?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest, what hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill.

Aron. Why then she is the deuils dam, a ioyful issue.

Nurse. A ioyles, difmall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue. Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad, Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime, The empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale, And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Zounds ye whore, is black so base a hue? Sweet blows, you are a beautious blossome fure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.

Demet. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone, Woe to her chance, and dambd her loathed choyce, Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.

Chiron. It shall not liue.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS:

Nurse. *Aron.* It must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What must it nurse? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my rapiers point,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my femitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire:
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,

With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the god of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted boyes,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:

For all the water in the ocean,
Can neuer turne the fwans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them houely in the flood:

Tell the empresse from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in *Rome*.

Demet. By this our mother is for euer shamde.

Chiron. *Rome* will despise her for this foule escape.

Nurse. The emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Aron. Why theres the priuiledge your beauty beares :
 Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the hart :
 Heeres a young lad framde of another leere,
 Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,
 As who should say, old lad I am thine owne.
 He is your brother lords, sensibly fed
 Of that selfeblood that first gaue life to you,
 And from that wombe where you imprisoned were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light :
 Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aron* what shall I say vnto the empresse ?

Demet. Aduise thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy aduise :
 Saue thou the childe so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
 My sonne and I will haue the winde of you :
 Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Demet. How many women saw this childe of his ?

Aron. Why so braue lords, when we ioyne in league
 I am a lambe, but if you braue the Moore,
 The chafed bore, the mountaine lyonesse,
 The ocean swells not so as *Aron* stormes :
 But say againe, how many saw the childe ?

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife and my selfe,
 And no one else but the deliuered empresse.

Aron. The empresse, the midwife, and your selfe,
 Two may keepe counsell when the thirds away :
 Goe to the empresse, tell her this I said, *He kills her.*
 Weeke, week, so cries a pigge prepared to the spit.

Demet. What meanst thou *Aron*, wherefore didst thou this.

Aron. O lord sir, tis a deed of pollicie,
 Shall she liue to betray this guilt of ours ?

A long

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

A long tongu'd babling gossip, no lords no :
 And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
 Not farre, one *Muliteus* my country-man
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
 His childe is like to her, faire as you are :
 Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all,
 And how by this their childe shall be aduaunst,
 And be receiued for the emperours heyre,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calme this tempest whirling in the court,
 And let the emperour dandle him for his owne.
 Harke ye lords, ye see I haue giuen her phisick,
 And you must needes bestow her funerall,
 The fields are neere, and you are gallant groomes ;
 This done, see that you take no longer daies
 But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. *Aron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
 Herselfe and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the *Gothes*, as swift as swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
 And secretly to greete the empresse friends :
 Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
 For it is you that puts vs to our shifts :
 Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
 And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the goate,
 And cabbin in a caue, and bring you vp
 To be a warriour, and commaund a campe.

Exit.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with letters on them.

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,
Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shees gone, shees fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You cofens shall goe found the ocean,
And cast your nets, happily you may finde her in the sea,
Yet theres as little iustice as at land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull *Rome*.
Ah *Rome*, well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
To see thy noble vncke thus distract?

Publi. Therefore my lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feede this humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Ioyne with the *Gothes*, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytor *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my maisters,
What haue you met with her?

Publi. No my good lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for iustice she is so imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the *Cyclops* size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare;
And sith theres no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will solicite heauen, and moue the gods,
To send downe iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the arrowes.

Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,

Ad Martem, thats for my selfe,

Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,

To *Saturnine*, to *Gaius*, not to *Saturnine*,

You were as good to shoote against the winde.

Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,

Of my word, I haue written to effect,

Theres not a god left vnfollicited.

Marcus. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court,
We will afflict the emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Marc. My lord, I aime a mile beyond the moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my lord, when *Publius* shot,
The *Bull* being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the *Rams* hornes in the court,
And who should finde them but the empresse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But giue them to his maister for a present.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.
Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters?
Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the iibbetmaker, hee sayes that he hath taken
them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd till the
next weeke.

Titus. But what saies *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. Why villaine art not thou the carrier?

Clowne. I of my pidgions sir, nothing els.

Titus. Why, didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen! alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my
young dayes.

Why I am going with my pidgions to the tribunall Plebs, to
take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my vncle, and one
of the emperialls men.

Marcus. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your
oration, and let him deliuer the pidgions to the emperour from
you.

Titus.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Titus. Tell mee can you deliuer an oration to the emperour with a grace?

Clowne. Nay truely fir, I could neuer say grace in all my life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your pidgions to the emprour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.

Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a supplication?

Clowne. I fir.

Titus. Then here is a supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first aproach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your pidgions, and then look for your reward.

Ile be at hand fir, see you doe it brauelie.

Clowne. I warrant you fir, let me alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast giuen it the emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you fir, I will.

Exit.

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the emperour brings the arrowes in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why lords, what wrongs are these? was euer scene
An emperour in *Rome* thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt?
My lords, you know the mightfull gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath past,

But

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes
 Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
 His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his wits?
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
 His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
 And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
 See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
 This to *Apollo*, this to the god of warre:
 Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of *Rome*,
 Whats this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our vniustice euery where?
 A goodly humour, is it not my lords?
 As who would say, in *Rome* no iustice were:
 But if I liue, his fained extasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
 But he and his shall know that iustice liues
 In *Saturninus* health, whome if he sleepe,
 Heele so awake, as he in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspiratour that liues.

Tamora. My gracious lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
 Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
 Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
 Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
 Whose losse hath pearst him deepe, and scard his hart,
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Then prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts: why thus it shall become
 He witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
 But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
 Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow wouldst thou speake with vs?

Clowne.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Clowne. Yea forsooth, and your mistership be emperiall.

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the emperour.

Clowne. Tis he, God and faint *Stephen* giue you good den,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigions heere.

He reads the letter.

Satur. Goe take him away and hang him presently.

Clowne. How much money must I haue?

Tamora. Come firra, you must be hanged.

Clowne. Hangd, be lady then I haue brought vp a neck to
a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this fame deuise proceedes:

May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,

That dide by law for murther of our brother,

Haue by my meanes bene butchered wrongfully?

Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,

For this proud mocke Ile be thy slaughter man,

Sly franricke wretch, that holpst to make me great,

In hope thy selfe should gouerne *Rome* and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Saturn. What newes with thee *Emillius*?

Emil. Arme my lords, *Rome* neuer had more cause,

The *Gothes* haue gathered head and with a power

Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,

They hither march amaine vnder conduct

Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*

Who threats in course of this reuenge to doe

As mnch as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* generall of the *Gothes*,

These

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE .

These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beate downe with stormes :
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
When I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their emperour.

Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your citty strong ?

King. I but the cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him.

Tamora. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the funne dimd, that gnats do flie in it ?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of *Rome*,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honny stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious feede.

King. But he will not entreat his sonne for vs.

Tamor. If *Tamora* entreat him then he will,
For I can smoothe and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet should both eare and hart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our embassadour,
Say that the emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King.

OF *TITUS ANDRONICUS.*

King. *Emillius* doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

Emillius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually. *Exit.*

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*.
And now sweet emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Satur. Then goe successantly and plead to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius with an army of Gothes, with drum and soldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great *Rome*,
Which signifies what hate they beare their emperour,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore great lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull *Rome* requites with foule contempt,
Be bolde in vs, weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging bees in hottest sommers day,
Led by their maister to the flowred fields,
And be auengd on cursed *Tamora*:
And as he faith, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all.
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

Enter

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius* from our troupes I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall :
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this discourse :
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue bene an emperour.
But where the bull and cow are both milk white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke calfe :
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty *Goth*,
Who when he knowes thou art the empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surprizd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needefull of the man.

Lucius. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand :
This is the pearle that pleasd your empresse eye,
And heeres the base fruit of his burning lust,
Say wall-eyd slaue whether would thou conuay
This growing image of thy fiendlike face ?
Why dost not speake ? what deafe, not a word ?
A halter fouldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of royall blood.

Luci. Too like the fyre for euer being good,

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

First hang the childe that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the fathers foule withall.

Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the childe,
And beare it from me to the empresse :
If thou doe this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare ;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more but vengeance rot you all.

Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakst,
Thy childe shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee ? why assure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vexe thy foule to heare what I shall speake :
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of blacke nights, abhominable deeds,
Complots of mischiefe, treason, villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously performd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my childe shall liue.

Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I say thy childe shall liue.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Lucius. Who should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleeue an oath ?

Aron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An ideot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrge him : therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the empresse.

Lucius. Oh most insatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine, call'st thou that trimming

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Lucius. Oh barberous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aron. Indeede I was their tutor to instruct them,
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a carde as euer wonne the set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head:
Well, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy bretheren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queene, and her two sonnes.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it.
I playd the cheater for thy fathers hand,
And when I had it drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuie of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:

And

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And when I told the empresse of this sport,
She founded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth.

What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly enmity betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattell breake their necks,
Set fire on barnes and haystackes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in *Romaine* letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing grieues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thousand more.

Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lucius. Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My lord there is a messenger from *Rome*
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come neere.

Welcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from *Rome*?

Emill. Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Gothes*,
The *Romaine* emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in armes,
He craues a parly at your fathers house
Willing you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.

Goth. What saies our generall?

Lucius. *Emillius*, let the emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my father, and my vncke *Marcus*,
And we will come : march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habilliamment,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say, I am reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminat strange plots of diere reuenge,
Tell him reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,

That

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceaud, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe,
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee.

Titus. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldst talke with ~~me~~

Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnes this wretched stump, witnes these crimfon lines,
Witnes these trenches made by grieve and care,
Witnes the tiring day and heauie night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thyemie, and I thy friend,
I am reuenge sent from th'infernall kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow caue or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Titus. Art thou reuenge, and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Loe by thy side where rape and murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art reuenge,
Stab them or teare them on thy chariot wheelles,
And then Ile come and be thy waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the globes.
Prouide thee two proper palfreies, as blacke as iet,
To hale thy vengefull waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheele,
Trot like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* rising in the east,
Vntill his very downefall in the sea.
And day by day Ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou destroy rapine and murder there.

Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.

Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?

Tamora. Rape and murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kinde of men.

Titus. Good lord how like the empresse sonnes they are
And you the empresse: but we worldly men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet reuenge now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tamora. This closing with him fits his lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie *Gothes*,

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Or at the least make them his enemies :

See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.

Titus. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and murther you are welcome too,
How like the empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell affoord you such a deuill ?
For well I wote the empresse neuer wags
But in her company there is a Moore.

And would you represent our queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill :
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe ?

Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus* ?

Deme. Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him.

Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengd on him.

Tamora. Show me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.

Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
And when thou findest a man that's like thy selfe,
Good murther stab him, hees a murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good rapine stab him, he is a rauisher,
Goe thou with them, and in the emperours court,
There is a queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

Tamora. Well hast thou lessond vs, this shall we doe.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leades towards *Rome* a band of warlike *Gothes*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is heere, euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the emperesse and her sonnes,
The emperour himselfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
What saies *Androuicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Gothes*,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeest princes of the *Gothes*,
Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are,
Tell him the emperour and the emperesse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This doe thou for my lneue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged fathers life.

Marc. This will I doe, and soone retorne againe.

Tamor. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers along with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my lord the emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determind iest,
Yeelde to his humour, smoothe and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,

And

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
A payre of curfed hell-hounds and their dam.

Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou doost, and sweete reuenge farewell.

Chiron. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployd.

Titus. But I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Publius. What is your will?

Titus. Know you these two?

Pub. The empresse sonnes I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is murder, rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,
And stop their mouthes if they begin to cry.

Chiron. Villaines forbear, we are the empresse sonnes.

Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a
bason.*

Titus. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whome you haue staine with mud,
This goodly sommer with your winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vilde fault,

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her spotlesse chastity,
Inhumaine traytors, you constraind and forst.
What would you say if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to martyr you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilst that *Lauinia* tweene her stumps doth hold
The bason that receaues your guilty blood.
You know your mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paste,
And of the paste a coffen I will reare,
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved dam,
Like to the earth swallow her owne increase.
This is the feast that I haue bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse then *Philomel* you vse my daughter,
And worse then *Progne* I will be reuengd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come,
Receae the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquor temper it,
And in that paste let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this banquet, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody then the centaures feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the cooke,
And see them ready against their mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS:

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to *Rome* I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall what fortune will.

Lucius. Good vnckle take you in this barbarous Moore,
This rauenous tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receaue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling heart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhalloved slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuey him in,
The trumpets shew the emperour is at hand.

*Sound trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes
and others.*

King. What, hath the firmament moe funnes then one?

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a funne?

Marcus. *Romes* emperour and nephew breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to *Rome*:
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

Saturn. *Marcus* we will.

Sound

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Sound trumpets, Enter Titus like a cooke, placing the meate on the table, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her face.

Titus. Welcom my gracious lord, welcom dread queen
Welcome ye warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all, although the cheere be poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

Satur. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?

Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes, and your empresse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.

Titus. And if your highnes knew my heart, you were:
My lord the emperour resolute me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enforced, stained, and deflowrde?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason mighty lord?

Satur. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectually,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy fathers sorrow die. *He kills her.*

Satur. What hast thou done vnnaturall and vnkinde?

Tit. Kild her for whome my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginus* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it is now done.

King. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deede.

Titus. Wilt please you eat, wilt please your highnes feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter

Titus.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.

King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently.

Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she her selfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues sharpe point.

He stabs the empresse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede.

Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

Marcus. You sad fac'd men, people and soas of *Rome*,
By vprores seuerd like a flight of fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Roman Lord. Let *Rome* her selfe be bane vnto her selfe,
And shee whome mightie kingdomes cursie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Connot induce you to attend my words,
Speake *Romes* deere friend, as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtile *Greekes* surprizd king *Priams* *Troy*.
Tell vs what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our *Troy*, our *Rome* the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,

Nor

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieve,
But floods of teares will drowne my oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Heere is a captaine let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our fathers teares despisd and basely coufend,
Of that true hand that fought *Romes* quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among *Romes* enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
And I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preferud her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the Steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My scars can witnes, dumb although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, methinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise. Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcu. Now is my turne to speake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious Moore,
Chiefe architect and plotter of these woes,

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
 And as he is to witnes this is true,
 Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
 These wrongs, vnspeakeable past pacience,
 Or more then any liuing man could beare.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you *Romanes*?
 Haue we done ought amisse? show vs wherein,
 And from the place where you behold vs now,
 The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
 And make a mutuall closure of our house:
 Speake *Romaines* speake, and if you say we shall,
 Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emillius. Come come thou reuerent man of *Rome*,
 And bring our emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperour for well I know,
 The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile *Romes* royall emperour,
 Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
 And hither hale that misbelieuing Moore,
 To be adiudgd some direfull slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to *Romes* gracious gouernour.

Lucius. Thankes gentle *Romaines* may I gouerne so,
 To heale *Romes* harmes, and wipe away her woe:
 But gentle people giue me aime a while,
 For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
 Stand all aloofe, but vnckle draw you neere,
 To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunk,
 Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
 These sorrowful drops vpon thy bloud-flaine face,
 The last true duties of thy noble sonne.

Marc. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,

Thy

THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE

Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs,
To melt in showers, thy grandsier lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that respect then, like a louing childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kinde nature doth require it so,
Friends should associate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.

Puer. O grandsier, grandsire, euen with all my hart,
Would I were dead so you did liue againe.
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.

Romaine. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euent.

Lucius. Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him
There let him stand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releeues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby I, that with base praiers
I should repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thousand worse then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very soule.

Lucius.

OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Lucius. Some louing friends conuey the emperour hence
And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
My father and *Lauinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our households monument:
As for that hanous tiger *Tamora*,
No funerell rite, nor man in mournefull weeds,
No mournefull bell shall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey,
Her life was beastly and deuoid of pitty,
And being so shall haue like want of pitty.
See iustice done on *Aron* that dambd Moore,
By whome our heauy haps had their beginning:
Then afterwards to order well the state,
That like euent's may ner'e it ruinate.

F I N I S.

Titus. Some being friends to the emperor's cause
And give him birth in his father's house,
My father and I have been so with
The child in our household's movement
As that our father's name is known
To the world, not in a common way
The most noble of all things is to be
For those who have been so long in the world
The world is full of such things
And being so full, it is not of
The world is full of such things
Of which our hearts are full and
The world is full of such things
The world is full of such things

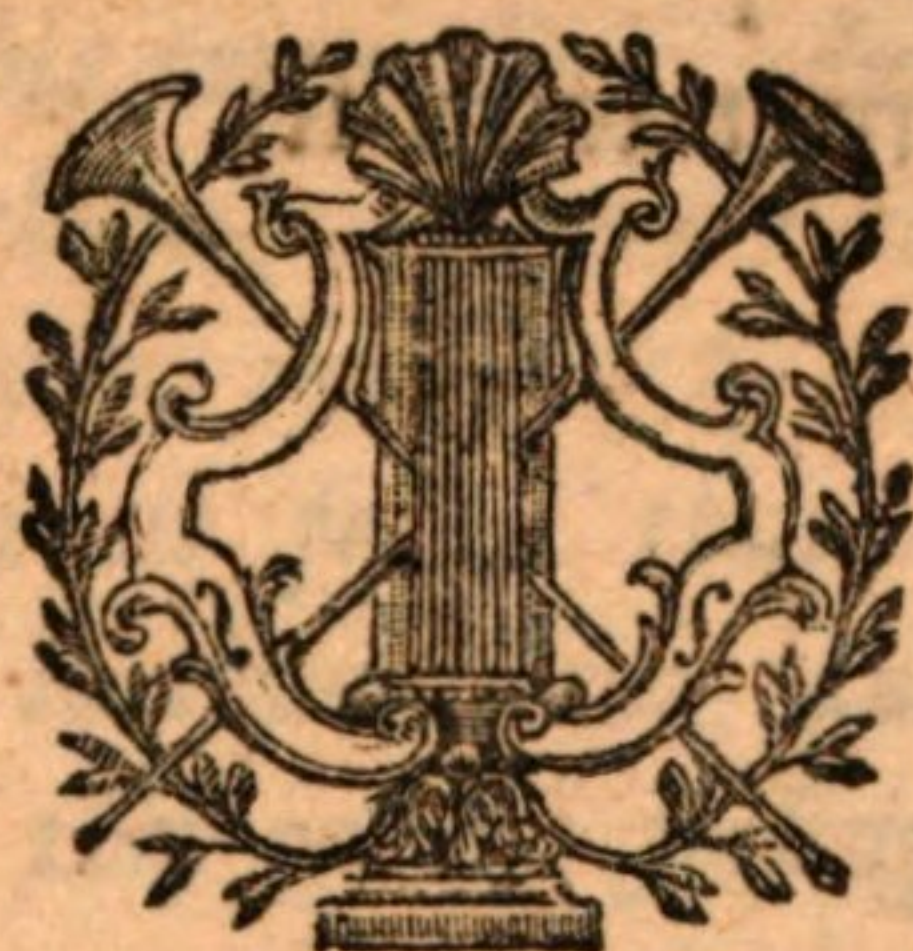
Titus. I have been so long in the world

THE
FAMOUS HISTORIE
OF
TROYLUS *and* CRESSEID.

Excellently expressing
The Beginning of their LOVES,

WITH THE
Conceited Wooing of PANDARUS Prince of *Licia*.

WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N,

Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and
are to be sold at the *Spred Eagle* in *Paules Church-
yard*, ouer against the great North Doore. 1609.

Of this Play there is another edition in quarto
of the same year, and by the same printers,
but without any preface, and is no more
than a copy from the foregoing one.

There is likewise said to be another edition
by the same printers without date, but I
have never met with it.

Printed by G. Eld for R. Benbow and H. W. 1699.
are to be sold at the Spiced Eagle in Foster Church.
years, over against the great North Door. 1699.

A neuer writer, to an euer reader.

Newes.

ETERNALL reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer stal'd with the stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serue for the most common commentaries, of all the actions of our liues, shewing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and beaue-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, haue found that witte there, that they neuer found in them-selues, and haue parted better wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set vpon them, more then euer they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such sauored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty then this: and had I time I would comment vpon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as

THE EPISTLE.

*will make you thinke your testerne well bestowed) but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserues such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleue this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set vp a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the per-
rill of your pleasures losse, and iudgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleue you should haue prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits bealths) that will not praise it. Vale.*

THE

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
TROYLUS *and* CRESSEIDA.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troy.

CALL heere my varlet, Ile vnarme againe,
Why should I warre without the walls of *Troy*;
That finde such cruell battell here within,
Each *Trojan* that is maister of his heart,
Let him to field *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The *Greeks* are strong and skilfull to their strength
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse valiant.
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe; fonder then ignorance,
Lesse valiant then the virgin in the night,
And skilleffe as vnpractiz'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this; for my part
Ile not meddle nor make no farther; hee that will haue a cake
out of the wheate must tarry the grynding.

Tro. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pande. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leauening.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

THE HISTORY OF

Pan. I, to the leauening, but heares yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the ouen, and the baking, nay you must stay the cooling too or yea may chance burne your lippes.

Troy. Pacience herselfe, what goddesse ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at suffrance then I do.

At *Priams* royall table do I sit

And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,
So traitor then she comes when she is thence.

Pand. Well shee lookt yesternight fairer then euer I saw her looke, or any woman els.

Troy. I was about to tell thee when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh would riue in twaine,
Least *Hector* or my father should perceiue mee:
I haue (as when the sunne doth light a scorne)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smyle,
But sorrow that is coucht in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth fate turnes to suddaine sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not some-what darker then *Hel-*
lens, well go to, there were no more comparison betweene the
women! but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not
as they tearme it praise her, but I would som-body had heard
her talke yester-day as I did, I will not dispraise your sister
Cassandras wit, but——

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many fadomes deepe,
They lie indrench'd I tell thee I am madde:
In *Cressids* loue? thou answerst she is faire,
Powrest in the open ulcer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire her cheek, her gate, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand
In whose comparison all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whose soft seisure,

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

The cignets downe is harsh, and spirit of fence:
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou telst me;
As true thou telst me, when I say I loue her,
But saying thus in steed of oyle and balme,
Thou layst in euery gash that loue hath giuen mee,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou dost not speake so much.

Pan. Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as shee is, if
she bee faire tis the better for her, and shee bee not, she has
the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*, how now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on
of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene,
but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Because shee's kin to me therefore shee's not so faire
as *Hellen*, and she were kin to me, she would be as faire a
Friday as *Hellen*, is on *Sunday*, but what I? I care not and
shee were a blackeamore, tis all one to mee.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, she's a foole to
stay behinde her father let her to the *Greekes*, and so Ile tell
her the next time I see her for my part Ile meddle nor make
no more ith' matter.

Troy. *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to mee I will leaue all as I
found it and there an end. *Exit.*

Sound alarum.

Troy. Peace you vngracious clamors, peace rude sounds,
Fooles on both sides, *Hellen* must needes be faire,

When

THE HISTORY OF

When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus,
 I cannot fight vpon this argument:
 It is too staru'd a subiect for my sword,
 But *Pandarus*: O gods! how do you plague me
 I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
 And he's as teachy to be wood to woe,
 As she is stubborne, chaste, against all suite.
 Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* loue
 What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
 Her bed is *India* there she lies, a pearle,
 Betweene our *Ilium*, and where shee reides
 Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood:
 Our selfe the marchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
 Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our barke.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now prince *Troylus*, wherefore not a field.
Troy. Because not there; this womans answer forts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence.
 What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?
Æne. That *Paris* is returned home and hurt.
Troy. By whom *Æneas*?
Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.
Troy. Let *Paris* bleed tis but a scar to scorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*
Æne. Harke what good sport is out of towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
 But to the sport abroad are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift hast.
Troy. Come goe wee then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cressid and her Man.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cres.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Cres. And whether goe they?

Man. Vp to the easterne tower,
Whose hight commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell: *Hector* whose patience,
Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
Hee chid *Andromache* and strooke his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in warre
Before the sunne rose, hee was harness lyte,
And to the field goes hee; where euery flower
Did as a prophet weepe what it foresawe,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger.

Man. The noise goes this, there is amonge the *Greekes*,
A lord of *Troian* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cres. Good; and what of him.

Man. They say hee is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

Cres. So do all men vnlesse the are dronke, sicke, or haue
no legges.

Man. This man lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, hee is as valiant as the lyon, churlish as the beare, slowe as the elephant: a man into whome nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any mā an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. Hee is melancholy without cause and merry against the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands, and no vse: or purblinde *Argus*, al eyes, and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry.

Man. They say hee yesterday cop't *Hector* in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdaine and shame whereof hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

THE HISTORY OF

Cres. Who comes here.

Man. Maddam your vncle *Pandarus*.

Cres. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world lady.

Pand. Whats that? whats that?

Cres. Good morrow vncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow cozen *Cressid*: what doe you talke of?
good morrow *Alexander*: how doe you cozen? when were
you at *Illum*?

Cres. This morning vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? was *Hector*
arm'd and gon ere yea came to *Illum*, *Hellen* was not vp
was she?

Cres. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp.

Pan. E'ene so, *Hector* was stirring early.

Cres. That were wee talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he saies here.

Pan. True hee was so; I know the cause to, heele lay
about him to day I can tel them that, and ther's *Troilus* wil
not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troilus*; I
can tell them that too.

Cres. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cres. Oh *Iupiter* ther's no comparifon.

Pan. What not betweene *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know
a man if you see him?

Cres. I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cres. Then you say as I say, for I am fure hee is not *Hector*.

Pan. No nor *Hector* is not *Troilus* in some degrees.

Cres. Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

Pan. Himselfe, alas poore *Troilus* I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*,

Cres. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were him-
selfe, well the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end well
Troilus well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector*
is not a better man then *Troilus*.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pand. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pand. Th' others not come too't, you shall tell me another
tale when th' others come too't, *Hector* shall not haue his will
this yeare.

Cres. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pand. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pand. Nor his beautie.

Cres. Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her selfe swore
th' other day that *Troilus* for a browne fauour (*for so tis I*
must confesse) not browne neither.

Cres. No, but browne.

Pand. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pand. She praised his complexion aboue *Paris*.

Cres. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pand. So he has.

Cres. Then *Troilus* should haue too much, if shee praised
him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, hee hauing co-
lour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for
a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden tongue had
commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pand. I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then
Paris.

Cres. Then shees a merry Greeke indeed,

Pand.

THE HISTORY OF

Pand. Nay I am sure she dooes, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know hee has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a tapsters arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound liste as much as his brother *Hector*,

Cres. Is he so yong a man, and so old a lister.

Pand. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, shee came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

Cres. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pan. Why, you know tis dimpled,

I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all *Phrigia*.

Cres. Oh he smiles valianty.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cres. O yes, and twere a clowd in autumnne.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus*.

Cres. *Troylus* wil stand to thee prooffe if youle prooue it so.

Pan. *Troylus*, why hee esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

Cres. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head you would eate chickens ith shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on his chinne.

Cres. Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.

Pan. But there was such laughing, queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cres. With milstones.

Pan.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire vnder the por of her eyes: did her eyes run ore to?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cres. At what was all this laughing.

Pan. Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene heare I should haue laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the heare as at his pretty answere.

Cres. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee heere's but two and fifty heires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. Thats true, make no question of that, two and fiftie heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the rest are his sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth shee, which of these heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught that it past.

Cres. So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well cozen I tould you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cres. So I doe.

Pan. Ile be sworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in *Aprill*,
Sound a retreat.

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares an'twere a nettle against *May*.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shall we stand vp here and see them as they passe toward *Ilion*, good neece do, sweete neece *Cresseida*.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may see

THE HISTORY OF

see most brauely, Ile tell you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the rest.

Enter Æneas.

Cres. Speake not so lowde.

Pan. Thats *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hees one of the flowers of *Troy* I can tell you, but marke *Troylus*, you shal see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. Thats *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th soundest iudgements in *Troy* whofoeuer, and a proper man of person, when comes *Troylus*, Ile shew you *Troylus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at mee.

Cres. Will he giue you the nod.

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do the ritch shall haue more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. Thats *Hector*, that, that, looke you that, thers a fellow! goe thy way *Hector*, ther's a braue man neece, O braue *Hector*, looke how hee lookes, theres a countenance, ist not a braue man?

Cres. O a braue man.

Pan. Is a not? it dooes a man heart good, looke you what hacks are on his helmet, looke you yonder, do you see, looke you there, thers no iesting, thers laying on, takt off, who will as they say, there be hacks.

Cres. Be those with fwords.

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, its all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good.

Yonder

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, looke yee yonder neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not, why this is braue now, who said he came hurt home to day. Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now ha? would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall see *Troylus* anon.

Cres. Whose that?

Enter Helenus.

Pan. Thats *Helenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, thats *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day, thats *Helenus*.

Cres. Can *Helenus* fight vncke?

Pan. *Helenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke doe you not here the people crie *Troylus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Panda. Where? yonder? thats *Deiphobus*. Tis *Troylus*! theres a man neece, hem? braue *Troylus* the prince of chivalrie.

Cres. Peace for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, note him: O braue *Troylus*, looke well vpon him neece, looke you how is sword is bloudied, and his helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how hee lookes, and how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee neuer saw three and twenty, go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddesse, hee should take his choice, O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant *Hellen* to change would giue an eye to boote.

Cres. Here comes more.

Pa. Asses, fooles, doults, chaff and bran, chaff and bran, porredge after meate, I could liue and die in the eyes of *Troilus*, nere looke, nere looke, the eagles are gonne, crowes and
Vol. III. D d dawes,

THE HISTORY OF

dawes, crowes and dawes, I had rather bee fuch a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cref. There is amongst the *Greekes*, *Achilles* a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. *Achilles*, a dray-man, a porter, a very cammell.

Cref. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well, why haue you any discretion, haue you any eyes, doe you know what a man is ? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, man-hood, learning, gentlenesse, vertue youth, liberallity and fuch like, the spice and salt that season a man.

Cref. I a minst man, and then to bee bak't with no date in the pie, for then the mans date is out.

Pan. You are fuch a woman a man knowes not at what ward you lie.

Cref. Vpon my backe to defend my bellie, vpon my wit to defend my wiles, vpon my secrecy to defend mine honesty, my maske to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these : and at al these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cref. Nay Ile watch you for that ; and thats one of the chiefest of them two : if I cannot ward what I would not haue hit : I can watch you for telling how I tooke the blowe vnlesse it swell past hiding and then its past watching.

Pan. You are fuch another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir my lord would instantlie speake with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your owne house there he vnarmes him.

Pan. Good boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt, fare ye well good neice.

Cref. Adiew vncke.

Pan. I wil be with you neice by and by.

Cref.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Cres. To bring vncle.

Pan. I a token from *Troilus*.

Cres. By the same token you are a bawde,
Words, vowes, guifts, teares and loues full sacrifice.
He offers in anothers enterprize,
But more in *Troilus* thousand fould I see,
Then in the glasse of *Pandars* praise may bee.
Yet hold I off: women are angels woing,
“ Things woone are done, ioyes foule lies in the dooing.
That shee belou’d, knows naught that knows not this,
“ Men price the thing vngaind more then it is,
That she was neuer yet that euer knew
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue,
Therefore this maxim out of loue I teach,
“ *Atchiuement is command; vngaind beseech,*
Then though my hearts content firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlisses, Diomedes, Menelaus
with others.

Aga. Princes: what grieve hath set these iaundies ore your
cheekes?

The ample proposition that hope makes,
In all-designes begun on earth below,
Failes in the promist largenesse, checks and disasters,
Grow in the vaines of actions highest reard.
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infects the sound pine, and diuerts his graine,
Tortue and errant from his course of growth.
Nor Princes is it matter new to vs,
That we come short of our suppose so farre,
That after seauen yeares siege, yet *Troy* walls stand,
Sith euer action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue record, triall did draw,
Bias and thwart: not answering the ayme,

THE HISTORY OF

And that vnbodyed figure of the thought,
 That gau't furmifed fhape: why then you princes,
 Do you with cheekes abasht behold our workes,
 And call them fhames which are indeed naught elfe,
 But the protractiue tryals of great *Ioue*,
 To finde perfiftiue conftancie in men.
 The finenefle of which mettall is not found,
 In fortunes loue: for then the bould and coward,
 The wife and foole, the artift and vnread,
 The hard and foft feeme all affyn'd and kin,
 But in the winde and tempeft of her frowne,
 Diffinction with a broad and powerfull fan,
 Puffing at all, winnowss the light away,
 And what hath maffe or matter by it felfe,
 Lyes rich in vertue and vnmixed.

Neflor. With due obferuance of the godlike feate,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Neflor* fhall apply
 Thy lateft words. In the reproofe of chance,
 Lies the true prooffe of men: the fea being fmooth,
 How many fhallow bauble boates dare faile,
 Vpon her ancient brest, making their way
 With thofe of nobler bulke?
 But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold
 The ftrong ribbd barke through liquid mountaines cut,
 Bounding betweene the two moyft elements,
 Like *Perfeus* horfe. Where's then the fawcie boate,
 Whofe weake vntymberd fides but euen now
 Corriuald greatneffe? either to harbor fled,
 Or made a tofte for *Neptune*: euen fo
 Doth valours shew, and valours worth deuide
 In stormes of fortune; for in her ray and brightneffe
 The heard hath more annoyance by the bryze
 Then by the tyger, but when the fplitting winde,

Makes

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Makes flexible the knees of knotted okes,
And flies fled vnder shade, why then the thing of courage,
As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in felfe same key,
Retires to chiding fortune.

Uliſſ. Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerues and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, foule and onely ſpright,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut vp : heere what *Vliſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation,
The which moſt mighty (for thy place and ſway
And thou moſt reuerend) for the ſtretcht out life,
I giue to both your ſpeeches ; which were ſuch
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*,
Should hold vp high in braſſe, and ſuch againe
As venerable *Neflor* (hatcht in ſiluer)
Should with a bond of ayre ſtrong as the axel-tree,
(On which heauen rides) knit all the *Greekiſh* eares
To his experienc't tongue, yet let it pleaſe both
Thou great and wiſe, to heare *Vliſſes* ſpeake.
Troy yet vpon his baſes had beene down,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lackt a maſter
But for theſe inſtances.

The ſpecialtie of rule hath beene neglected,
And looke how many *Grecian* tents do ſtand,
Hollow vpon this plaine, ſo many hollow factions,
When that the generall is not like the hiue,
To whom the forragers ſhall all repaire,
What honey is expected ? Degree being viſarded
Th'vnworthieſt ſhewes as fairly in the maſke.
The heauens them-ſelues, the plannets and this center,
Obſerue degree, prioritie and place,
In ſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office and cuſtome, in all line of order.

D d ?

And

THE HISTORY OF

And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spherd,
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye,
Corrects the influence of euill planets,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets,
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutinie?
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors
Diuert and crack, rend and deracinate,
The vnitie and married calme of states
Quite from their fixture: O when degree is shakt,
Which is the ladder of all high designes,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schooles, and brother-hoods in citties,
Peacefull commerce from deuidable shores,
The primogenitie and due of birth,
Prerogatiue of age, crownes, scepters, lawrels,
But by degree stand in authentique place:
Take but degree away, vntune that string,
And harke what discord followes, each thing melts
In meere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosomes higher then the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be the lord of imbecilitie,
And the rude sonne should strike his father dead.
Force should be right or rather right and wrong,
(*Betweene whose endlesse iarre iustice recides*)
Should loose their names, and so should iustice to?
Then euery thing include it selfe in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an vniuersall wolfe,
(So doubly seconded with will and power)

Must

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
 And last eate vp himselfe,
 Great *Agamemnon*,
 This *chaos* when degree is suffocate,
 Followes the choaking,
 And this neglectiō of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward with a purpose
 It hath to clime. The generalls disdained,
 By him one step below, he by the next,
 That next by him beneath, so euery step,
 Examl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, growes to an enuious feauer
 Of pale and bloudlesse emulation,
 And 'tis this feauer that keepes *Troy* on foote,
 Not her owne sinnews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse stands not in her strength.

Nestor. Most wisely hath *Vlisses* here discouerd,
 The feuer whereof all our power is sick.

Agamem. The nature of the sicknesse found, *Vlisses*
 What is the remedie?

Uliſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,
 The finnow and the fore-hand of our hoste,
 Hauing his eare full of his ayrie fame,
 Growes dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: with him *Patroclus*
 Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long day,
 Breakes scurrell iests.
 And with ridiculous and fillie action,
 Which (slanderer) he imitation calls,
 He pageants vs. Some-time great *Agamemnon*,
 Thy toplesse deputation he puts on,
 And like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lyes in his ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
 To heere the wooden dialogue and sound,

THE HISTORY OF

Twixt his stretcht footing and the scoaffolage,
 Such to be pitied and ore rested seeming,
 He acts thy greatnesse in. And when he speakes,
 Tis like a chime a mending, with termes vn-square,
 Which from the tongue of roaring *Tiphon* dropt,
 Would seeme hiperboles, at this fustie stufte,
 The large *Achilles* on his prest bed lolling,
 From his deepe chest laughs out a lowd applause,
 Cries excellent ; 'tis *Agamemnon* right,
 Now play me *Nestor*, hem and stroake thy beard,
 As he being drest to some oration,
 That's done, as neere as the extremest ends
 Of paralells, as like as *Uulcan* and his wife :
 Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,
 Tis *Nestor* right : now play him me *Patroclus*,
 Arming to answer in a night alarme,
 And then forsooth the faint defects of age,
 Must be the scæne of myrth, to coffe and spit,
 And with a palseie fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the riuet, and at this sport
 Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough *Patroclus*,
 Or giue me ribbs of steele, I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleene, and in this fashion,
 All our abilities, guifts, natures shapes,
 Seueralls and generalls of grace exact,
 Atchiuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues
 As stufte for these two to make paradoxes.

Nestor. And in the imitation of these twaine,
 Who as *Vlisses* sayes opinion crownes,
 With an imperiall voyce : many are infect,
Ajax is growne selfe-wild, and beares his head
 In such a reyne, in full as proud a place

As

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

As broad *Achilles* : keepes his tent like him,
 Makes factious feasts, railes on our state of warre,
 Bould as an oracle, and sets *Thersites*
 A slaue, whose gall coynes slanders like a mint,
 To match vs in comparifons with durt,
 To weaken our discredit, our exposure
 How ranke so euer rounded in with danger.

Vlisses. They taxe our pollicie, and call it cowardice,
 Count wisdome as no member of the warre,
 Forstall prescience, and esteeme no act
 But that of hand, the still and mentall parts,
 That do contriue how many hands shall strike,
 When fitnesse calls them on, and know by measure
 Of their obseruant toyle the enemies waight,
 Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,
 They call this bed-worke, mappry, closet warre,
 So that the ram that batters downe the wall,
 For the great swinge and rudenesse of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 Or those that with the finesse of their foules,
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse
 Makes many *Thetis* sonnes.

Agam. What trumpet? looke *Menelaus*.

Mene. From *Troy*.

Agam. What would you fore our tent.

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* tent I pray you?

Agam. Euen this.

Æne. May one that is a herrald and a prince,
 Do a faire message to his kingly eyes?

Agam. With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,
 Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice,
 Call *Agamemnon* head and generall.

Æne. Faire leaue and large security, how may

A stranger

THE HISTORY OF

A stranger to those most imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. I, I aske that I might waken reuerence,
And bid the cheeke be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning, when shee coldly eyes the youthfull
Phœbus,

Which is that God, in office guiding men,
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon.*

Agam. This *Trojan* scornes vs, or the men of *Troy*,
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnarm'd
As bending angels, thats their fame in peace:
But when they would seeme soldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, strong ioints, true swords, and great *Ioues* ac-
cord

Nothing so full of heart: but peace *Æneas*,
Peace *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth,
If that the praisd him-felse bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends.

Agam. Sir you of *Troy*, call you your selfe *Æneas*?

Æne. I *Greeke*, that is my name.

Agam. Whats your affaires I pray you?

Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.

Aga. He heeres naught priuately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper with him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his feat on that attentiu bent,
And then to speake.

Agam. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre;

That

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

That thou shalt know *Trojan* he is awake,
Hee tels thee so himfelfe.

Æne. Trumpet blowe alowd,
Send thy brasse voyce through all these lazie tents,
And euery *Greeke* of mettell let him know,
What *Troy* meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd.

Sound trumpet.

We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in *Troy*,
A prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
Who in his dull and long continued truce,
Is restie growne: he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speake. Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one among the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher then his ease,
And feeds his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his mistresse more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avowe her beautie and her worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this challenge;
Hector in view of *Trojans* and of *Greekes*,
Shall make it good or do his best to do it:
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer *Greeke* did couple in his armes,
And will to morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way betweene your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in loue:
If any come, *Hector* shall honor him:
If none, heele say in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a launce. Euen so much.

Agam. This shall be told our louers lord *Aeneas*,
If none of them haue foule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home, but we are souldiers,

And

THE HISTORY OF

And may that fouldier a meere recreant prooue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath a meanes to be,
That one meetes *Hector*: if none else I am he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* grand-fire suckt. He is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* hoste,
A noble man that hath no sparke of fire
To answer for his loue, tell him from me,
Ile hide my siluer beard in a Gould beauer,
And in my vambrace put my withered braunes
And meeting him tell him that my lady,
Was fairer then his grandam, and as chaste,
As may bee in the world (his youth in flood)
Ile proue this troth with my three drops of bloud.

Aene. Now heavens for-fend such scarcity of men.

Vlis. Amen: faire lord *Aeneas* let me touch your hand,
To our paulion shall I leade you sir:
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent,
Your selfe shall feast with vs before you goe,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

Vlis. *Nestor.*

Nest. What saies *Vlisses*?

Vlis. I haue a yong conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What ist?

Vlis. Blunt wedges riue hard knots, the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blowne vp
In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt;
Or shedding breede a nourfery of like euill,
To ouer-bulk vs all.

Nest. Well and how?

Vlis.

TROYLLS AND CRESSEIDA.

Vlif. This challeng that the gallant *Heſtor* ſends,
How euer it is ſpread in generall name
Relates in purpoſe onely to *Achilles*.

Nest. True the purpoſe is perſpicuous as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſeneſſe little characters ſum vp :
And in the publication make no ſtraine,
But that *Achilles* weare his braine, as barren,
As banks of *Libia* (though *Apollo* knowes
Tis dry enough) will with great ſpeed of iudgement,
I with celerity finde *Heſtors* purpoſe, pointing on him.

Vlif. And wake him to the anſwere thinke you?

Nest. Why tis moſt meete; who may you elce oppoſe,
That can from *Heſtor* bring thoſe honours off,
If not *Achilles* : though't be a ſportfull combat,
Yet in the triall much opinion dwells :
For here the *Troyans* taſt our deepeſt repute,
With their fin'ſt pallat, and truſt to me *Vliſſes*.
Our imputation ſhal be odly poizde
In this vilde action, for the ſucceſſe,
Although perticuler ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad vnto the generall,
And in ſuch indexes (although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes) there is ſeene,
The baby figure of the gyant maſſe,
Of things to come at large: it is ſuppos'd
He that meetes *Heſtor*, yſſues from our choice.
And choice (being mutuall act of all our foules)
Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,
(As twere from forth vs all) a man diſtill'd
Out of our vertues, who miſcarrying,
What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to them ſelues.

Vliſſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech? therefore tis meete,
Achilles meete not *Heſtor*, let vs like marchants

Fiſt

THE HISTORY OF

First shew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile sell;
If not; the luster of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worse first: do not consent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,
For both our honour and our shame in this, are dog'd with
two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes what are they?

Vless. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent.

And it were better partch in *Afrique* funne,
Then in the pride and fault scorne of his eyes
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,
Why then we do our maine opinion crash
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottry
And by deuise let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*, among our selues,
Giue him allowance for the better man,
For that will phisick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broyles in loud applause, and make him fall,
His crest that prouder then blew *Iris* bends,
If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off
Weele dresse him vp in voices, if he faile
Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men, but hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes
Ajax imploy'd plucks downe *Achilles* plumes,

Nest. Now *Vlisses* I begin to relish thy aduise,
And I will giue a taste thereof forthwith,
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight
Two cures shall tame each other, pride alone
Must arre the mastiffs on, as twere a bone.

Exeunt.

Enter

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA

Enter Ajax and Therfites.

Ajax. Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had biles, full, all ouer, generally.

Ajax. Therfites.

Ther. And those byles did run (say so,) did not the generall run then, were not that a botchy core.

Ajax. Dogge.

Ther. Then would come some matter from him, I see none now.

Aia. Thou bitchwolfs son canst thou not heare, feele then.

Ther. The plague of *Greece* vpon thee thou mongrell beefe witted lord.

Ajax. Speake then thou vnsalted leauen, speake, I will beate thee into hanfomnesse.

Ther. I shall sooner raile thee into wit and holinesse, but I thinke thy horse will sooner cunne an oration without booke, then thou learne praier without booke, thou canst strike canst thou? a red murrion ath thy iades trickes.

Ajax. Tode-stoole? learne me the proclamation.

Ther. Dooft thou thinke I haue no sence thou strikest mee thus?

Ajax. The proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.

Ajax. Do not porpentin, do not, my fingers itch:

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foote, and I had the scratching of the, I would make thee the lothsomest scab in *Greece*, when thou art forth in the incursions thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say the proclamation.

Ther. Thou gromblest and raylest euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnesse, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpinas* beauty, I that thou barkst at him.

Ajax.

THE HISTORY OF

Ajax. Mistres *Thersites*.

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. *Ajax* Coblofe,
Hee would punne thee into shiuers with his fist, as a sayler
breakes a bisket, you horson curre. Do? do?

Ajax. Thou stoole for a witch:

Ther. I, do? do? thou sodden witted lord, thou hast no
more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Asinico* may tutor
thee, you scuruy valiant asse, thou art heere but to thrash *Troy-*
ans, and thou art bought and sould among those of any wit,
like a *Barbarian* slaue. If thou vse to beate mee I will beginne
at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches, thou thing of
no bowells thou.

Ajax. You dog:

Ther. You scuruy lord.

Ajax. You curre.

Ther. *Mars* his idiot, do rudenesse, do camel, do, do.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax* wherefore do yee thus,
How now *Thersites* whats the matter man.

Ther. You see him there? do you?

Achil. I whats the matter.

Ther. Nay looke vpon him.

Achil. So I do, whats the matter?

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why so I do.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who some
euer you take him to be he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he vtters, his
euasions haue eares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more
then he has beate my bones. It will buy nine sparrowes for a
penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a spar-
row:

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

row: this lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who weares his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I say of him.

Ach What.

Ther. I say this *Ajax*.

Achil. Nay good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Hellens* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole?

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnesse, but the foole will not, he there, that he: looke you there?

Ajax. Oh thou damned curre I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, the fooles will shame it.

Patro. Good words *Thesites*.

Achil. Whats the quarrell.

Ajax. I bad the vile oule goe learne mee the tenor of the proclamation, and he railes vpon me.

Ther. I serue thee not?

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serue here voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was suffrance: twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary, *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as vnder an impresse.

Ther. E'ene so, a great deale of your witte to, lies in your sinnewes, or els there bee liers, *Hector* shall haue a great catch and knocke at either of your beains, a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Thersites*.

Ther. Thers *Ulysses* and old *Nestor*, whose wit was mouldy ere their grandfires had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough vp the wars.

Achil. What? what?

THE HISTORY OF

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to—

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

Patro. No more words *Thersites* peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clatpoles, ere I come any more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Patro. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this fir is proclaim'd through all our hoste,
That *Hector* by the first houre of the sunne :
Will with a trumpet twixt our tents and *Troy*,
To morrow morning call some knight to armes,
That hath a stomack, and such a one that dare,
Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) fareweil—

Ajax. Farewell, who shall answer him.

Achil. I know not, tis put to lottry, otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Priam. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe saies *Nestor* from the *Greekes* :
Deliuier *Hellen*, and all damage els,
As honour, losse of time, trauell, expence,
Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd:
In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)
Shal be stroke off, *Hector* what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser feares the *Greekes* then I
As farre as toucheth my particular, yet dread *Priam*

There

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

There is no lady of more softer bowells,
More spungy to suck in the fence of feare :
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is : the wound of peace is surely
Surely secure, but modest doubt is calld
The beacon of the wise, the tent that ferches,
Too'th bottome of the worst let *Hellen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question
Euery tith foule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours :
If we haue losse so many tenthes of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs,
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten,
What merits in that reason which denies,
The yeelding of her vp ?

Troy. Fie, fie, my brother,
Way you the worth and honour of a king :
So great as our dread fathers in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with compters summe.
The past proportion of his infinite
And buckle in, a waste most fathomles,
With spanes and inches so dyminutue :
As feares and reasons : fie for godly shame ?

Hele. No maruell though you bite so sharpe of reasons,
You are so empty of them should not our father ;
Beare the great sway of his affaires with reason,
Because your speech hath none that tell him so ?

Troy. You are for dreames and slumbers brother priest,
You furre your gloues with reason, here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harme :
You know a sword imployde is perilous
And reason flies the obiect of all harme.
Who maruells then when *Helenus* beholds,
A *Gretian* and his sword, if he do set

THE HISTORY OF

The very wings of reason to his heeles,
And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Ioue*
Or like a starre disorderd? nay if we talke of reason,
Sets shut our gates and sleepe: man-hood and honour,
Should haue hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reason, reason and respect,
Make lyuers pale, and lustihood deiect.

Heet. Brother, shee is not worth, what shee doth cost the
keeping.

Troy. Whats aught but as tis valued.

Heet. But valew dwells not in perticuler will,
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein tis precious of it selfe
As in the prizer, tis madde idolatry
To make the seruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is attributue;
To what infectiously it selfe affects,
Without some image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a wife, and my election:
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shore,
Of will and iudgement: how may I auoyde?
(Although my will distast what it elected)
The wife I choose, there can be no euasion,
To blench from this and to stand firme by honor,
We turne not backe the filkes vpon the marchant
When we haue soild them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnrespectiue siue,
Because we now are full, it was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greekes*.
Your breth with full consent bellied his failes,
The seas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a truce:
And did him seruice, hee toucht the ports desir'd,

And

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

And for an old aunt whom the *Greekes* held captiue,
 He brought a *Grecian* queene, whose youth and freshnesse,
 Wrincles *Apolloes*, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keepe we her? the *Grecians* keepe our aunt,
 Is she worth keeping? why shee is a pearle,
 Whose price hath lansh't aboue a thousand ships:
 And turn'd crown'd kings to marchants,
 If youle auouch twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 As you must needs, for you all cri'd go, go.
 If youle confesse he brought home worthy prize:
 As you must needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
 And cry'd inestimable: why do you now
 The yssue of your proper wisdomes rate,
 And do a deed that neuer fortune did,
 Begger the estimation, which you priz'd
 Ritcher then sea and land? O theft most base,
 That wee haue stolne, what we do feare to keepe,
 But theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne:
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We feare to warrant in our natieue place.

Enter Cassandra rauing.

Cass. Cry *Troyans* cry:

Priam. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troy. Tis our madde sister I do know her voice,

Cass. Cry *Troyans*.

Heet. It is *Cassandra*!

Cass. Cry *Troyans* cry, lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetick teares.

Heet. Peace sister peace.

Cass. Virgins, and boyes, mid-age, and wrinckled elders,
 Soft infancie, that nothing canst but crie,
 Adde to my clamours: let vs pay be-times
 A moytie of that masse of mone to come:

THE HISTORY OF

Crie *Troyans* crie, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not bee, nor goodly *Ilion* stand.
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burnes vs all,
Crie *Troyans* crie, a *Helen* and a woe,
Crie, crie, *Troy* burnes, or else let *Hellen* goe. *Exit.*

Hect. Now youthfull *Troilus*, do not these high straines
Of diuination in our sister worke
Some touches of remorse? or is your bloud
So maddly hott, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troy. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each act
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes,
Because *Cassandra's* madde, her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distast the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Which hath our feuerall honors all engag'd,
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more toucht then all *Priams* sonnes:
And *Ioue* forbid there should be done amongst vs,
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsells,
But I attest the gods, your full consent,
Gaue wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiect,
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmitie of those
This quarrell would excite? yet I protest
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,

Paris

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Paris should nere retract, what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite.

Pria. *Paris* you speake
Like one be-fotted on your sweet delights,
You haue the hony still, but these the gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beautie brings with it,
But I would haue the soile of her faire rape,
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
What treason were it to the ranfackt queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me.
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On tearmes of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to drawe,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you haue both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glozd, but superficially, not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnfit to heere morrall philosophie;
The reasons you alleadge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempred blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then adders to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues

THE HISTORY OF

All dues be rendred to their owners. Now
 What neerer debt in all humanitie,
 Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe
 Of nature be corrupted through affection
 And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
 To their benumbed wills resist the same,
 There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,
 To curbe those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refracturie;
 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* king,
 As it is knowne she is, these morrall lawes
 Of nature and of nations, speake alowd
 To haue her back returnd: thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion
 Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keepe *Helen* still,
 For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
 Vpon our ioynt and feuerall dignities.

Tro. Why there you toucht the life of our designe:
 Were it not glory that we more affected,
 Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
 I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* bloud,
 Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
 She is a theame of honour and renowne,
 A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
 And fame in time to come canonize vs,
 For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose
 So rich aduantage of a promised glory,
 As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
 For the wide worlds reueneue.

Hec.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great *Priamus*,
 I haue a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the *Greekes*,
 Will shrike amazement to their drowfie spirits,
 I was aduertizd, their great generall slept,
 Whilst emulation in the armie crept:
 This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter Therfites solus.

How now *Therfites*? what lost in the labyrinth of thy furie?
 shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I
 raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise:
 that I could beate him, whilst hee raild at mee: sfoote, Ile
 learne to coniure and raise diuels, but Ile see some issue of my
 spitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If
Troy bee not taken till these two vndermine it, the walls will
 stand till they fall of them-selues. O thou great thunder-darter
 of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Ioue* the king of Gods: and
Mercury, loose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if yee
 take not that little little lesse then little witte from them that
 they haue: which short-armd ignorance it selfe knowes is so
 abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flie
 from a spider, without drawing their massie irons, and cutting
 the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, or
 rather the *Neopolitan* bone ache: for that me thinkes is the
 curse depending on those that warre for a placket. I haue
 said my prayers, and diuell enuie say *Amen*. What ho my
 lord *Achilles*?

Patrocl. Whose there? *Therfites*? good *Therfites* come in
 and raile.

Therfi. If I could a remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou
 couldst not haue slipt out of my contemplation: but it is no
 matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curse of man-
 kinde,

THE HISTORY OF

Ulis. The elephant hath ioynts, but none for courtesie,
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry,
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure
Did mooue your greatnesse, and this noble state,
To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your digestion sake,
An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus* :
We are too well acquainted with these answers,
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes begin to lose their glosse,
Yea like faire fruite in an vnholosome dish,
Are like to rott vntasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speake with him, and you shall not sinne,
If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-honest : in selfe assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himselfe
Heere tend the sauage strangenesse he puts on
Disguise, the holy strength of their commaund,
And vnder-write in an obseruing kinde,
His humorous predominance : yea watch
His course, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if
The passage, and whole streame of his commencement,
Rode on his tide. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouer-hold his price so much,
Weele none of him. But let him like an engine,
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,

A stirring

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

A stirring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Agam. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him: *Vlisses* entertaine.

Aiax. What is he more then another.

Agam. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aiax. Is he so much: doe you not thinke he thinkes him-
felfe a better man then I am?

Agam. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is.

Agam. No noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether more
tractable.

Aia. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow?
I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your minde is the cleerer, and your vertues the
fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-felfe: pride is his owne
glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and what euer
praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the deed in the praise.

Enter Vlisses.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring
of toades.

Nest. And yet he loues himfelfe, ist not strange?

Vlif. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. Whats his excuse?

Vlif. He doth relye on none.

But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Agam. Why will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share th'ayre with vs.

Vlif.

THE HISTORY OF

Vlis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely,
He makes important posselt he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe but with a pride,
That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hott discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdomd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters downe himselfe. What should I say,
He is so plagueie proud, that the death tokens of it,
Crie no recouerie.

Agam. Let *Aiax* go to him,
Deare lord, go you, and greete him in his tent,
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be lead,
At your request a little from himselfe.

Vlis. O *Agamemnon* let it not be so,
Weele consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*: shall the proud lord
That bafts his arrogance with his owne seame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, saue such as doth reuolue,
And ruminat him-felfe: shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,
No: this thrice worthy and right valiant lord,
Shall not so staule his palme nobly acquird,
Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,
As amply liked as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride.
And adde more coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,
With entertaining great *Hiperion*,
This lord go to him, *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder *Achilles* go to him.

Nest. O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.

Diom. And how his silence drinkes vp his applause.

Aia.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Aia. If I go to him: with my armed fist Ile push him ore the face.

Agam. O no, you shall not goe.

Aia. And he be proud with me, Ile puese his pride,
Let me goe to him.

Vliss. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrell.

Aiax. A paltry insolent fellow.

Nest. How he describes him selfe.

Aiax. Can he not be sociable.

Vliss. The rauen chides blacknesse.

Aiax. Ile tell his humorous bloud.

Agam. Hee will be the phisition, that should bee the patient.

Aiax. And all men were of my minde.

Vliss. Wit would bee out of fashion.

Aiax. A should not beare it so, a should eate swords first?
shall pride carry it?

Nest. And two'od yow'd carry halfe.

Aiax. A would haue ten shares. I will kneade him, Ile make him supple, he's not yet through warme?

Nest. Force him with praies poure in, poure, his ambition is drie.

Vliss. My lord you feed to much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble generall do not do so?

Diom. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Vliss. Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,
Here is a man but tis before his face, I wil be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous as *Achilles* is.

Vliss. Know the whole world hee is as valiant——

Aiax. A hoarson dog that shall palter with vs thus, would he were a *Trojan*?

Nest. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now:

Vliss. If hee were proude.

Diom.

THE HISTORY OF

Diom. Or couetous of praise.

Vliff. I or furly borne.

Diom. Or strange or felse affected.

Vliff. Thank the heauens lord, thou art of sweet compofure
Praise him that gat thee, fhee that gaue thee fuck :
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,
Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition :
But hee that disciplind thine armes to fight,
Let *Mars* diuide eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour :
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,
To finowy *Aiax*, I will not praise thy wifdome,
Which like a board : a pale, a fhore confines
This fpacious and dilated parts, here's *Nestor*,
Instructed by the antiquary times :
He must, he is, he cannot but be wife,
But pardon father *Nestor* were your daies
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine fo temper'd,
You should not haue the emynence of him,
But be as *Aiax*.

Aiax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. I my good sonne.

Diom. Be ruld by him lord *Aiax*.

Vliff. There is no tarrying here the hart *Achilles*,
Keepes thicket, please it our great generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh kings are come to *Troy*. To morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast,
And here's a lord come knights from east to west
And call their flower, *Aiax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to counsell, let *Achilles* sleepe,
Light boates faile swift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.

Exeunt.

Enter

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA:

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the yong lord *Paris*.

Man. I fir when he goes before mee.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane.

Man. Sir I do depend vpon the lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a notable gentleman I must needs praise him.

Man. The Lord be praized?

Pan. You know me? doe you not?

Man. Faith fir superficially.

Pan. Friend know mee better, I am the lord *Pandarus*.

Man. I hope I shall know your honour better?

Pan. I do desire it.

Man. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace? not so friend, honour and lordship are my titles, what musicke is this?

Man. I do but partly know fir, it is musick in partes.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Man. Wholy fir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Man. To the hearers fir.

Pan. At whose pleasure friend?

Man. At mine fir, and theirs that loue musicke.

Pan. Command I meane.

Man. Who shall I command fir?

Pan. Friend we vnderstand not one another, I am to courtly and thou to cunning, at whose request do these men play?

Man. That's to't indeed fir? marry fir, at the request of *Paris* my lord, who is there in person, with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible soule.

Pan. Who my cozen *Cressida*.

THE HISTORY OF

Man. No sir, *Hellen*, could not you finde out that by her attributes.

Pan. It should seeme fellow thou hast not seene the lady *Cressid* I come to speake with *Paris*, from the prince *Troylus*. I will make a complementall assault vpon him for my businesse seeth's.

Man. Sodden businesse, theirs a stew'd phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Hellen.

Pan. Faire be to you my lord, and to al this faire company, faire desires in all faire measure fairlie guide them, especially to you faire queene faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Dere lord you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweet queene, Faire prince here is good broken musicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel.* He is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my lord, well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I haue businesse to my lord deere queene? my lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay this shall not hedge vs out, weele here you sing certainly.

Pan. Well sweete queene you are pleasant with mee, but, marry thus my lord my deere lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troylus*.

Hel. My lord *Pandarus*, hony sweet lord.

Pan. Go too sweet queene, go to?

Comends himselfe most affectionatly to you.

Hel.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody,
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweet queene, sweet queene, thats a sweet queene
I faith—

Hel. And to make a sweet lady sad is a fower offence.

Pan. Nay that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not
in truth la? Nay I care not for such words, no, no. And my
lord hee desires you that if the king call for him at super. You
will make his excuse.

Hel. My lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What saies my sweete queenem, y very very sweet
queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where suppes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my lord?

Pan. What saies my sweet queene? my cozen will fall out
with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my disposer *Cresseida*.

Pan. No, no? no such matter you are wide, come your
disposer is sicke.

Par. Well Ile makes excuse?

Pan. I good my lord, why should you say *Cresseida*, no,
your disposers sick.

Par. I spie?

Par. You spy? what do you spie? come, giue mee an in-
strument, now sweete queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. My neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue
sweete queene.

Hel. Shee shall haue it my lord, if it bee not my lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pand. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you
a song now.

THE HISTORY OF

Hell. I, I, prethee, now by my troth sweet lad thou haste a fine fore-head.

Pand. I you may, you may.

Hell. Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pand. Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

Pand. *Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still loue still more:*

For O loues bow. Shoots bucke and doe.

The shafts confound not that it wounds

But ticles still the sore:

These louers cry, oh ho they dye,

Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,

Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he,

So dying loue liues still,

O ho ho awhile, but ha ha ha,

O ho grones out for ha ha ha—hey ho.

Hell. In loue I faith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doves loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pand. Is this the generation of loue: hot blood hot thoughts and hot deedes, why they are vipers, is loue a generation of vipers.

Sweete lord whose a field to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor,* and all the galantry of *Troy.* I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hell. He hangs the lippe at something, you know al lord *Pandarus.*

Pand. Not I hony sweete queene, I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Par. To a hayre.

Pand. Farewell sweete queene.

Hell. Commend me to your neece.

Pand. I will sweete queene? *Sound a retreat?*

Par. Their come from the field: let vs to *Priames* hall
To greete the warriors. Sweet *Hellen* I must woe you,

To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne bucles

With this your white enchanting fingers toucht;

Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,

Or force of *Greekish* sinewes: you shall do more

Then all the iland kinges, disarm great *Hector*.

Hell. Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*?

Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,

Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.

Yea ouershines our selfe.

Par. Sweet about thought I loue her?

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus Troylus, Man.

Pand. How now wher's thy maister, at my cousin *Cressidas*?

Man. No sir stayes for you to conduct him thether.

Pand. O heere he comes: how now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pand. Haue you seene my cousine?

Troy. No *Pandarus*, I stalke about her dore

Like to a strange foule vpon the *Stigian* bankes

Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*.

And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,

Where I may wallow in the lilly beds

Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,

From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,

And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pand. Walke heere ith' orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,

THE HISTORY OF

Th' ymaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchaunts my sence : what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeed
Loues thrice reputed nectar ? death I feare me
Sounding destruction, or some ioy to fyne,
To subtile, potent, tun'd to sharp in sweetnesse
For the capacity of my ruder powers ;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides
That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.

Pand. Shees making her ready, sheele come straight, you
must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind
so short as if shee were afraid with a spirite: Ile fetch her ; it
is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new
tane sparrow.

Troy. Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome,
My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing loose
Like vassalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of maiesty.

Enter Pandar and Cressid.

Pand. Come, come, what need you blush ?
Shames a babie ; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to
her that you haue sworne to me : what are you gone againe,
you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you ? Come
your waies come your waies, and you draw backward wee
put you ith filles : why doe you not speake to her. Come
draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture ; alas the day ?
how loath you are to offend day light ; and twere darke youd
close sooner : so so, rub on and kisse the mistresse ; how now
a kisse in fee-farme : build there carpenter, the ayre is sweet.
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The
faulcon,

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

faulcon, as the tercell: for all the ducks ith riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all wordes lady.

Pand. Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but sheele bereaue you ath' deeds too if she call your actiuity in question: what billing again: heeres in witnesse whereof the parties interchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my lord?

Troy. O *Cressid* how often have I wisht me thus.

Cres. Wisht my lord? the gods graunt? O my lord?

Troy. What should they graunt? what makes this pretty abruption: what to curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of cherubins, they neuer see truly.

Cres. Blind feare that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing, then blind reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst oft cures the worse.

Troy. O let my lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when wee vow to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame tygers, thinking it harder for our mistresse to deuise imposition ynough then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed.—

This the monstrosity in loue lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to lymite.

Cres. They say all louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten: and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of lyons, and the act of hares are they not monsters?

THE HISTORY OF

Troy. Are there such: such are not we: praise vs as wee are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit louer part no affection in reuerfion shall haue a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few wordes to faire faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truth, and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troilus*.

Cres. Will you walke in my lord?

Pand. What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well vncke what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thanke you for that, if my lord gette a boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my lord, if he flinch chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages, your vncles word and my firme faith.

Pand. Nay Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee wooed, they are constant being wonne, they are burres I can tell you, theyle sticke where they are throwne.

Cres. Bouldnesse comes to me now and brings me heart: prince *Troilus* I haue loued you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to wyn?

Cres. Hard to seeme wonne: but I was wonne my lord
With the first glance, that euer pardon me
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant,
I loue you now, but till now not so much
But I might maister it; in faith I lye,
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grone
Too headstrong for their mother: see wee fooles,
Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
When we are so vnsecret to our selues.
But though I loue'd you well, I wooed you not,

And

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man ;
 Or that we women had mens priuiledge
 Of speaking first. Sweete bid me hold my tongue,
 For in this rapture I shall surely speake
 The thing I shall repent : see see your sylence
 Comming in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes
 My very soule of counsell. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And shall, albeit sweet musique issues thence.

Pand. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My lord I doe beseech you pardon me,
 Twas not my purpose thus to begge a kisse :
 I am asham'd ; O heauens what haue I done !
 For this time will I take my leaue my lord.

Troy. Your leaue sweete *Cressid.*

Pan. Leaue : and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Cres. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you lady ?

Cres. Sir mine own company.

Troy. You cannot shun your selfe.

Cres. Let me goe and try :

I haue a kind of selfe recids with you :
 But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,
 To be anothers foole. I would be gone :
 Where is my wit ? I know not what I speake.

Tro. Well know they what they speake, that speake so wisely.

Cres. Perchance my lord I show more craft then loue,
 And fell so roundly to a large confession.
 To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,
 Or else you loue not : for to be wise and loue,
 Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods aboue.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman.
 As if it can I will presume in you,
 To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue.
 To keepe her constaney in plight and youth.

Out-living

THE HISTORY OF

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind,
That doth renew swifter then blood decays,
Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight,
Of such a winnowed purity in loue,
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as truths simplicity,
And simpler then the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that Ile war with you.

Tro. O vertuous fight,
When right with right warres who shal be most right,
True swains in loue shall in the world to come
Approue their trueth by *Troilus*, when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Wants simele's truth tyrd with iteration.
As true as steele, as plantage to the moone.
As sunne to day: as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant: as earth to th' center,
After all comparifons of truth.
(As truths authentique author to be cited)
As true as *Troilus*, shall croune vp the verse,
And sanctifie the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you bee,
If I bee falce or swarue a hayre from truth,
When time is ould or hath forgot it selfe,
When water drops haue worne the stones of *Troy*,
And blind obliuion swallowd cities vp.
And mighty states character-les are grated,
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From falce to falce among falce mayds in loue,
Vpbraid my falcehood, when th' haue said as falce,
As ayre, as water, wind or sandy earth,
As fox to lambe; or wolfe to heifers calfe,

Pard

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her sonne,
Yea let them say to sticke the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid*.

Pand. Go to a bargaine made, seale it, seale it Ile bee the
witnes here I hold your hand, here my cozens, if euer you
proue false one, to another since I haue taken such paine to
bring you together, let all pittiful goers betweene be cald to
the worlds end after my name, call them all *Panders*, let all
constant men be *Troylusses*, all false woemen *Cressids*, and all
brokers betweene *Panders*; say Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Par. Amen.

Wherevpon I will shew you a chamber, which bed because it
shall not speake of your prety encounters presse it to death;
away.

Exeunt.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide maydens here,
Bed, chamber, *Pander* to provide this geere.

Exit.

Enter Vlisses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamem, Chalcas.

Cal. Now princes for the seruice I haue done,
Th' aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appere it to mind,
That through the sight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandond *Troy*, left my possession,
Incurd a traytors name, exposd my selfe,
From certaine and posselt conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all,
That time acquaintance, custome and condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you seruice am become,
As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.
I do beseech you as in way of tast,
To giue me now a little benefit.

Out

THE HISTORY OF

Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say liue to come in my behalfe.

Aga. What wouldst thou of vs *Troian*? make demand?

Calc. You haue a *Troian* prisoner cald *Antenor*,
Yesterday tooke, *Troy* holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you thanks therefore)
Desird my *Cressed* in right great exchange.
Whom *Troy* hath still deni'd, but this *Antenor*,
I know is such a wrest in their affaires :
That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his mannage and they will almost,
Giue vs a prince of blood a sonne of *Pryam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter : and her presence,
Shall quite strike of all seruice I haue done,
In most accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Cressid* hither, *Calcas* shall haue
What he requests of vs : good *Diomed*
Furnish you farely for this enterchange,
Withall bring word if *Hector* will to morrow,
Bee answered in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I vndertake, and as a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Achilles and Patro stand in their tent.

Vli. *Achilles* stands ith entrance of his tent,
Please it our generall passe strangely by him :
As if he were forgot, and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him,
I will come last, tis like heele question mee.
Why such vnpaulsiue eyes are bent? why turnd on him,
If so I haue derision medecinable,
To vse betweene your strangnes and his pride,

Which

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke,
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse,
To show it selfe but pride: for supple knees,
Feed arrogance and are the proud mans fees.

Aga. Weele execute your purpose and put on,
A forme of strangnesse as we pas along,
So do each lord, and either greet him not
Or els disdaynfully, which shall shake him more:
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the generall to speake with mee?
You know my minde Ile fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.

Aga. What saies *Achilles* would he ought with vs?

Nest. Would you my lord ought with the generall.

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What do's the cuckould scorne me?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Ach. What meane these fellowes know they not *Achilles*?

Patro. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:

To come as humbly as they vs'd to creep, to holy aultars,

Achil. What am I poore of late?

Tis certaine, greatnesse once false out with fortune,

Must fall out with men to, what the declin'd is,

He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others

As feeble in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,

Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And

THE HISTORY OF

And not a man for being simply man,
 Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
 That are without him, as place, ritches, and fauour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit
 Which when they fall as being slipery flanders,
 The loue that lean'd on them as slipery too,
 Doth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall,
 But tis not so with mee,
 Fortune and I are friends, I do enioy:
 At ample point all that I did possesse,
 Saue these mens lookes, who do me thinkes finde out:
 Some thing not worth in me such ritch beholding,
 As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vlisses*
 Ile interrupt his reading, how now *Vlisses*?

Vlis. Now great *Thetis* sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vlis. A strange fellow here,
 Writes me that man, how derely euer parted:
 How much in hauing or without or in
 Cannot, make bost to haue that which he hath,
 Nor feeles not what he owes but by reflection:
 As when his vertues ayming vpon others,
 Heate them and they retort that heate againe
 To the first giuers.

Achil. This is not strange *Vlisses*,
 The beauty that is borne here in the face:
 The bearer knows not, but commends it selfe,
 To others eyes, nor doth the eye it selfe
 That most pure spirit of fence, behold it selfe
 Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye opposed,
 Sallutes each other, with each others forme.
 For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
 Till it hath trauel'd and is married there?
 Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Vlis.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Vliss. I do not straine at the position,
 It is familiar, but at the authors drift,
 Who in his circumstance exprefsly prooues,
 That no man is the lord of any thing:
 Though in and of him there be much confifting,
 Till he communicate his parts to others,
 Nor doth hee of himfelfe know them for aught:
 Till he behold them formed in the applaufe.
 Where th'are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
 The voice againe or like a gate of Steele:
 Fronting the funne, receiues and renders back
 His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,
 And apprehended here immediately,
 Th'vnknowne *Aiax*, heauens what a man is there?
 A very horfe, that has he knowes not what
 Nature what things there are.
 Most obieft in regard, and deere in vfe,
 What things againe most deere in the esteeme:
 And poore in worth, now fhall we fee to morrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw vpon him
Aiax renown'd? O heauens what fome men doe,
 While fome men leaue to doe.
 How fome men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes,
 How one man eates into anothers pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonneffe.
 To fee thefe *Grecian* lords, why euen already:
 They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the fhoulder
 As if his foote were one braue *Hectors* brest,
 And great *Troy* fhriking.

Achill. I doe beleeeue it,
 For they paff by me as mifers do by beggars,
 Neither gaue to me good word nor looke:
 What are my deeds forgot?

Vliss.

THE HISTORY OF

Ulyss. Time hath (my lord) a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
 A great siz'd monster of ingrattitudes,
 Those scraps are good deeds past,
 Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,
 Forgot as soone as done, perseuerance deere my lord:
 Keepest honour bright, to haue done, is to hang,
 Quite out of fashion like a rusty male,
 In monumentall mockry: take the instant way,
 For honour trauels in a straight so narrow:
 Where on but goes a brest, keepe then the path
 For emulation hath a thousand sonnes,
 That one by one pursue, if you giue way,
 Or turne aside from the direct forth right:
 Like to an entred tide they all rush by,
 And leaue you him, most, then what they do in present:
 Though lesse then yours in passe, must ore top yours.
 For time is like a fashionable hoast,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
 And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flie,
 Graspes in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. Let not vertue seeke,
 Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,
 Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all,
 To enuious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
 That all with one consent praise new-borne gaudes,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,
 More laud then guilt ore-dusted,
 The present eye praises the present obiect.
 Then maruell not thou great and complet man,
 That all the *Greekes* begin to worship *Ajax*;

Since

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
That what stirs not. The crie went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe aliue,
And case thy reputation in thy tent.
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions mongst the gods them selues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue strong reasons.

Vlis. But gainst your priuacie,
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.

Achil. Ha? knowne.

Vlis. Is that a wonder:
The prouidence thats in a watchfull state,
Knowes almost euery thing,
Findes bottom in the vncomprehensiu depth,
Keepes place with thought and almost like the gods,
Do thoughts vnuale in their dumbe cradles.
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durst neuer meddle) in the foule of state,
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expresseure to:
All the commerce that you haue had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours my lord,
And better would it fitt *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it must grieue young *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame shall in our ilands found her trumpe,
And all the *Greekish* girles shall tripping sing,
Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* winne,
But our great *Ajax* brauely beate downe him:

THE HISTORY OF

Farewell my lord : I as your louer speake,
The foole slides ore the ice that you should breake.

Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I moou'd you,
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man
In time of action : I stand condemnd for this
They thinke my little stomack to the warre,
And your great loue to me, restraines you thus,
Sweete rouse your selfe, and the weake wanton *Cupid*,
Shall from your neck vnloose his amorous fould,
And like dew drop from the lions mane,
Be shooke to ayre.

Ach. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*.

Patro. I and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrowdly gor'd.

Patro. O then beware.

Those wounds heale ill, that men do giue themselves,
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subltly taints
Euen then when they sit idely in the funne.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hether sweet *Patroclus*,
Ile send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him
T' inuite the *Trojan* lords after the combate,
To see vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sick with-all,
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Enter Thersites.

Thersi. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Thersi. *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe.

Achil.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Achil. How so?

Therfi. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Therfi. Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacocke, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostisse, that hath no arithmaticque but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who should say there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breakt himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd good morrow *Ajax*: and hee replyes thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languagelesse, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a lether ierkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador *Thersites*.

Therfi. Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fixe or seauen times honour'd captaine generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

Patro. Ioue bleesse great *Ajax*.

Therfi. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Therfi. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector* to his tent.

THE HISTORY OF

Thers. Hum?

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Thers. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my lord.

Thers. Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Thers. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Thers. If to morrow be a faire day, by a leuen of the clock it will goe one way or other, howsoeuer he shall pay for me ere hee ha's me.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Thers. Fare yee well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Thers. No: but out of tune thus. What musick will be in him, when *Hector* ha's knockt out his braines, I know not. But I am sure none, vnlesse the fidler *Apollo* get his sinnews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a letter to him straight.

Thers. Let mee beare another to his horse, for thats the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a fountaine stird,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Thers. Would the fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an asse at it, I had rather be a tick in a sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas, at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antemor, Diomed the Grecian with torches.

Paris. See ho? who is that there?

Deiph. It is the lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lye long

As

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

As your prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse,
Should rob my bed mate of my company.

Dio. That's my minde too? good morrow lord *Æneas*.

Paris. A valiant Greeke *Æneas* take his hand.
Witnesse the proceffe of your speech: wherein
You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and so long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occasion meete,
By *Ioue* Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite, and pollicy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lyon that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentlenesse:
Welcome to *Troy*, now by *Anchises* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I swere:
No man aliue can loue in such a sort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We simpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:
With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow——

Æne. We know each other well?

Diom. We do and long to know each other worse,

Par. This is the most despightfull gentle greeting,
The noblest hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what businesse
Lord so earely?

Æne. I was sent for to the king? but why I know not,

THE HISTORY OF

Par. His purpose meetes you? twas to bring this *Greeke*,
To *Calcho's* house, and there to render him:
For the enfreed *Anthenor* the faire *Cressid*,
Lets haue your company, or if you please,
Hast there before vs. I constantly beleeeue,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night,
Rouse him and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore:
I feare we shall be much vnwelcome.

Aeneas. That I assure you: *Troylus* had rather *Troy* were
borne to *Greece*, then *Cresseid* borne from *Troy*.

Paris. There is no helpe.
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so:
On lord, weele follow you.

Aeneas. Good morrow all.

Paris. And tell me noble *Diomed*, faith tell me true,
Euen in foule of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts, deserues faire *Helen* best,
My selfe, or *Menelaus*.

Diom. Each alike.
Hee merits well to haue her that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her soyle,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends,
He like a puling cuckold would drinke vp,
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors,
Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor lesse nor more,
But he as he, the heauier for a whore.

Paris. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Diom.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Diom. Shees bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,
For euery false drop in her bawdy veines,
A *Grecians* life hath funke: for euery scruple
Of her contaminated carrion waight,
A *Trojan* hath beene slaine. Since she could speake.
Shee hath not giuen so many good words breath,
As for her *Greekes* and *Trojans* suffred death.

Paris. Faire *Diomed* you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that they desire to buy,
Bnt we in silence hold this vertue well,
Weele not commend, what wee intend to sell.
Heere lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Cresseida.

Troy. Deere, trouble not your selfe, the morne is colde.

Cres. Then sweet my lord Ile call mine vnckle downe,
Hee shall vnbolt the gates.

Troyl. Trouble him not.
To bed to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy fences,
As infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troyl. I prithee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me?

Troyl. O *Cresseida*! but that the busie day,
Wak't by the larke hath rouzd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too brieft.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she staies
As tediously as hell, but flies the graspes of loue,
With wings more momentary swift then thought,
You will catch colde and curse me.

THE HISTORY OF

Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
O foolish *Cresseid*, I might haue still held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke ther's one vp.

Pand. Whats all the doores open heere?

Troyl. It is your vnkle.

Cres. A pestilence on him : now will he be mocking :
I shall haue such a life.

Pand. How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide, where's my cozin *Cresseid*?

Cres. Go hang your selfe, you naughty mocking vnkle,
You bring me to doo—and then you floute me to.

Pand. To do what, to do what? let her say what,
What haue I brought you to doe?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart, youle nere be good,
nor suffer others.

Pand. Ha, ha : alas poore wretch : a poore *Chipochia*, hast
not slept to night? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe, a bug-beare take him.

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head,
Who's that at doore, good vnckle go and see. *One knocks.*
My lord, come you againe into my chamber,
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troyl. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are deceiued, I thinke of no such thing,
How earnestly they knock, pray you come in. *Knock.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you seene here. *Exeunt.*

Pand. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Æne. Good morrow lord, good morrow.

Pand. Who's there my lord *Æneas* : by my troth I knew
you not : what newes with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince *Troylus* heere?

Pand. Here, what should he do here?

Æne.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Æne. Come he is here, my lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? its more then I know Ile be fworne
For my owne part I came in late: what should hee doe here?

Ænea. Who, nay then! Come, come, youle do him wrong,
ere you are ware, youle be so true to him to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Troyl. How now, whats the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce haue leifure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliuer'd to him, and forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must giue vp to *Diomedes* hand
The lady *Cresseida*.

Troyl. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By *Priam* and the generall state of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troyl. How my atchiuements mock me,
I will go meete them: and my lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance, you did not finde me here.

Æn. Good, good my lord, the secrets of neighbor *Pandar*
Haue not more guift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Pand. Ist possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take
Anthenor, the young prince will go madde, a plague vpon
Anthenor. I would they had brok's neck.

Enter Cress.

How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pand. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my lord? gone?
tell me sweet vnkle, whats the matter.

Pand.

THE HISTORY OF

Pand. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst nere been borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore gentleman, a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Cres. Good vnckle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee gone from *Troylus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not vncke. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no loue, no bloud, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troylus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cresseids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troylus*. Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can:
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. Teare my bright haire, and scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,
With founding *Troylus*: I will not go from *Troy*.

Enter Paris, Troyl. Æneas, Deiphob. Anth. Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,
For her deliuey to this valiant *Greeke*,
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*

Tell

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Tell you the lady what she is to doe,
And haſt her to the purpoſe.

Troy. Walke into her houſe,
Ile bring her to the *Grecian* preſently :

And to his hand when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A prieſt there offering to it his owne heart.

Par. I know what tis to loue,
And would, as I ſhall pittie I could helpe :
Pleaſe you walke in my lords ?

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Crefſeida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cref. Why tell you me of moderation ?
The griefe is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And violenteth in a ſence as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it, how can I moderate it ?
If I could temporize with my affections,
Or brew it to a weake and coulder pallat,
The like alayment could I giue my griefe :
My loue admittes no qualifiſing droſſe,
No more my griefe in ſuch a precious loſſe.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a ſweete ducks.

Cref. Oh *Troylus*, *Troylus*.

Pan. What a paire of ſpectacles is here, let me embrace too,
Oh heart, as the goodly ſaying is, Oh heart, heauy heart, why
fiſht thou without breaking : where hee anſwers againe, be-
cauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhippe nor by
ſpeaking : there was neuer a truer rime. Let vs caſt away
nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of ſuch a verſe,
We ſee it, we ſee it, how now lambs ?

Troy.

THE HISTORY OF

Troy. *Cressid* I loue thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods as angry with my fancy:
More bright in zeale then the deuotion, which
Cold lippes blow to their dieties, take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the gods enuy?

Pan. I, I, I, I, tis to plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from *Troy*?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Cres. What and from *Troylus* to?

Troy. From *Troy*, and *Troylus*.

Cress. Is't possible?

Troy. And suddenly, where iniury of chance
Puts back, leaue taking, iustles roughly by:
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lippes
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dere vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with so many thousand sighes,
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues:
With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,
Iniurious time now with a robbers hast,
Cram's his ritch theeury vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be starres in heauen.
With distinct breath, and confignde kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adewe:
And skants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasted with the salt of broken teares.

Aeneas within. My lord is the lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd, some say the genius

Cries so to him that instantly must die,

Bid them haue pacience she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
heart wil be blowne vp by my throate.

Cress. I must then to the *Grecians*.

Troy.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Troy. No remedy?

Cress. A wofull *Cressid* 'mongst the merry *Greekes*,
When shall we see againe.

Troy. Here mee loue: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?

Troy. Nay we must vse expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from vs.

I speake not be thou true as fearing thee.

For I will throw my gloue to death himselfe,

That there is no maculation in thy heart:

Bnt bee thou true say I to fashion in,

My sequent protestation, bee thou true, and I will see thee.

Cres. Oh you shal be expos'd my lord to dangers,
As infinite as imminent, but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger, were this fleecue.

Cres. And you this gloue, when shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinells,
To giue thee nightly visitation, but yet be true.

Cres. Oh heauens be true againe?

Troy. Here why I speake it loue,
The *Grecian* youths are full of quality,
And swelling ore with arts and exercise:
How nouelty may moue, and parts with portion,
Alas a kinde of godly iealousie,
(Which I beseech you cal a vertuous sinne,)
Makes me a feard.

Cres. Oh heauens you loue mee not!

Troy. Die I a villaine then,
In this I do not call your faith in question:
So mainely as my merit. I cannot sing
Nor heele the high lauolt, nor sweeten talke,
Nor play at subtill games, faire vertues all:
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant,
But I can tell that in each grace of these:

There

THE HISTORY OF

There lurkes a still, and dumb-discoursiue diuell
That tempts most cunningly, but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you thinke I will?

Troy. No, but somthing may be done that we will not,
And sometimes we are diuells to our selues:
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potency.

Æneas within. Nay good my lord?

Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.

Paris within. Brother *Troilus*?

Troy. Good brother come you hither?
And bring *Eneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cres. My lord will you be true?

Troy. Who I, alas it is my vice, my fault,
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
Whilst some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainesse I do were mine bare:
Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,
Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you.
At the port (lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is
Entreate her faire, and by my soule faire *Greeke*,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword:
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shal be as safe,
As *Priam* is in *Illion*.

Diom. Faire ladie *Cressid*,
So please you saue the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire vsage, and to *Diomed*,
You shal be mistres, and command him wholly.

Troy. *Grecian* thou do'st not vse me courteously,

To

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

To shame the feale of my petition to thee:
In praising her. I tell thee lord of *Greece*,
She is as farre high soaring ore thy praises:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruant,
I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,
Ile cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd prince *Troylus*,
Let me be priueledg'd by my place and message:
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust, and know you lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shee shal be priz'd: but that you say be't so,
I speake it in my spirit and honour no.

Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,
This braue shall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady give me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selues bend we our needfull talke.

Paris. Hark *Hectors* trumpet?

Aene. How haue we spent this morning?
The prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,
That swore to ride before him to the field,

Par. Tis *Troylus* false, come, come, to field with him.

Exeu.

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agam. Menelaus,
Vlisses, Nestor, Calcas. &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Giue with thy trumpet a loude note to *Troy*
Thou dreadfull *Ajax* that the appauled aire,
May pearce the head of the great Combatant, and hale him
hither.

Ajax.

THE HISTORY OF

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, ther's my purse,
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow villaine, till thy sphered bias cheekes,
Out-swell the collick of puffed *Aquilon*,
Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud :
Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Vliss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. Tis but early daies.

Aga. Is not yond *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter.

Vliss. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the too : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the lady *Cressid* ?

Diom. Euen she.

Aga. Most deerely welcome to the *Greekes* sweete lady.

Nest. Our generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Vliss. Yet is the kindnesse but perticular, twere better shee
were kist in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsell. Ile beginne : so much
for *Nestor*.

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire lady,
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But thats no argument for kissing now,
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted thus, you and your argument.

Vliss. Oh deadly gall and theame of all our scornes,
For which we loose our heads to guild his hornes.

Patro. The first was *Meneleus* kisse this mine,
Patrolus kisses you.

Mene. Oh this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kisse euermore for him.

Mene. Ile haue my kisse fir^t lady by your leaue.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receiue.

Patr.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Patr. Both take and giue.

Cres. Ile make my match to liue,

The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no kisse.

Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.

Cres. You are an od man giue euen or give none.

Mene. An odde man lady, euery man is odde.

Cres. No *Paris* is not, for you know tis true,
That you are odde and he is euen with you.

Mene. You fillip me a'th head.

Cres. No Ile be sworne.

Vliss. It were no match, your naile against his horne,
May I sweete lady begge a kisse of you.

Cres. You may.

Uliiss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why begge then.

Vliss. Why then for *Venus* sake giue me a kisse.

When *Hellen* is a maide againe and his——

Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.

Vliss. Neuers my day, and then a kisse of you.

Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your father.

Nest. A woman of quick sence.

Vliss. Fie, fie vpon her,

Ther's language in her eye, her cheeke her lip,
Nay her foote speakes, her wanton spirits looke out
At euery joynt and motiue of her body,
Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,
That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes.
And wide vnclapfe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery ticklish reader, set them downe,
For sluttish spoiles of opportunity:
And daughters of the game.

THE HISTORY OF

Flowerish enter all of Troy.

All. The *Troyans* trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troupe.

Ene. Haile all the state of *Greece*: what shal be done,
To him that victory commands, or doe you purpose,
A victor shal be knowne, will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall they be diuided,
By any voice or order of the field, *Hector* bad aske?

Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?

Ene. He cares not, heele obey condicions.

Aga. Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale misprising:
The knight oppos'd.

Ene. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles* nothing.

Ene. Therefore *Achilles*, but what ere know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blanke as nothing, way him well:
And that which lookes like pride is curtesie,
This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud,
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home,
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector* comes to seeke:
This blended knight halfe *Trojan*, and halfe *Greece*.

Achil. A maiden battell then, oh I perceiue you.

Aga. Here is sir *Diomed*? go gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*. As you and lord *Eneas*
Consent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it, either to the vttermost,

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,
Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

Vlisses: what *Trojan* is that same that lookes so heauy?

Vliss. The yongest sonne of *Priam*, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse firme of word,
Speaking deeds, and deedlesse in his tongue,
Not soone prouok't nor beeing prouok't soone calm'd,
His heart and hand both open and both free.
For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,
Yet giues hee not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender obiects, but he in heate of action,
Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.

They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect,
A second hope as fairely built as *Hector*:
Thus saies *Aeneas* one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his ynches: and with priuate soule
Did in great *Illion* thus translate him to me, *Alarum*.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Ajax* hould thine owne.

Troy. *Hector* thou sleep'st awake thee.

Aga. His blowes are well dispos'd, there *Ajax*.

Trumpets cease.

Diom. You must no more.

Aene. Princes enough so please you.

Ajax. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

Diom. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then will I no more,
Thou art great lord my fathers sisters sonne,
A couzen german to great *Priams* feede,
The obligation of our blood forbids,

H h 2

A gory

THE HISTORY OF

A gory emulation twixt vs twaine:
 Were thy commixtion *Greeke* and *Trojan* so,
 That thou couldst say this hand is *Grecian* all:
 And this is *Trojan*, the sinnewes of this legge
 All *Greeke*, and this all *Troy*: my mothers blood,
 Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
 Bounds in my fathers. By *Ioue* multipotent
 Thou shouldst not beare from me a *Greekish* member,
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made.
 But the iust gods gainsay,
 That any day thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword,
 Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:
 By him that thunders thou hast lusty armes,
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
 Cozen all honor to thee.

Ajax. I thanke thee *Hector*,
 Thou art to gentle, and too free a man,
 I came to kill thee cozen, and beare hence,
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,
 On whose bright crest, fame with her lowdst (O yes)
 Cries, this is he, could promise to himselfe,
 A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance heere from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

Hect. Weele answer it,
 The issue is embracement, *Ajax* farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties finde successe,
 As seld I haue the chance, I would desire,
 My famous cosin to our *Grecian* tents.

Diom. Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*
 Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas* call my brother *Troilus* to me.

And

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

And signifie this louing interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part,
Desire them home. Giue me thy hand my cozen.
I will go eate with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs heere.

Hect. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles* my owne searhing eyes,
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy all armes as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of such an enemy.
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.

Hect. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no lesse to you.

Mene. Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers: welcome hether.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Aene. The noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O you my lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quandem* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.

Hect. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I haue thou gallant *Trojan* seene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through rankes of *Greekish* youth, and I haue seene thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy *Phrigian* steed,
Despising many forfaits and subduments,
When thou hast hung th' aduanced sword ith' ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greekes* haue shrupd thee in,

THE HISTORY OF

Like an *Olympian* wraſtling. This haue I ſeene,
But this thy countenance ſtill lockt in ſteele,
I neuer ſaw till now: I knew thy grand-fire,
And once fought with him, he was a ſoldier good,
But by great *Mars* the captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.

Æne. Tis the old *Nestor*.

Heſt. Let me embrace thee good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walkt hand in hand with time,
Moſt reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claſpe thee.

Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.

Heſt. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard Ide fight with thee to
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome, I haue ſeene the time.

Vliſ. I wonder now how yonder citty ſtands,
When we haue here her baſe and pillar by vs?

Heſt. I know your fauour lord *Vliſſes* well,
Ah ſir, there's many a *Greeke* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelfe and *Diomed*,
In *Illion* on your *Greekiſh* embaffie.

Vliſ. Sir I foretold you then what would enſue,
My prophecie is but halfe his iourney yet,
For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,
Yon towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſſe the clouds,
Muſt kiſſe their owne feete.

Heſt. I muſt not belecue you.
There they ſtand yet, and modeſtly I thinke,
The fall of euery *Phrigian* ſtone will coſt,
A drop of *Grecian* bloud: the end crownes all,
And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.

Vliſ. So to him we leaue it.
Moſt gentle and moſt valiant *Heſtor*, welcome:

Like

H 3

After

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

After the generall, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee lord *Vlisses* thou :
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perusde thee *Hector*, and quoted ioynt
by ioint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay I haue done already.

Achil. Thou art too brieft, I will the second time,
As I would buie thee, view thee lim by lim.

Hect. O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me ore :
But ther's more in me then thou vnderstandst,
Why doost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.

Achil. Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him : whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hectors great spirit flew: answer me heauens.

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question : stand againe,
Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead.

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
Ide not beleue thee. Hence-forth gard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stichied *Mars* his helme.
Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore.
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,

THE HISTORY OF

But Ile endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee cozen.
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you too't,
You may haue euery day enough of *Hector*,
If you haue stomack. The generall state I feare,
Can scarce entreate you to be odde with him.

Hect. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting warres since you refusd, the *Grecians*
cause.

Achil. Dooſt thou entreate me *Hector*?
To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.

Agam. Firſt all you peeres of *Greece*, go to my tent,
There in the full conuie we: afterwards
As *Hectors* leiſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together, ſeuerally entreate him
To taſte your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,
That this great ſouldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt.*

Troy. My lord *Vliſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.

Vliſ. At *Menelaus* tent moſt princely *Troilus*:
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes vpon the heauen nor earth,
But giues all gaze, and bent of amorous view,
On the faire *Creſſeid*.

Troil. Shall I ſweete lord be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* tent,
To bring me thether.

Vliſ. You ſhall command me ſir.
But gentle tell me of what honor was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*? had ſhe no louer there
That wailes her abſence?

Tro.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Tro. O fir to such as boasting shew their skarres,
A mocke is due; will you walke on my lord,
Shee was beloued my lord, she is, and doth,
But still sweet loue is food for fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. Ile heate his blood with *Greekish* wine to night,
Which with my cemitar Ile coole to morrow,
Patroclus let vs feast him to the hight.

Enter Therfites.

Pat. Here comes *Therfites*.

Ach. How now thou curre of enuy.
Thou crusty batch of nature whats the news?

The. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and idoll,
Of idiot worshippers, heers a letter for thee.

Ach. From whence fragment.

The. Why thou full dish of foole from *Troy*.

Pat. Who keeps the tent now.

The. The surgeons box or the patients wound.

Pat. Well said aduersity, and what needs this tricks.

The. Prithee be silent box I profit not by thy talke,
Thou art said to be *Achilles* male varlot.

Pat. Male varlot you rogue whats that.

The. Why his masculine whore, now the rotten diseases of
the south, the guts griping ruptures: loades a grauell in the
back; lethergies, could palsies, rawe eies, durt rottē liuers,
whissing lungs, bladders full of impostume. Sciaticaes, lime-
kills ith' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the riueld fee simple
of the tetter, take and take againe such preposterous discou-
ries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou what meanes
thou to curse thus.

The. Do I curse thee.

Pat.

THE HISTORY OF

Pat. Why no you ruinous but, you horson indistinguishable cur, no.

The. No why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skeine of sleiue filke, thou greene facenet flap for a fore eye, thou tossell of a prodigalls purse-thou ah how the poore world is pestred with such water flies, diminitiuies of nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch egge.

Achil. My sweete *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpose into morrowes battell,
Here is a letter from queene *Hecuba*;
A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:
An oth that I haue fworne: I wil not breake it,
Fall *Greekes*, fayle fame, honour or go or stay,
My maior vow lies here; this Ile obay,
Come, come, *Thersites* help to trim my tent?
This night in banquetting must al be spent, away *Patroclus*.

Ther. With to much bloud, and to little braine, these two may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud they do Ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow inough, and one that loues quailes, but hee has not so much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly transformation of *Iupiter* there, his be the bull, the primitiue statue, and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is, should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte, turne him to: to an asse, were nothing hee is both asse and oxe, to an oxe were nothing, her's both oxe and asse, to be a day, a moyle, a cat, a fichooke, a tode, a lezard, an oule, a puttock, or a herring without a rowe. I would not care, but to bee *Menelaus* I would conspire against destiny, aske me what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*—hey-day sprites and fires.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Enter Agam. Vlisses, Nest. and Diomed with lights.

Aga. We go wrong we goe wrong.

Aiax. No, yonder tis there where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Aiax. No not a whit.

Vlis. Here comes himselfe to guide you.

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome princes all.

Aga. So now faire prince of *Troy*, I bid god night,

Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thankes and good night to the *Greekes* generall.

Mene. Good night my lord.

Hect. Good night sweet lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught, sweet quoth a, sweete sinke, sweet sure.

Achil. Good night and welcome both to those that go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Exeunt Agam. Menelaus.

Achil. Old *Nector* tarries, and you to *Diomed*.

Keepe *Hector* company an houre or two.

Dio. I cannot lord, I haue important businesse,

The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hector*.

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Vlis. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calcas* tent, Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir you honor me?

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

Exeunt.

Ther. That fame *Diomed*s a false hearted roague, a most vniall knaue, I will no more trust him when he leeres, then I will a serpent when hee hisses, hee will spend his mouth and promise like *Brabler* the hound, but when he performes, astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come some change, the sonne borrowes of the moone when *Diomed* keepes his word, I will rather leaue to see *Hector* then not to dog him,

THE HISTORY OF

him, they say he keepes a *Trojan* drab, and vses the traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after—nothing but letchery all incontinent varlots.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* I thinke wher's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Vlis. Stand, where the torch may not discouer vs.

Troy. *Cressid* comes forth to him.

Enter Cressid.

Dio. How now my charge.

Cres. Now my sweet gardian, harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea so familiar?

Vlis. Shee will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff,
she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember yes.

Dio. Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with
your words.

Troy. What shall she remember.

Vlis. List?

Cres. Sweet hony *Greeke* tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forsworne.

Cres. In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?

Ther. A iugling tricke to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do any thing but that sweete *Greeke*.

Dio.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold patience.

Vlif. How now *Trojan*.

Cres. *Diomed*.

Dio. No, no, good night. He be your foole no more.

Troy. Thy better must.

Cres. Harke a word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madnesse!

Vlif. You are moued prince, let vs depart I pray

Least your displeasure should inlarge it selfe

To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous:

The time right deadly, I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold I pray you.

Vlif. Now good my lord go off.

You flow to great distruction, come my lord.

Troy. I prethee stay.

Vlif. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay; by hell, and all hells torments,
I will not speake a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cres. Nay but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.

Vlif. How now my lord?

Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.

Cres. Gardian? why *Greeke*?

Dio. Fo fo you palter.

Cres. In faith I doe not, come hether once againe.

Vlif. You shake my lord at something, will you goe: you
wil break out.

Troy. She stroakes his cheeke.

Vlif. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by *Ioue* I will not speake a word.

There is betweene my will and all offences

A guard of patience, stay a little while.

Ther.

THE HISTORY OF

Ther. How the diuell luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles together ; frye lechery frye.

Dio. Will you then ?

Cres. In faith I will lo, neuer trust me else.

Dio. Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one.

Exit.

Vlis. You haue sworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not my lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition

Of what I feele, I am all patience.

Enter Cress.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cres. Here *Diomed* keepe this sleeue.

Troy. O beauty where is thy faith !

Vlis. My lord.

Troy. You looke vpon that sleeue behold it well,
Hee loue'd me (oh false wench) giue't me againe.

Dio. Whose wast ?

Cres. It is no matter now I ha't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night :

I prethee *Diomed* visite me no more.

Ther. Now shee sharpenes, well said whetstone.

Dio. I shall haue it.

Cres. What this ?

Dio. I that.

Cres. O all you gods ; O pretty pretty pledge !
Thy maister now lyes thinking on his bed
Of thee and mee, and sighes, and takes my gloue,
And giues memoriall dainty kisses to it, as I kisse thee.

Dio. Nay do not snatch it from me.

Cres. He that takes that doth take my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did sweare patience.

You

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

You shall not haue it *Diomed*, faith you shall not,
Ile giue you something else.

Dio. I will haue this, whose was it?

Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cres. Twas on's that lou'd me better then you will,
But now you haue it take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond
And by her selfe I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor't it on thy horne,
It should be challengd.

Cres. Well, well, tis done, tis past: and yet it is not.
I will not keepe my word.

Dio. Why then farewell, thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed*
again.

Cres. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word but it
straight starts you.

Dio. I doe not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not you, pleases
me best.

Dio. What shall I come? the houre—

Cres. I come; O *Ioue*: do come, I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night, I prethee come:
Troilus farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see,
Ah poore our sex, this fault in vs I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind,
What error leads must erre: O then conclude,
„ Mindes swayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther.

THE HISTORY OF

Ther. A prooffe of strength, ſhe could not publiſh more,
Vnleſſe ſhee ſaid my mind is now turn'd whore.

Vliſ. All's done my lord.

Troy. It is.

Vliſ. Why ſtay we then?

Troy. To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of euery ſillable that here was ſpoke:

But if I tell how theſe two did court,

Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth,

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart.

An eſperance ſo obſtinatly ſtrong,

That doth inuert th' attelt of eyes and eares,

As if thoſe organs were deceptions functions,

Created onely to calumniate. Was *Creſſeid* heere?

Vliſ. I cannot coniure *Troyan*.

Troyl. Shee was not ſure.

Vliſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe.

Vliſ. Nor mine my lord: *Creſſeid* was heere but now.

Troyl. Let it not be beleeu'd for woman-hood.

Thinke we had mothers, do not giue aduantage

To ſtubborne critiques apt without a theme

For deprauation, to ſquare the generall ſex

By *Creſſeids* rule. — Rather thinke this not *Creſſeid*.

Vliſ. What hath ſhe done prince that cā ſpoile our mothers.

Troyl. Nothing at all vnleſſe that this were ſhe.

Ther. Will a ſwagger himſelfe out on's owne eyes.

Troyl. This ſhe, no this is *Diomedes Creſſeida*,

If beauty haue a ſoule this is not ſhee:

If ſoules guide vowes, if vowes be ſanctimonies,

If ſanctimony be the gods delight:

If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,

This was not ſhee: O madneſſe of diſcourſe,

That cauſe ſets vp with and againſt it ſelfe,

By-fould

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

By-fould authority: where reason can reuolt
 Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
 Without reuolt. This is and is not *Cresseid*,
 Within my soule there doth conduce a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparat,
 Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
 And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,
 Admits no orifex for a point as subtle,
 As *Ariachna's* broken woofe to enter,
 Instance, O instance strong as *Plutoes* gates,
Cresseid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen,
 Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe,
 The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd and loosd,
 And with another knot finde finger tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue.
 The fragments, scraps, the bitts and greazie reliques.
 Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed*.

Vlis. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached
 With that which heere his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I *Greeke*, and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as *Mars* his heart
 Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
 With so eternall and so fixt a soule.
 Harke *Greeke*, as much I do *Cressid* loue,
 So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:
 That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his helme:
 Were it a caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadfull spout
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in masse by the almighty sunne
 Shal dizzy with more clamour *Neptunes* care, in his discent,
 Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed*.

Thier. Heele ticle it for his concupie.

THE HISTORY OF

Troy. O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:
Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.

Vlis. O containe your selfe;
Your passion drawes eares hether.

Enter Eneas.

Aene. I haue beene seeking you this houre my lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*:
Ajax your guard stayes to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you prince: my curteous lord adiew,
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*
Stand fast, and weare a castle on thy head.

Vlis. Ile bring you to the gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troyl. Eneas and Vlisses.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed* I would
croke like a rauen. I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus*
will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore: the
parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commo-
dious drab: lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing
else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them.

Exit.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much vngently temperd,
To stop his eares against admonishment:
Vnarme, vnarme, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you, get you in,
By all the euerlasting gods Ile go.

And. My dreames will sure prooue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I say.

Enter

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,
Confort with me in lowd and deere petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloudy turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes and formes of slaughter.

Cass. O tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my trumpet sound.

Cress. No notes of fallie for the heauens sweete brother.

Hect. Begon I say, the gods haue heard me sweare.

Cas. The gods are deafe to hotte and peeuish vowes,
They are polluted offrings more abhord,
Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:
Vnarme sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still I say,
Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man,
Holds honor farre more precious deere then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.

And. *Cassandra* call my father to perswade.

Exit Cassan.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*, dosse thy harnesse youth,
I am to day ith' vaine of chiuallrie,
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile stand to day for thee and me and *Troy*.

THE HISTORY OF

Troyl. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion then a man.

Hector. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide mee for it.

Troyl. When many times the captiue *Grecian* falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire sword.
You bid them rise and liue.

Hect. O tis faire play.

Troyl. Fooles play by heauen *Hector.*

Hect. How now? how now?

Troyl. For th' loue of all the gods
Lets leaue the hermit pittie with our mother,
And when we haue our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie sauage, fie.

Troy. *Hector* then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troilus* I would not haue you fight to day.

Troyl. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne,
Opposd to hinder me, should stop my way.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cass. Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him fast,
He is thy crutch: now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee, and I my selfe,
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hec. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do stand, engagd to many *Greekes*,
Euen in the faith of valour to appeare,
This morning to them.

Priam. I but thou shalt not goe.

Hec. I must not breake my faith,
You know me dutifull, therefore deere sir,
Let me not shame respect, but giue me leaue
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me royall *Priam*.

Cass. O *Priam* yeeld not to him.

And. Do not deere father.

Hec. *Andromache* I am offended with you,
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. *Exit Androm.*

Troy. This foolish dreaming superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell deere *Hector*.

Looke how thou dy'est looke how thy eye turnes pale,
Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many vents,
Harke how *Troy* roares, how *Hecuba* cries out,
How poore *Andromache* shrils her dolours foorth,
Behold destruction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleffe antiques one another meete,
And all crie *Hector*, *Hectors* dead, O *Hector*.

Troyl. Away, away.

Cas. Farewell, yet soft: *Hector* I take my leaue,
Thou do'st thy selfe and all our *Troy* deceaue?

Hec. You are amaz'd my liege, at her exclaime,
Goe in and cheere the towne,
Weele forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

THE HISTORY OF

Priam. Farewell, the gods with safetie stand about thee.

Alarum.

Troyl. They are at it harke, proud *Diomed* beleeeue.
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you heere my lord, do you heere.

Troyl. What now?

Pand. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me read.

Pand. A whorson tisick, a whorson rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there?

Tro. Words, words, meere words, no matter frō the heart,
Th' effect doth operate another way.

Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:

My loue with words and errors still she feedes,

But edifies another with her deedes.

Exeunt.

Enter Therfites: excursions.

Therfi. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: Ile go looke on, that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvie dooting foolish knaues sleeue of *Troy* there in his helme. I would faine see them meete, that that same young *Trojan* asse that loues the whore there, might fend that *Greekish* whore-masterly villaine with the sleeue, back to the dissembling luxurious drabbe of a sleeue-lesse arrant. Ath' tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls; that stale old moufe-eaten drye cheese *Nestor*: and that same dogge-foxe *Vlisses*, is not proou'd worth a black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Aiax*, against
that

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Ajax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the *Grecians* began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes fleewe and tother.

Troy. Flye not, for shouldst thou take the riuer *Stix*, I would swim after.

Diomed. Thou doost miscall retire,
I doe not flie, but aduantagious care,
With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore *Grecian*: now for thy whore *Troian*,
Now the fleewe, now the fleewe.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art *Greeke*, art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of bloud and honour.

Ther. No, no, I am a rascall, a scuruy rayling knaue, a very filthy roague.

Hect. I do beleewe thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleewe me, but a plague breake thy neck—for frightening me: whats become of the wenching roagues? I thinke they haue swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet in a fort lechery eates it selfe, Ile seeke them. *Exit*.

Enter Diomed and seruant.

Dio. Goe go, my seruant take thou *Troylus* horse,
Present the faire steed to my lady *Cressid*,
Fellow commend my seruice to her beauty:
Tell her I haue chastis'd the amorous *Troian*,
And am her knight by prooffe.

Enter Agamem.

Man. I goe my lord.

THE HISTORY OF

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamas*,
 Hath beate downe *Menon* : bastard *Margareton*,
 Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
 And stands *Coloffus* wise wauing his beame,
 Vpon the pashed corfes of the kings :
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is flaine,
Amphimacus and *Thous* deadly hurt,
Patroclus tane or flaine, and *Palamedes*
 Sore hurt and bruised, the dreadfull *Sagittary*,
 Appalls our numbers, haft we *Diomed*,
 To re-enforcement or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
 And bid the snail-pac't *Aiax* arme for shame,
 There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field :
 Now here he fights on *Galatbe* his horse,
 And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote
 And there they flie or die, like scaling sculls,
 Before the belching whale, then is he yonder :
 And there the strawy *Greekes* ripe for his edge
 Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
 Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
 Dexterity so obaying appetite,
 That what he will he do's, and do's so much :
 That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Vlisses.

Vlif. Oh courage, courage princes, great *Achilles*,
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
 Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
 That nosclesse, handleffe, hackt and chipt come to him.
 Crying on *Hector*, *Aiax* hath lost a friend,

And

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

And foames at mouth, and hee is armde and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantastique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that lust in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Troylus, thou coward *Troylus*.

Exit.

Dio. I there, there?

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller shew thy face,

Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry

Hector wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*.

Exit.

Enter Ajax.

Troylus thou coward *Troylus* shew thy head.

Enter Diom.

Troylus I say wher's *Troylus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou.

Diom. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the generall thou should haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troylus* I say what *Troylus*.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha art thou there?

Aix. Ile fight with him alone stand *Diomed*.

Diom. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon;

Troy.

THE HISTORY OF

Troy. Come both you cogging *Greekes* have at you both,
Hect. Yea *Troilus*, O well fought my yongest brother.

Enter Achil.

Now do I see thee ha, haue at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdaine thy curtesie proud *Trojan*,
Be happy that my armes are out of vse :
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt here of me againe :
Till when go seeke thy fortune. *Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well.

I would haue beene much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee, how now my brother.

Enter Troyl.

Troy. *Ajax* hath tane *Aeneas* shall it be,
No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen
He shall not carry him Ile be tane to,
Or bring him off, fate here me what I say :
I wreake not though I end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand thou *Greeke*, thou art a goodly marke,
No? wilt thou not, I like thy armor well,
Ile frush it and vnlock the riuets all :
But Ile be maister of it, wilt thou not beaft abide,
Why then flie on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,
Marke what I say, attend me where I wheele :
Strike not a stroke, but keepe yourselues in breth,
And when I haue the bloody *Hector* found :

Empale

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

Empale him with your weapons round about,
In fellest manner execut your armes
Follow me firs and my proceedings eye.
It is decreed *Hector* the great must die.

Exit.

Enter Therfi. Mene. Paris.

Ther. The cuck-old and the cuck-old-maker are at it, now
bull, now dogge lowe, *Paris* lowe, now my double hen'd
Spartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware hornes
ho ?

Exit Paris and Menelus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.

Ther. What are thou ?

Bast. A bastard sonne of *Priams*.

Therf. I am a bastard too, I loue bastards. I am bastard
begot, bastard instructed, bastard in minde, bastard in valour,
in euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another,
and wherefore should one bastard ? take heed, the quarrells
most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a whore,
he tempts iudgement, farewell bastard.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward.

Exit.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life ;
Now is my daies worke done Ile take my breth :
Rest sword thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Loke *Hector* how the funne begins to set,
How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles
Euen with the vaile and darkning of the funne,
To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect.

THE HISTORY OF

Hect. I am vnarm'd forgoe this vantage *Greeke*.

Achil. Strike fellowes strike, this is the man I seeke,
So *Illion* fall thou next, come *Troy* sinke downe,
Here lies thy heart, thy sinnewes and thy bone.

On *Myrmydons*, and cry you all amaine,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine,

Retreat.

Harke a retire vpon our *Grecian* prat.

One. The *Troyans* trumpet sound the like my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night orespreds the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.

My halfe supt sword that frankly would haue fedde,
Pleas'd with this dainty baite, thus goes to bed :

Come tie his body to my horses taile,

Along the field I will the *Trojan* traile.

Excunt.

Enter Agam. Ajax, Mene. Nestor, Diom. and the rest
marching.

Aga. Hark, harke, what is this?

Nest. Peace drums.

Sould. within. Achilles, Achilles, *Hectors* slaine Achilles.

Dio. The bruite is *Hectors* slaine and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so yet braglesse let it bee,
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along : let one bee sent,
To pray *Achilles* see vs at our tent :

If in his death the gods haue vs befriended.

Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Excunt.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Diophobus.

Æne. Stand ho ? yet are we masters of the field.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Neuer goe home, here starue we out the night,
Hector is slaine.

All.

TROYLUS AND CRESSEIDA.

All. *Hector*! the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead and at the murtherers horses taile,
In bestly fort dragd through the shamefull field:
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speed,
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and smile at *Troy*.
I say at once, let your breefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Aene. My lord you doe discomfort all the host.

Troy. You vnderstand me not that tell me so,
I do not speake of flight, of feare of death
But dare all immynence that gods and men
Addresse their daungers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who shall tell *Priam* so or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a scrich-ould aye be call'd,
Go into *Troy* and say their *Hectors* dead,
There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone,
Make wells and *Niobe's* of the maides and wiues:
Could statues of the youth and in a word,
Scarre *Troy* out of it selfe, there is no more to say,
Stay yet you proud abhominable tents:
Thus proudly pitcht vpon our *Phrigian* plaines,
Let *Tytan* rise as earely as he dare,
Ile through and through you, and thou great siz'd coward,
No space on earth shall funder our two hates:
Ile haunt thee like a wicked conscience still.
That mouldeth goblins swift as frienzes thoughts,
Strike a free march, to *Troy* with comfort goe
Hope of reueng shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But here you, here you.

Troy. Hence broker, lacky, ignomyny, shame,
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan.

THE HISTORY OF, &c.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aking bones, Oh world,
world — thus is the poore agent despis'd, Oh traitors and
bawds, how earnestly are you set a worke, and how ill re-
quited, why should our endeavour bee so lou'd and the per-
formance so loathed, what verſe for it? What inſtance for it?
Let me ſee,
Full merrily the humble bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony and his ſting.
And being once ſubdude in armed taile,
Sweet hony, and ſweet notes together faile,
Good traiders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloaths,
As many as be here of *Pandars* hall.
Your eyes halfe out weepe out at *Pandars* fall.
Or if you cannot weepe yet giue ſome grones,
Though not for me yet for my aking bones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-ore trade,
Some two monthes hence my will ſhall here be made,
It ſhould be now but that my feare is this,
Some gauled gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſſe
Till then Ile ſweat and ſeeke about for eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes.

END OF VOL. III.

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